The Saturday Evening
POST
December 15, 1956 — 15¢

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Chicago's War on Hit-Run Killers

The Walt Disney Story: in Color

The Deadliest Airplane Ever Made

Pro Football Comes Down to Earth

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World-famed Zippo now announces something truly new for your Christmas giving ...the slender, graceful ZIPPO SLIM-LIGHTER... so new it wasn't even in existence last Christmas!

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For those who prefer the original windproof Zippo—the famous lighter that millions cherish—there's a beautiful variety to suit every pocketbook! *ALL* Zippos and SLIM-LIGHTERS carry the great Zippo guarantee—if anything *ever* goes wrong, we fix it free! At jewelry, drug, tobacco and department stores.

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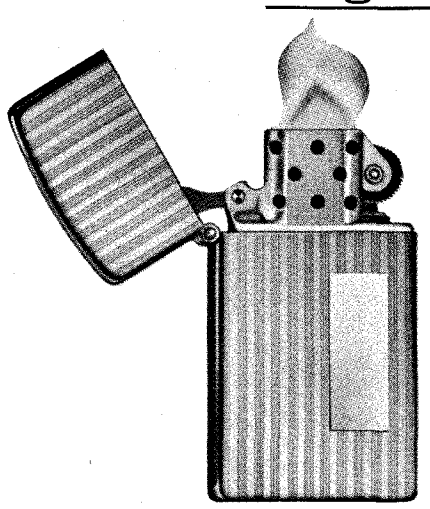
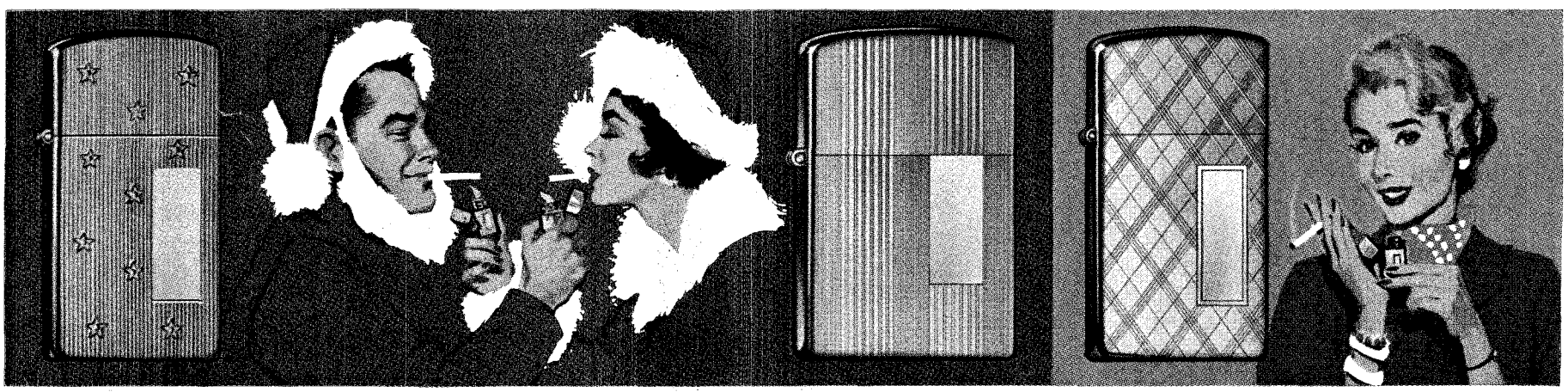
ZIPPO MANUFACTURING COMPANY, BRADFORD, PA.
In Canada: Zippo Manufacturing Co., Canada, Ltd.



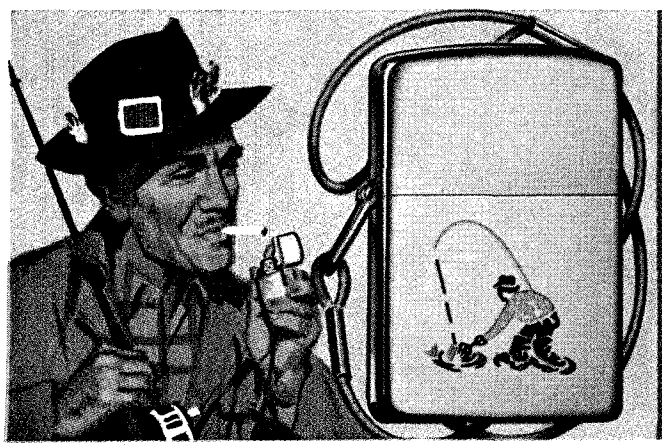
Brilliant high-polish chrome SLIM-LIGHTER. Ribbon design. $6



Exquisite 10-kt. gold-filled Star design SLIM-LIGHTER. $20 plus Fed. tax.

Beautifully glowing silver-filled regular Zippo. $11.50 plus Fed. tax.

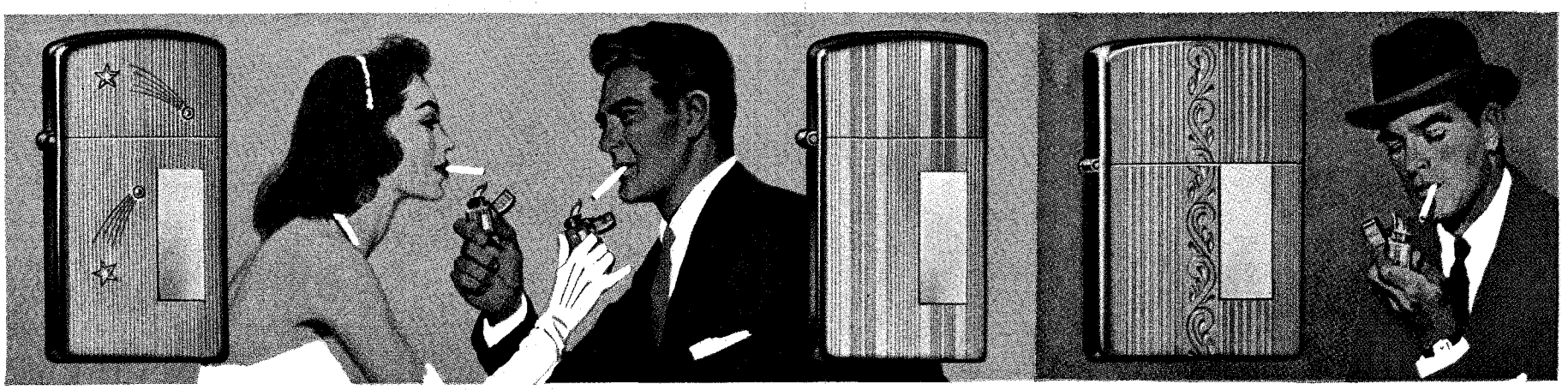
Criss-Cross SLIM-LIGHTER... a rich new gift in high-polish chrome. $6



For sportsmen! New Loss-Proof regular Zippo. Choice of outdoors designs. $5

Leather-crafted Alligator regular Zippo. Choice of other rich, real leathers. $6

The famous regular Zippo that millions treasure! Two-tone chrome. $3.50



Exciting new silver-filled SLIM-LIGHTER with Comet design. $11.50 plus Fed. tax.

Silver-filled SLIM-LIGHTER, delicate Ribbon design. $11.50 plus Fed. tax.

Beautiful regular Zippo. Engine-turned design on 10-kt. gold-filled. $20 plus Fed. tax.

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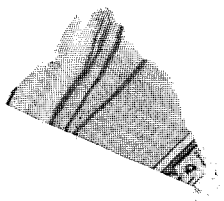
Listerine Antiseptic stops bad breath four times better than tooth paste



.ms are the most common cause of bad breath—
and no tooth paste kills germs the way Listerine does!

That's true—the No. 1 cause of bad breath (halitosis) is germs—germs that are always present in the mouth. No tooth paste can kill germs the way Listerine Antiseptic does because no tooth paste is antiseptic.

Listerine kills germs by millions—stops bad breath instantly and usually for hours on end.

Listerine kills germs on contact . . . kills them by the millions. That's why Listerine stops bad breath four times better than tooth paste. Gargle Listerine full-strength morning and night.

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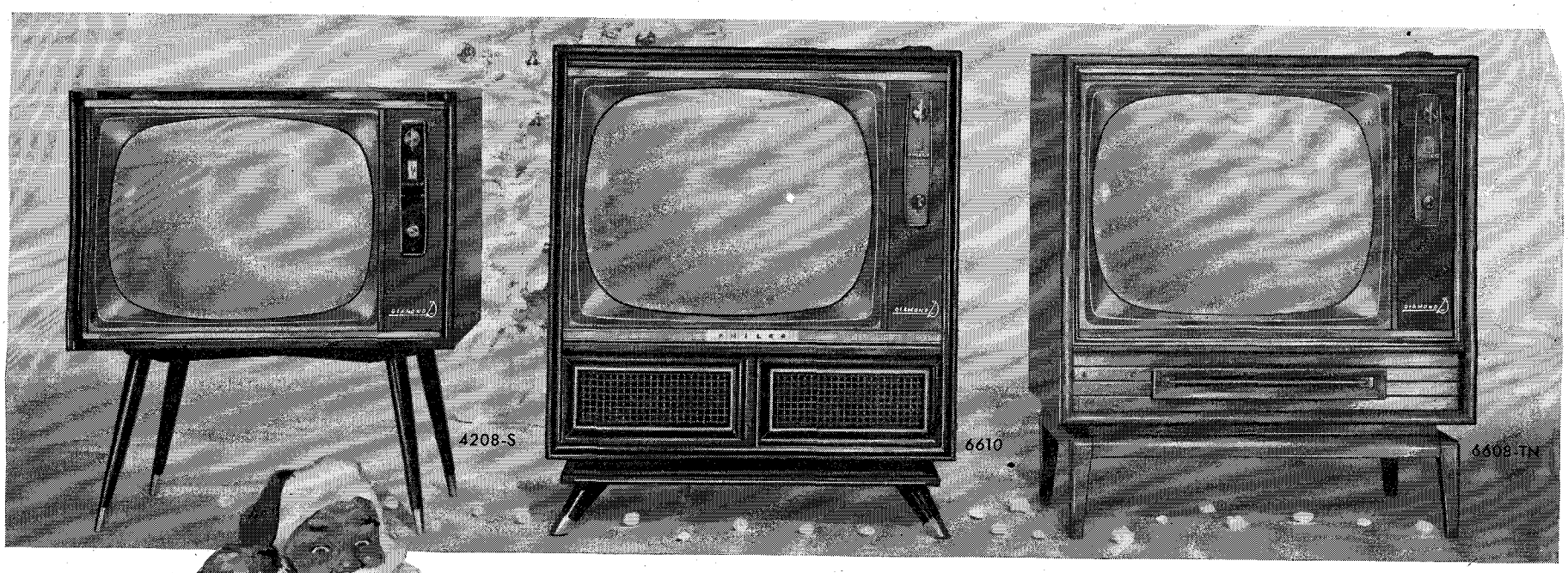
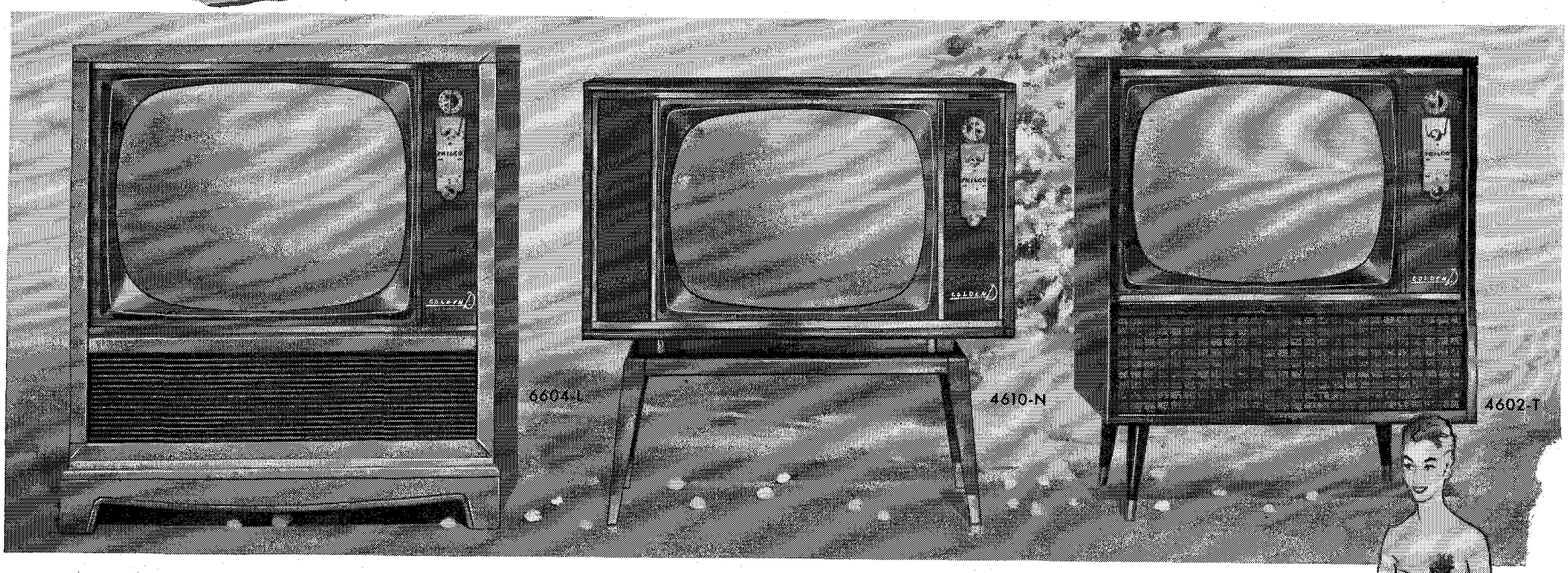


"for Christmas...best of all, a Philco!"



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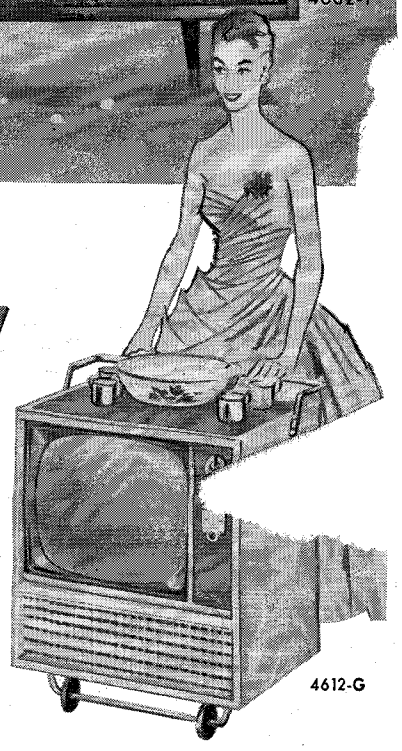

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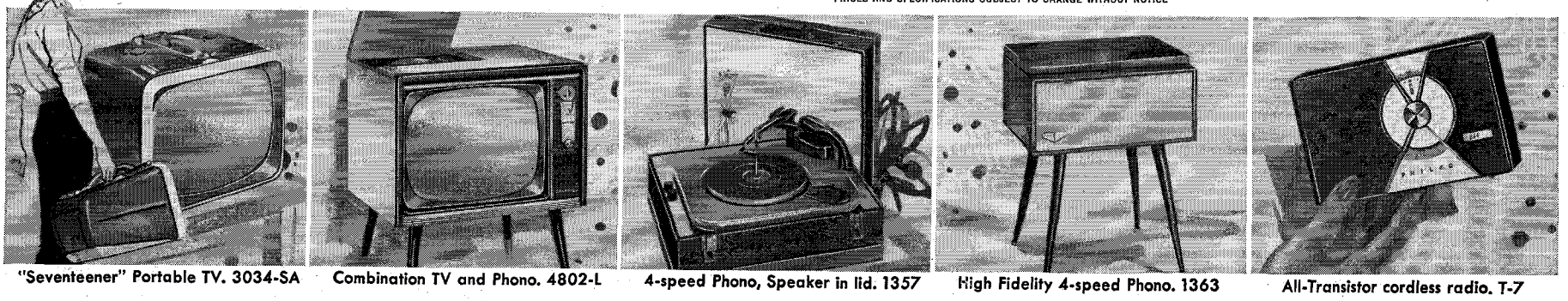

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THE COVER

Christmas trees glow in teeming colors, shop windows teem with gifts—and look at all the boys, and a girl, taking trance-like ganders at the rolling stock. Are they wishing that somebody would give them a train for Christmas? Could be; many a wacky back-to-childhood thought goes on behind adult foreheads. (One assumes that if those chaps were truly scientific model-train addicts, they would go home to their own r.r. systems and get out of the cold.) George Hughes does not know whether wistful children are behind that line, unable to buck it. Well, if so, their day up front will dawn on the long-awaited 25th, when the bright trees and bright toys come together. By the 26th, their fathers will be tired of playing with the toys, and the children can have them for their very own.

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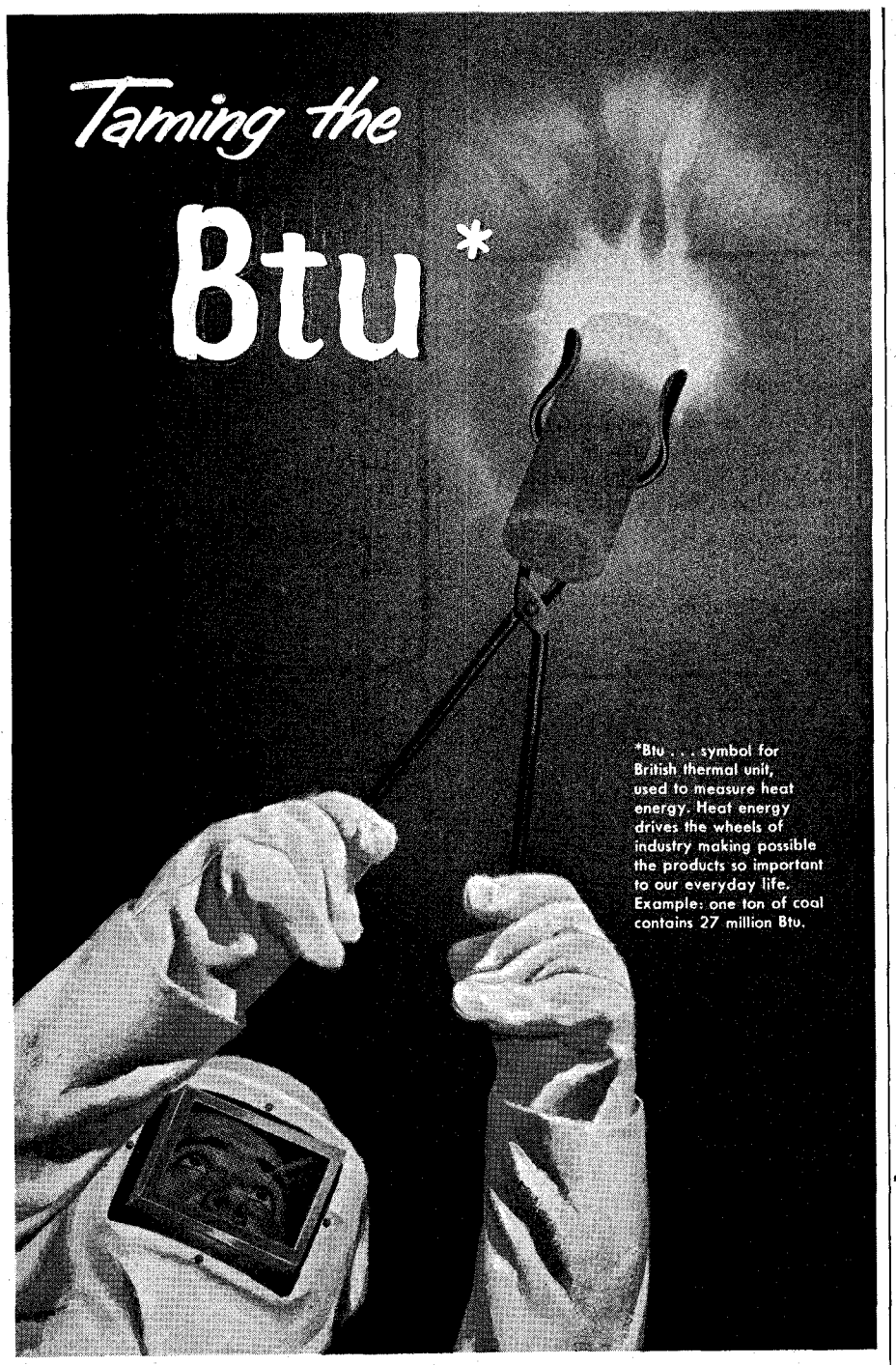
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Letters

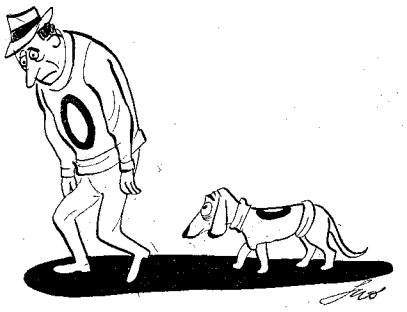
Dogs Don't Keep Score

Dear Sirs:

So Mr. Gomer Jones—OKLAHOMA'S LITTLE ROUND COACH, by Al Dewlen, November 3—says, "Every coach ought to have a dog. When you come home, the dog doesn't know whether you won or lost."

Low and away to the left, Gomer. No score.

The dog knows whether his boss's fortunes are up or down, but he (presumably she in Gomer's case) is always loyal to the coach and his team, win or lose.



Perhaps the smoke-shop quarterbacks should be put on a dog-food diet.

ROLAND E. PERKINS
Seattle, Washington

Unfair to Teen-Agers?

Dear Sirs:

For shame! Portraying all American teen-agers as those in NIGHTMARE IN THE AFTERNOON by Alex Gaby, Nov. 10. Too bad that your magazine has such a wide distribution throughout the world. . . .

Never have I seen any teen-agers act like those depicted in this story. Please! No more stories degrading to our teen-agers—they get it in the neck from everyone just because a few act up. Give the good ones a break!

MRS. PAUL MAAS
Barberton, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

What a terrible indictment of our whole way of life. Not only the parents of these young hoodlums but all of us are to blame for the fact that there are young people like that in our midst.

We need to stop the mad scramble after false gods and return to the fundamentals of religion and decency. . . .

MRS. FRANK HAITHCOX
Statesville, N.C.

Dear Sirs:

We teen-agers are not all tall, strong, healthy and beautiful, as Mr. Gaby would make out. Just between World War II and the Korean conflict the rejections for physical defects increased over 35%. These boys were supposed to be in the prime of physical development. Mr. Gaby would picture us as towering over our elders in marvelous, if sadistic and insolent, power.

Take a closer look, sir, the next time you ride that bus!

G. T. ALLEN
Westfield, N.J.

Dear Sirs:

I have been a teacher for twenty years and I say that the boys in today's high schools are just as fine, good and honorable as high-school boys ever were. They do resent adults classifying *all* of them as delinquents. There is a great deal of sham in adults and we can't expect the kids not to recognize it.

But I didn't say the kids were angels. Oh, no!

But neither are the examples they are supposed to follow!

WILLIAM H. MCHENRY
Shenandoah, Va.

Dear Sirs:

There is nothing wholesome in your story, nothing uplifting. All good things are torn down, indirectly even the voting booth. The only person in the whole story who can be respected is the lady who tells the uncouth, shameless youth to leave her alone.

The "hero" in your story is a coward. . . .

THEODORE GROB
Grafton, Wis.

High Adventure

Dear Sirs:

Down through the years the Post has brought its readers the finest fiction ever put into print.

But THE GUNS OF NAVARONE [by Alistair MacLean, Sept. 22–Nov. 10] is, in my book, the highlight of all time. It was breath-taking; it was magnificent. Many moons will pass ere a tale to equal it will be born.

ALTON G. MACKENZIE
Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

From NUMBER 9009 (Bechdolt & Hopper) to THE GUNS OF NAVARONE (Alistair MacLean) the Post has given us about fifty years of fine writers. Every senior reader has his own honor roll. Mine goes like this: Gouverneur Morris, Robt. W. Chambers, David Graham Phillips, Jack London, George Randolph Chester, Louis Joseph Vance, George Fitch, Booth Tarkington, Joseph Hergesheimer, Roland Pertwee, P. G. Wodehouse, Richard Matthews Hallet, Ben Ames Williams, Kenneth Roberts, John Marquand, Guy Gilpatric, C. S. Forester, Erle Stanley Gardner, Arthur Train—there are many more, but these must be on the list of every member of the Fifty Year club of Post readers.

We have known Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford, Mr. Tutt, Bunker Bean (Harry Leon Wilson), Penrod, Colin Glencannon and Perry Mason; yes, and Horatio Hornblower, Jeeves, and the tall-in-the-saddle heroes of Ernest Haycox and Luke Short. Your scribes have taken us from audacity to nobility. Their rogues, rascals, gentlemen—we've loved 'em all. Now our gray heads are bared in honor of Capt. Keith Mallory, assigned to silence The Guns of Navarone. What a guy!

FRANK LEON SMITH
Woodstock, N.Y.

● *Our thanks to Mr. Smith, who neglected to mention that he contributed a dozen short stories of his own to the Post between 1939 and 1947. —ED.*

Check-Writing Daddies

Dear Sirs:

I for one am fed up with stories depicting the American father as a good-natured but useless house ornament. (FATHERS ARE (Continued on Page 6)

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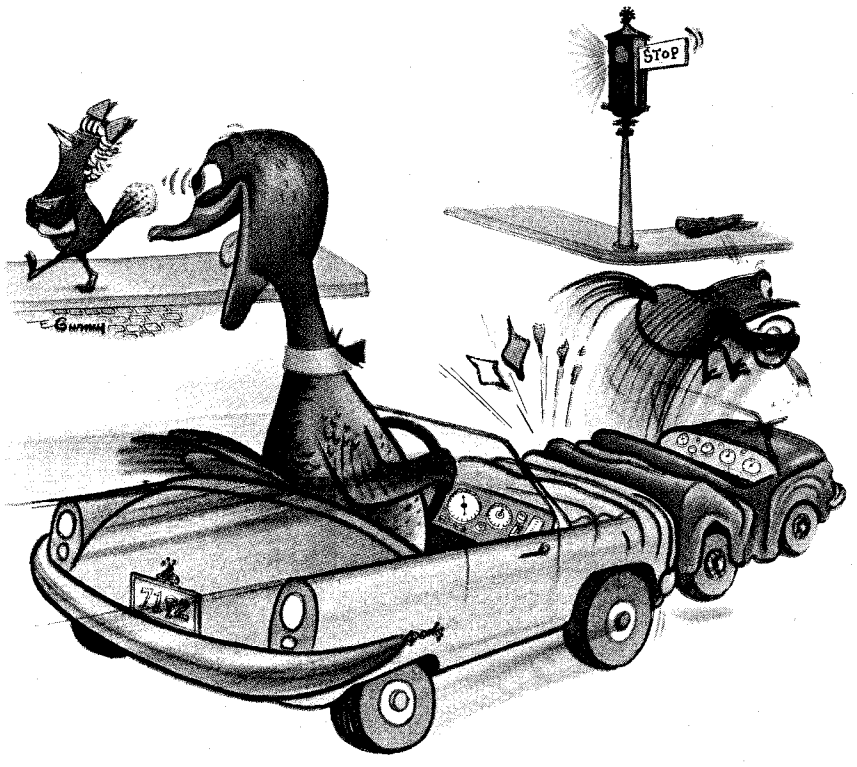
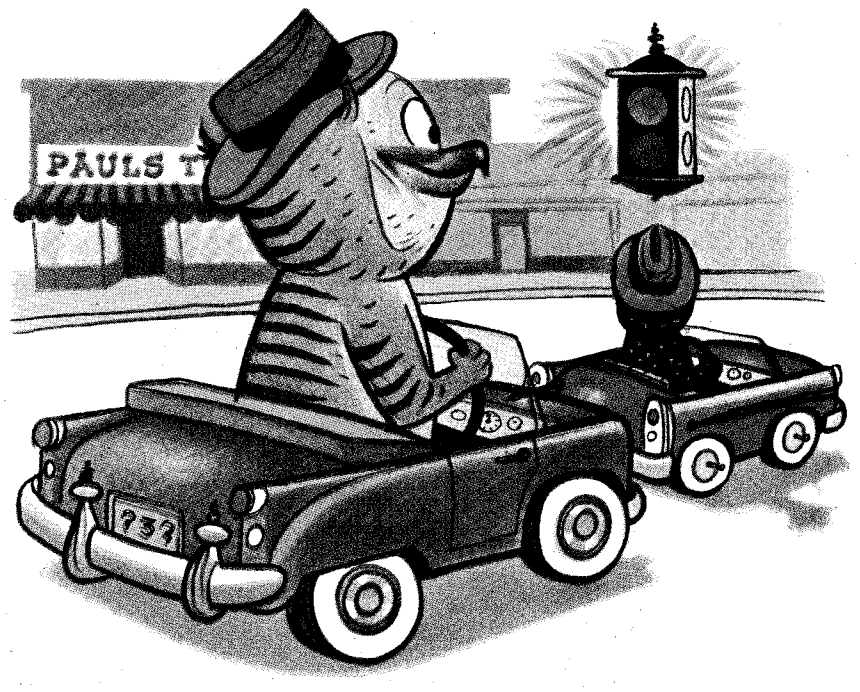
ROAD BIRDS

a series by Ethyl Corporation



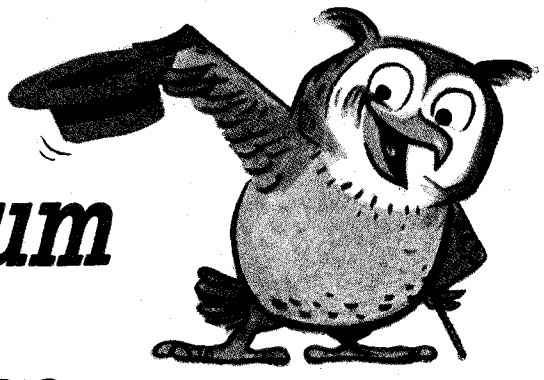
The Wide-Eyed Gander looks at the chicks on the sidewalk more than at the road ahead. Once he spots a beauty, there's no telling where his car will wind up.



The Smart Bird knows that driving calls for undivided attention. He keeps his eyes and mind on where he's going . . . is extra-careful when he's in town or heavy traffic.

The Smart Bird is also careful when it comes to buying gasoline. He buys premium gasoline. Premium gasoline has a higher octane rating that lets you enjoy *full power* . . . gives greater driving pleasure.

It's smart to use *premium* gasoline



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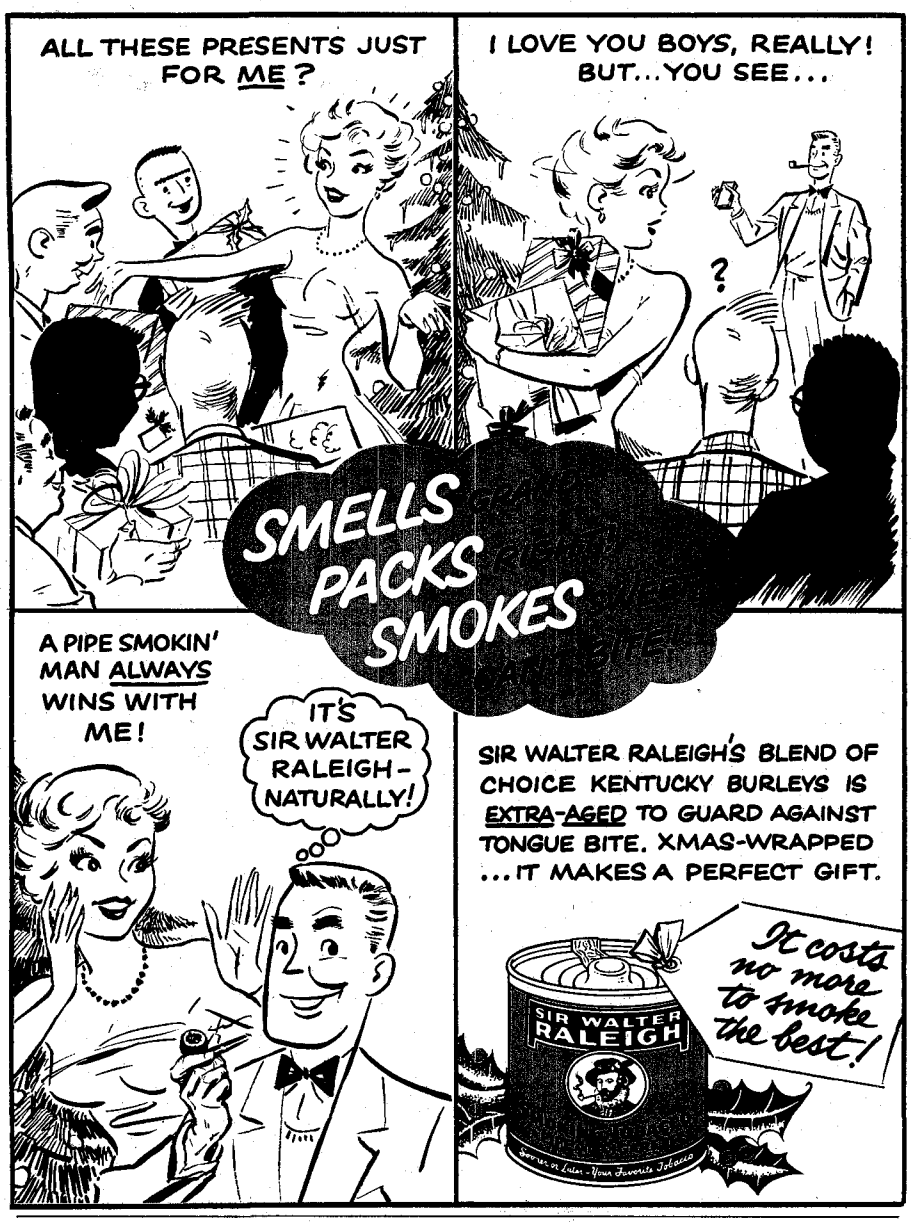
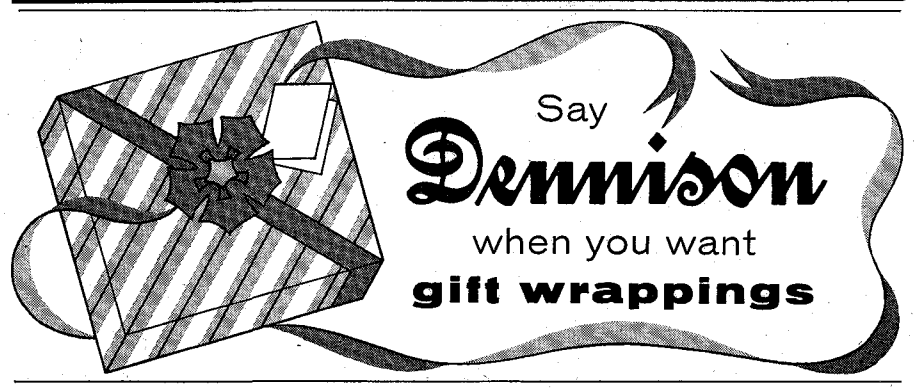

ALL THESE PRESENTS JUST FOR ME?
I LOVE YOU BOYS, REALLY! BUT...YOU SEE...
SMELLS
PACKS
SMOKES
A PIPE SMOKIN' MAN ALWAYS WINS WITH ME!
IT'S SIR WALTER RALEIGH - NATURALLY!
SIR WALTER RALEIGH'S BLEND OF CHOICE KENTUCKY BURLEYS IS EXTRA-AGED TO GUARD AGAINST TONGUE BITE. XMAS-WRAPPED ...IT MAKES A PERFECT GIFT.
It costs no more to smoke the best!
SIR WALTER RALEIGH



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Letters

(Continued from Page 4)

IMPORTANT TOO, by Steve McNeil, Nov. 10, 1956). I also have had my fill of the mothers in these stories who not only indulge their selfish children but encourage them to ignore their fathers, unless, of course, they want dad to pay for some outrageous frivolity. It seems to me this attitude does not induce respect for the male parent. According to these stories, a father's sole function in the home could be replaced by an automatic check writer.

MRS. HELEN KLEIN
Berkley, Mich.

Crowded Airlanes

Dear Sirs:

Your fine article FLYING CAN BE SAFER [by Harold H. Martin, Nov. 10] is timely, accurate and thought-provoking. I was a member of the Harding group to which it refers. A recent Government report indicates that air traffic for 1956 will show a 23% gain over 1955. There is every reason to expect further gains from year to year, increasing the seriousness of the air-traffic-separation problem or aggravating the traffic delays required for safety. . . .

Mr. Martin should be congratulated for so ably focusing the attention of the public on the most important problem in aviation—expediting air traffic with safety.

JEROME LEDERER
Managing Director
Flight Safety Foundation, Inc.
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

I was somewhat disappointed to note the brief mention of the effort of the Aircraft Owners and Pilots Association. . . . It must be remembered that only 3% of the civil flying done in the United States is commercial airline operation. The remaining 97% is made up of those private owners—individuals with their small single engine planes, businesses with small twin engine executive aircraft and large corporations with their fleets of miscellaneous types. . . .

One cannot help but deplore the tendency of certain interests to demand restrictive regulations and mandatory equipment requirements which are totally out of line with the capabilities of small private planes and their owners' budgets. A comparable situation would be for the big steamship lines to demand that every private outboard motor boat carry full two-way radio equipment, a fog horn which could be heard ten miles away . . . and a complete radar set—all this in spite of the fact that the craft couldn't carry the load and the owner hasn't got hands enough to use it even if he could afford to buy it. . . .

As an electronic engineer and as a private pilot operating my own business in aviation I feel a personal familiarity with many of these problems.

WILLIAM L. BOWNE
Schenectady, N.Y.

The Good Side of Teaching

Dear Sirs:

The article WE'RE LUCKY TO BE TEACHERS, by Jeanne Storrs, Nov. 17th, reminds me of something.

A few weeks ago I received a birthday card and letter from a lady who had been a pupil of mine in the high school at Wichita, Kansas, in 1901. The card was to extend congratulations and best wishes of the class of 1901. Fifty-five years! It was my 82nd birthday. Cards come from several members of the class at Christmas time.

Yes, teaching has its rewards, lasting rewards.

P. H. VERNOR
Rockford, Ill.

Dietary Confusion

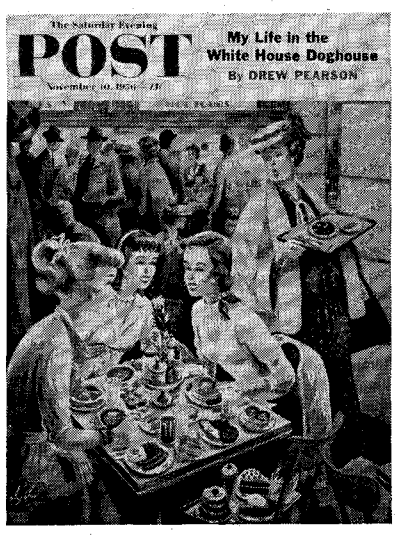
Dear Sirs:

We are ardent Alajálovers—but this time (cover of Nov. 10th issue) Alajálov is dead wrong!

It's the cute young things who eat the salad and the mammoth matron who feasts.

Otherwise, how would they get that way?

MRS. WILLIAM BERENS
Scarsdale, N.Y.



Dear Sirs:

Five desserts for three gals! Ain't that overdoing it just a little?

HELEN B. KING
Cleveland, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

No teen-age girl I know would ever eat the amount or the kind of food you fill the table with. You evidently do not know how calorie-conscious girls are!

Many say that our teen-age girls are the underfed (not underprivileged) people of the nation—and that is closer to the truth.

MRS. FRAN VANDER VELDE
Oak Park, Ill.

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

19–Larry Keighley, Mrs. Harold Walthers. • 20–Two by Larry Keighley; Chicago Department of Police; Chicago American. • 21–Chicago American, Herald American (International). • 22, 23–Thomas Peters Lake. • 24–Lynn Buckham. • 25–United Press, Wide World, from Curtis Brown. • 26–United Press, Hans Knopf, United Press. • 27–International, Wide World, Jim Burns. • 28, 29–Thornton Utz. • 30–Two by Harry Saltzman. • 31–Bruce Bomberger. • 32–Two by Hans Knopf; Culver, Globe, United Press, 20th-Century Fox. • 33–From Phil Burchman. • 34, 35–Coby Whitmore. • 36–Gene Lester, © Walt Disney Productions. • 37–Three from Gene Lester; three © Walt Disney Productions. • 38–William A. Smith. • 43–Convair, Gene Lester. • 45–Ken Riley. 82–From Curtis Brown. 108–Three anonymous; John Bickel.

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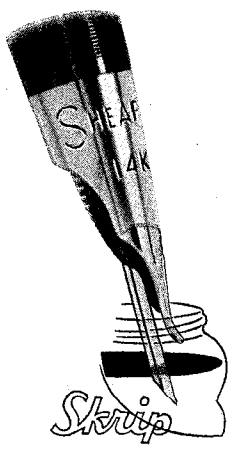
SHEAFFER'S® White Dot SNORKEL® PEN



Here's the surprise you'll want to keep secret until the very last. And you'll want to be there when it's opened, too.

Deep inside everyone who appreciates fine things is a wish to own the pen that wears the White Dot. It's more than the convenience of clean-filling which the Snorkel Pen offers. More than the pleasure of writing with a truly personal point.

The White Dot is a lasting symbol of satisfaction. It's a recognized mark of luxury, one of the few *finest* gifts anyone can well afford. Feel the real glow of giving. Choose a White Dot Sheaffer set. Sheaffer Sentinel Ensemble (shown) $30.00. Pen only $22.50. Sheaffer White Dot Pens from $15.50.

WATCH "THE BROTHERS"—CBS-TV, TUESDAY NIGHTS

Copyright 1956, W. A. Sheaffer Pen Company, Fort Madison, Iowa, U.S.A. • In Canada: Goderich, Ontario • In Australia: Melbourne • In Great Britain: London

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BETTER TV PICTURES

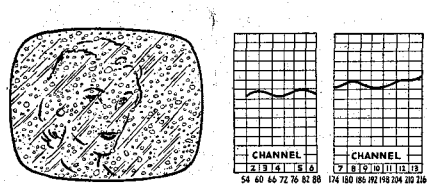
Two completely new antennas developed by Channel Maste.

FACTS YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT TV ANTENNAS AND PICTURE QUALITY

by Harold Harris, V. P., *Engineering and Research, Channel Master Corporation*

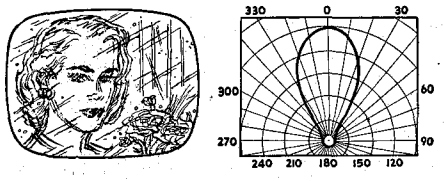
Engineers have known for years that the most elaborate TV set with a poor antenna will not perform as well as an inexpensive set with a good antenna. Here are ways a modern, scientifically designed antenna improves picture performance:

"SNOW" and antenna power



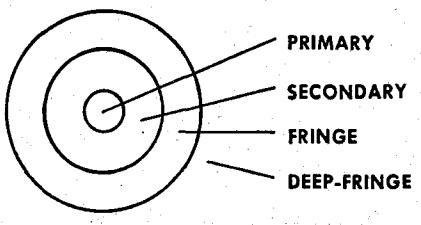
"Snow" is caused by the electronic "noise" in every TV set, and appears only when the signal is received weakly. The more powerful the antenna, the more effectively it will reduce snow, simply because it strengthens the signal. For best reception, it is important that the antenna be powerful on *every* channel, not just on one or two.

"GHOSTS" and antenna directivity

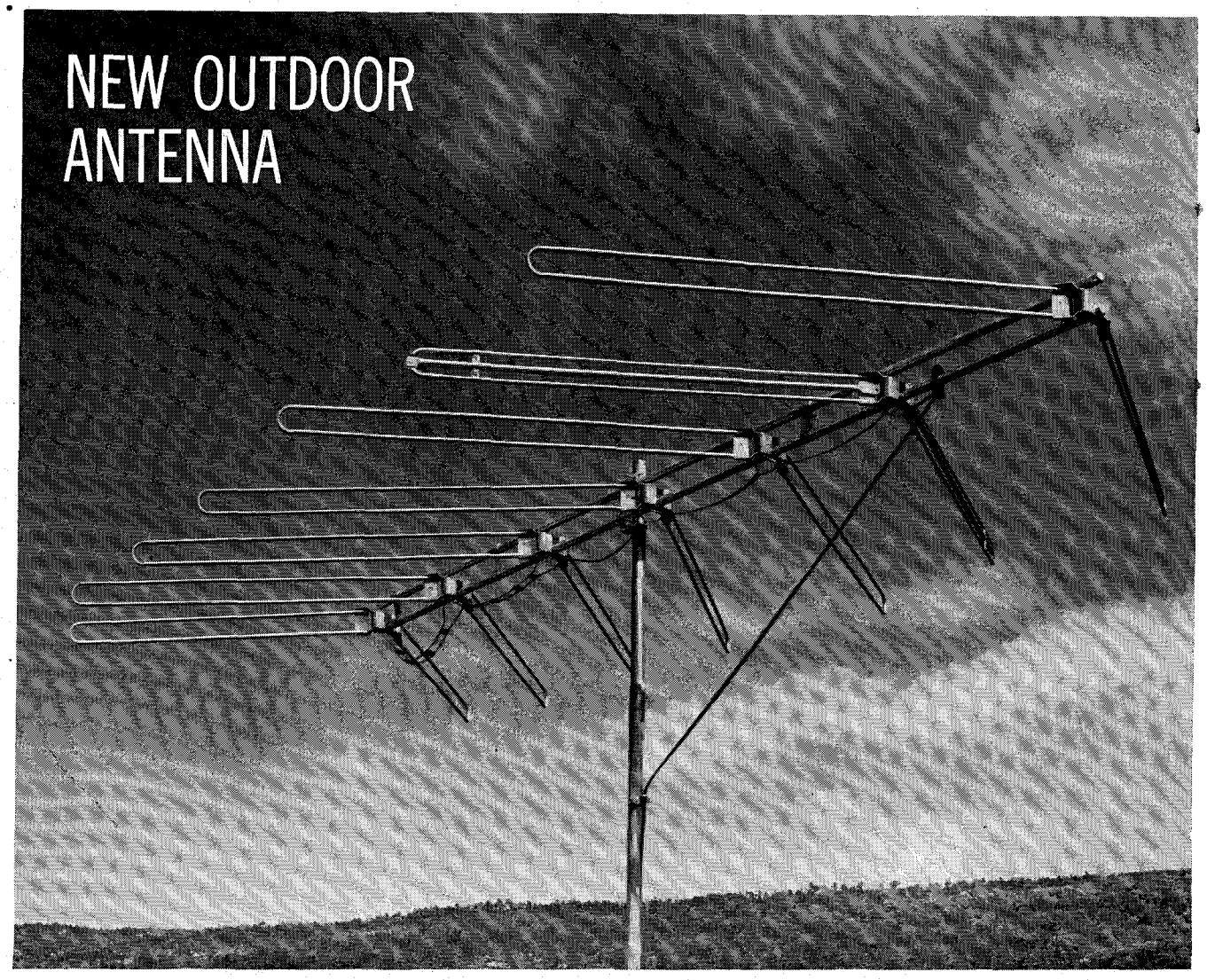


Your antenna picks up one signal directly from the transmitter. A split second later, it may pick up the same signal reflected off buildings or hills. This puts two or more signals on your screen, causing "ghosts." To reduce these reflections, you need an antenna that is highly "directive"—picking up one direct signal very strongly, and rejecting unwanted signals from side or back.

What's your reception area?



The proper antenna for you depends on where you are with respect to the TV transmitter. Your service man will tell you how powerful an antenna you need for best pictures in your area. If you'd like to find out more about antenna design and how it relates to the quality of your pictures, write for free, informative booklet, "Better Pictures on Your TV Set." Address: Channel Master Corp., Ellenville 12, New York.



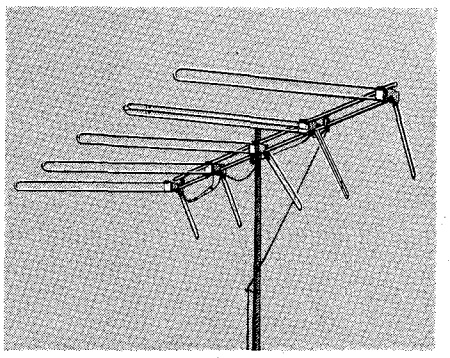
Powerful CHANNEL MASTER T-W *with exclusive "Traveling Wave" design improves reception on all channels in all areas*

If you're not getting clear, sharp pictures on *every* channel (2 to 13), there's a completely new kind of antenna scientifically designed to solve your problems. The Channel Master T-W is the first antenna to make practical use of the "Traveling Wave" principle, which electronically reinforces the signal on *all* channels—not just on one or two. No other antenna works so powerfully to eliminate "snow" on the entire TV band. It reaches out to bring in stations beyond the range of present antennas.

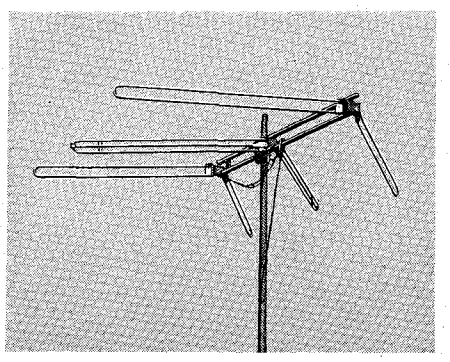
This new design also *rejects unwanted signals*, like reflections or interference from other TV stations. It cuts down on "ghosts" and "venetian blinds"... pulls in at full power the channel you're tuned to. Perfect for color reception, too.

The Channel Master T-W offers exceptional resistance to wind and ice loading. It's all aluminum . . . can never rust. Double-strength "truss" construction throughout makes it the strongest, sturdiest antenna ever designed . . . means long years of trouble-free reception.

The 7-element T-W provides maximum power for deepest fringe areas. Other models are engineered for near-fringe and suburban areas.



5-ELEMENT T-W is ideal when maximum power is not required. Element for element, any T-W antenna outpulls other antenna designs.



3-ELEMENT T-W, for use in suburban areas, offers the same high directivity and the same durable construction as other T-W models.

ASK YOUR TV SERVICE MAN about the Channel Master T-W. He'll tell you w model is best for *your* reception needs.

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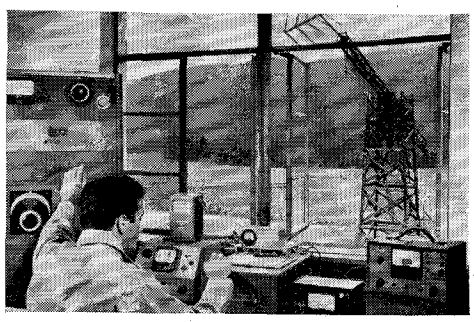
FOR ALMOST EVERYONE

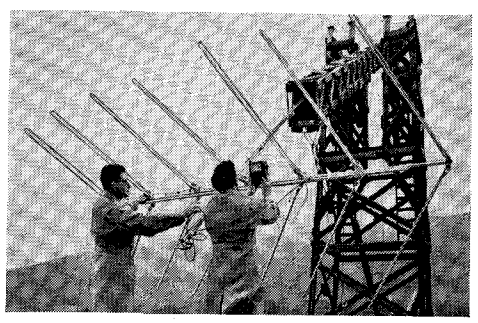
ectronic research for color or black & white reception

2 YEARS IN DEVELOPMENT AT WORLD'S LARGEST ANTENNA RESEARCH LABORATORY

Both the Channel Master T-W and the Channel Master *Showman* are the result of two years of intensive electronic research in the Channel Master Antenna Development Laboratory—the world's largest experimental and testing laboratory of its kind. In this unusual research center, a large staff of electronic engineers has pioneered advanced methods of antenna development.



From this laboratory have come a brilliant series of "firsts" in antenna design—like the first broad-band Yagi and the first triple-power dipole—which have extended the boundaries of TV reception. Now the scientists of Channel Master announce two revolutionary technical break-throughs—the highly efficient "Traveling Wave" principle as applied to antenna design, and "Metro-Dyne" tuning, a new impedance-matching system which permits the design of more compact indoor antennas.



These scientific advances in power, directivity and impedance matching mean just one thing to you—*better TV pictures*, whether you live in a far-away fringe area or can use an indoor antenna. Whatever antenna you are now using, chances are that these modern developments can bring you a new world of TV viewing pleasure.

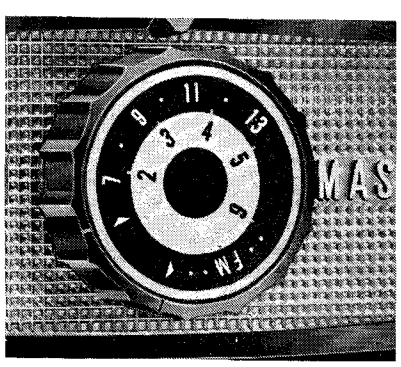
Beautiful **CHANNEL MASTER** *Showman —the gift they'll thank you for every time they watch TV*

This is the first Christmas you can give an indoor antenna that blends with *any* décor, and that guarantees better pictures every time you look at TV. The new Channel Master *Showman* puts an end to ugly rods that stick out into the room. No frantic jiggling and guesswork when you switch channels! The new "Metro-Dyne" tuning control works like the channel selector on your TV set—instantly switches the antenna for maximum signal power on any channel... brings in clearer, brighter pictures than any old-fashioned indoor antenna.

Don't confuse the "Metro-Dyne" control with the switches found on some "rabbit ears," which merely connect up different parts of the antenna. The "Metro-Dyne" control electronically tunes, or "resonates," the antenna to the selected channel. It sharply reduces the "ghosts" and interference from electrical equipment that spoil your picture.

More powerful than any other indoor antenna, the new Channel Master *Showman* is guaranteed to bring you matchless indoor reception in color and black and white. Choose from three decorator colors—ebony, mahogany, blond. At better stores everywhere.

$17.95
SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN CANADA



S LIKE YOUR TV SET — simply turn the ro-Dyne" control to the channel number switch the picture in, interference out.

For the best picture on any TV set...

CHANNEL MASTER

WORLD'S LARGEST MAKER OF TV ANTENNAS

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Editorials

Were Those "Election Observers" Really Red Spies?

Few people could take at its face value the Soviet mission which accepted an invitation to visit this country and learn something from our free elections. After all, the communists observed free elections at least once in such countries as Hungary and Rumania, and couldn't bear to look at them again. They even held one free election in Russia, thirty-nine years ago, with such disappointing results for them that universal adult suffrage has given them the horrors ever since.

A clue to why they took such a long trip to find out what they knew already can be found in a statement filed with the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee on July 18, 1956, by Yuri Rastvorov, a former Soviet espionage agent who defected to the West. Referring to 1951, during the Korean war, when he was still with the M.V.D., operating in Japan, Mr. Rastvorov says:

"Taking advantage of the Japanese elections to the Parliament, occurring throughout Japan, the Soviet mission embarked on an ingenious scheme of sending its 'observers' supposedly to supervise the accuracy and the conduct of 'democratic procedures.' Among these Soviet observers were scattered Soviet intelligence officers who used the scheme as a vehicle to contact Japanese agents throughout the country under the guise of politically interviewing a general cross section of Japanese voters. This method almost completely assured the security of the contact and the protection of Soviet agent connections."

The network, supported by the Japanese Communist Party, furnished, says Rastvorov, "a detailed record of Yoshida's discussions with MacArthur and with Dulles, not to mention the record of Yoshida's discussions of various subjects with the American ambassador. . . . Soviet intelligence was also able to obtain information concerning the exchange of views between the American and the British governments concerning the proposal of General MacArthur for aerial attacks against industrial and military targets located in Manchuria."

That was a handsome dividend from the contacts made by a team of supposedly wide-eyed "election observers." The method is common in all Soviet "cultural missions." Invariably, they include a few "farmers" who don't know one end of a hoe from another, or "ballet dancers" who couldn't do a time-step without falling on their faces. But the real purpose of the mission is espionage.

It would be rash, we hope, to suppose that American security agents have not kept a close watch on the contacts made by these "ambassadors of good will." We learned the hard way, but we now have a mass of information on methods and personnel which ought to keep us in the front rank of international counterespionage operations. The warm invitations we extend to Soviet missions may resemble the courteous welcome offered to unwary flies by the hospitable spider in the nursery rhyme. While they're "observing" us, we have an opportunity to "observe" their contacts.

Population Changes Upset the Views of Some Early Prophets

Seventy-three years ago an ardent home-state booster looked back seventy-three years, and then looked forward and made a prophecy. In every state there are home-state boosters, and what this one said in 1883 is still interesting.

Thomas S. Fernon was a one-time railroad official in Pennsylvania and a tireless preacher of his state's glories. His eyes gleamed, his voice quickened and his writing hand raced over the paper as he delighted in Pennsylvania's railroads and its "black diamonds" (coal).

"Unless suicidal legislation interpose between progress and its prospect," he wrote in 1883, "Pennsylvania—the arena of trunk-line gladiators, and a hippodrome where chariots are driven for black diamonds—is sure to outgrow in population the state of New York . . . and take the head of the column as the most populous state of the Union."

Fernon used his colorful rhetoric not only for his home state but to sing the marvels of his beloved Philadelphia. "The New York City Tenement House," he declared, in capital letters, "where sons of toil from all countries and climes are packed like herring in dozens to be smoked, and the Apartment Aviary, where pairs mated for human bliss and to replenish the earth, roost and nest higher above ground than the feathered sparrows build outside, are unknown in the city founded by William Penn the statesman."

Just as Fernon cast his eager eyes backward seventy-three years to the census of 1810, so we can look back the same length of time to 1883, observing the changes since then. New York is still in first place, but now there is a new challenger. It is California, which regards Illinois as "'way down East."

In the 1950 census California not only shot ahead of Illinois but slightly outstripped Pennsylvania. And now the Census Bureau has released its latest population figures, showing that from 1950 to 1955 California gained 2,374,000, or 22.4 per cent. Its total on July 1, 1955, was 12,961,000. Pennsylvania was 2,000,000 behind, with 10,898,000.

New York had 16,021,000, which put it 3,000,000 ahead of California. But now there are predictions that by 1970 the Golden State will deprive the Empire State of the championship it has held since 1820.

Yet who knows whether some new technical development won't push some other state to the top? Perhaps the likeliest candidate is Texas, immense and rich. And how can we be certain that someday the most populous state won't be the farthest Western state of all, which today is a territory—Hawaii?

Today's Small Boy Isn't Humiliated by "Waists" With Ruffles

By RICHARD ATTRIDGE

If the adage that clothes make the man applies to small boys, present-day kids should turn out to be far more sensible and attractive than their fathers or grandfathers ever were. At any rate, modern fashions in children's clothes have eliminated a lot of the cruel and unusual punishment which kids had to put up with a generation or so ago.

In the old days, of course, there were none of the shorts, playsuits, ski pants, moccasins, dungarees, slacks or other sartorial simplicities that now permit a dressed-up small boy to feel and act like a human being. The main idea behind children's clothes of former times seemed to be much the same as the ancient Egyptians subscribed to when they wrapped up a mummy, except that the mummy wasn't expected to keep taking the layers off and putting them on again.

Starting from the ground up, the average small boy was hampered by high shoes heavy enough to drown him if he fell into a pond, with shoestrings long enough to hang him if he grew despondent about the whole thing. If the laces didn't break in one place, they did in another, and when the metal tips disappeared, the kid had to wet the frayed ends and thread them through the half-blocked holes. For some reason—probably because it was too easy—many parents had moral objections to metal-encircled holes or convenient hooks halfway up. Some unfortunates had to wear high button shoes and, when the buttonhook disappeared, they had to make the best of a bad job with a safety pin and still get to school on time.

There were short pants strapped at the knees, whose only advantage was that they made ample receptacles for stolen apples; saw-toothed stiff collars for Sunday, with brass collar buttons that marked a small boy's Adam's apple with a stigma of undeserved holiness for the rest of the week; ridiculous bebuttoned "gaiters" for winter wear, and "waists" for defenseless small males, with lace as the all-time low.

Small boys undoubtedly get a better deal in the matter of clothes today. It is true, however, that little guys today, who are accustomed to slacks and trousers even before they get to kindergarten, will never know the long-awaited thrill of that "first pair of long pants." Maybe that great occasion of a generation ago, attended by teasing of elders, envious belittling by smaller kids, and downright admiration by the girls, more than made up for all the sartorial indignities that boys once had to endure.

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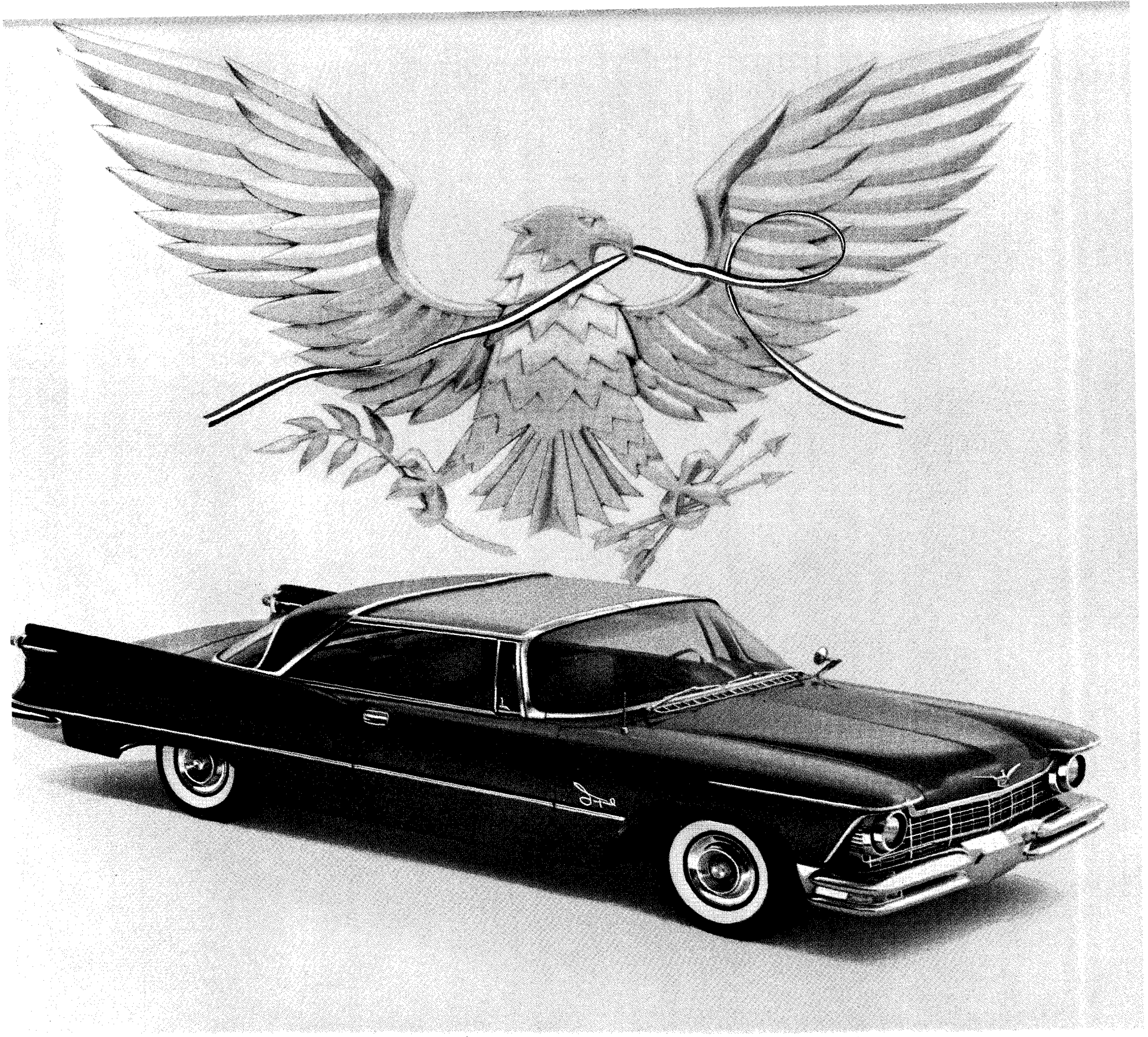

ABOVE, THE IMPERIAL 2-DOOR SOUTHAMPTON, ONE OF EIGHT IMPERIAL BODY STYLES IN A NEW, MORE ATTRACTIVE PRICE RANGE.

Car beyond compare...

IMPERIAL

Finest expression of The Forward Look

This is your car, waiting for you — expectant, enormously exciting.

When you put your hands on the wheel of the Imperial, you feel as if you owned the world. Your Imperial has the motion and dazzle of flying flags . . . the sweep and splendor that proclaim a great car.

Now touch a pushbutton. Feel the soft surge of lightning power.

Let this magnificent car know — by the faintest touch — what you want it to do. Learn how it feels to command the road . . . because you're the man who drives the Imperial. A thrilling new motoring experience awaits you in the *exclusive* Imperial . . . at your dealer's now in three new series and an attractive new range of prices.

IMPERIAL . . . FINEST PRODUCT OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION

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Herb Shriner, television's Hoosier humorist, and family, as photographed by Peter Benech

The Herb Shriners celebrate the wonder of Christmas with telegrams

"There's something special about sending holiday greetings by wire," says Herb Shriner, star of his own CBS television program. Herb's wife Pixie adds: "Don't forget the fun of receiving telegrams with their Christmas-y decorations on the blank.

"And children! I just love their faces when they open Santagrams. They're so delighted when they get that pre-Christmas message sent from the North Pole by Santa himself."

Your "Merry Christmas" by wire is more than a greeting. It's a *gift* to be shared with others . . . often proudly put on the tree. Write your own message or, if you prefer, pick from our selection. Just telephone or stop by at any Western Union office. If you wish, you can charge it.

THOUGHTFUL GIFT . . . MONEY-BY-WIRE

Here's the friendliest, most distinctive way to give money for Christmas. Wire a gift of money via Western Union with your personal greetings on a special holiday blank.

Enjoy the Herb Shriner Show at 9:00 P.M., E.S.T., on Christmas Day—and every Tuesday on CBS Television.

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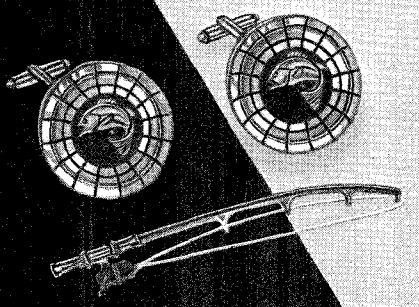
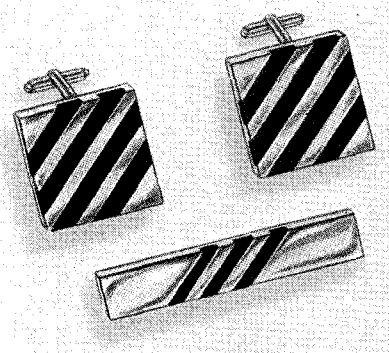
Positively Finer CHRISTMAS GIFTS BY HICKOK

1¼" Mahogany Sierra Belt (World's Most P
$2.50. Hickok Initial Slide Buckle, $2.50*. Th



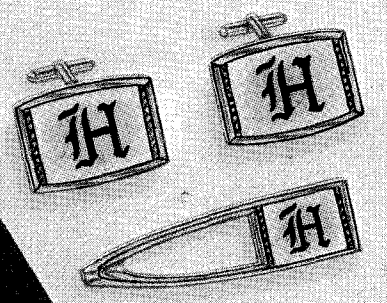
Bar, $2.50*.
xed, $5*.

For men on the move! Man's Toilet Kit in fine Luggage Cowhide, with water proof lining and zipper. Only $4.95*.

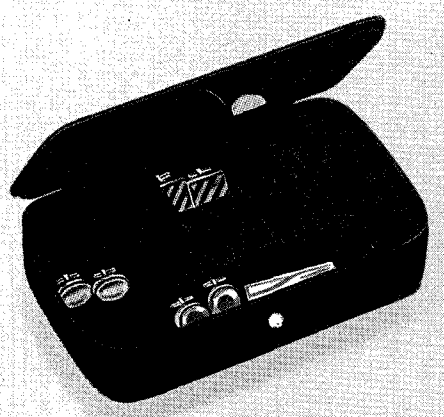


Designer's Jewelry. Tie Bar (with exclusive Hickok Crocodile Grip) $2.50*. Cuff Links, $2.50*. The set, $5.*

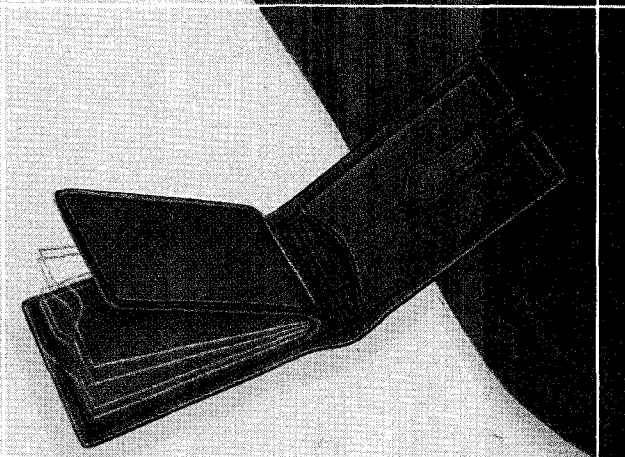
Lustrous, black, imp
Hickok Europa Buckle



Bar, with exclusive Alligator Grip,
uff Links, $2.50*. Complete set, $5*.



Black Cowhide Jewelry Case with red sueded lining. Completely compartmented. A luxurious gift, only $6.95.



Ginger Cowhide "Courier" Wallet, with new, exclusive expandable feature and removable pass case. Boxed, $5*.

Belt, $2.00. Two-Tone
et, gift boxed, $3.50*.

**Plus Fed. Tax*

CHRISTMAS GIFTS BY HICKOK

inspired by costly custom styling

From the styling of costly custom accessories comes the inspiration for this magnificent new collection of Christmas gifts by Hickok. Here are gifts with that "worth-more look"—to be given with confidence, to be worn with pride.

HICKOK
POSITIVELY FINER

©1956 Hickok Mfg. Co., Rochester 1, N. Y.

See the Hickok Auto Safety Belt at your automotive dealer's. Helps prevent injury or death in highway crashes. You owe this priceless protection to yourself and your loved ones.

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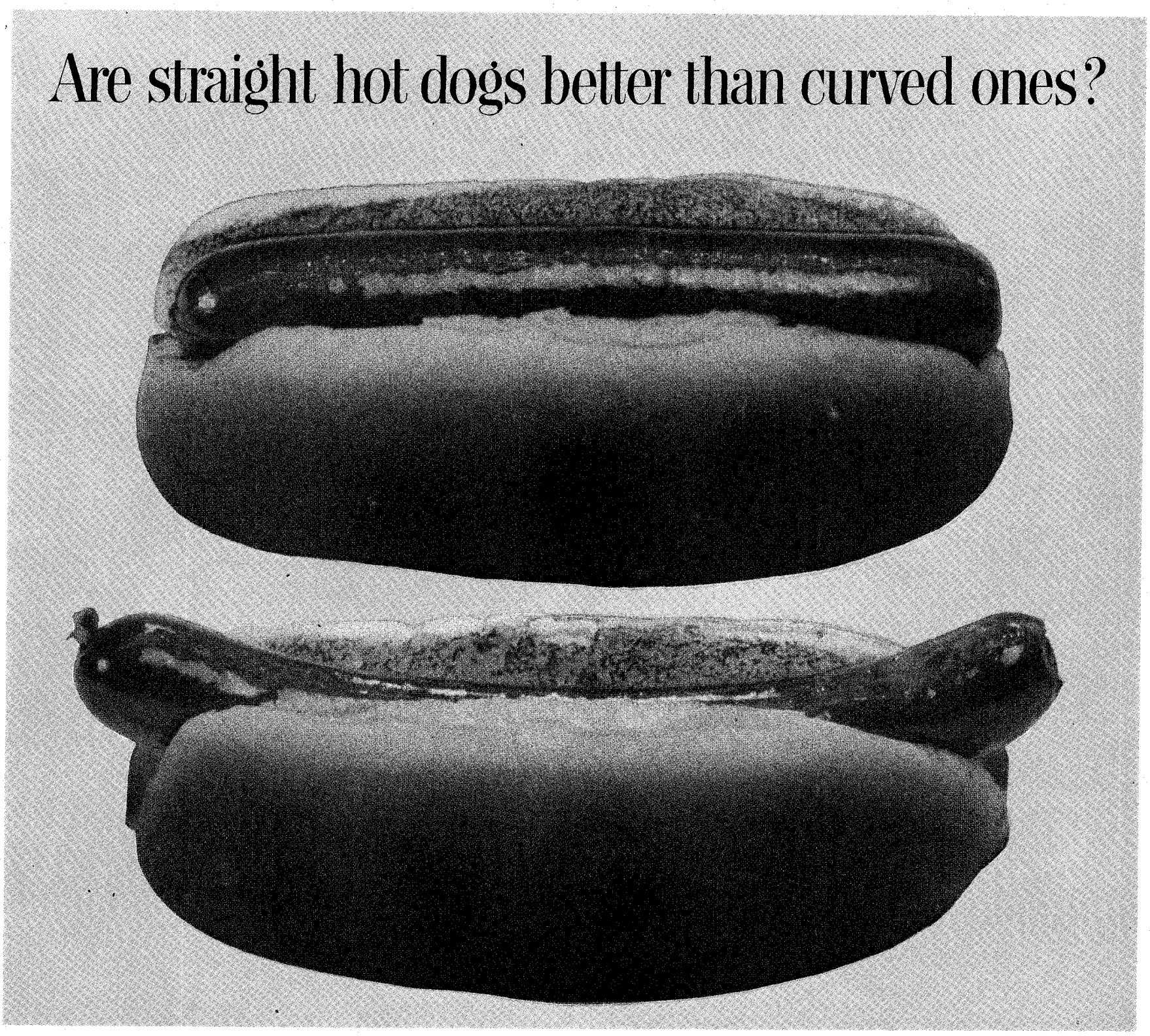
How a "growth company" grows

Are straight hot dogs better than curved ones?



Hint: Rayonier cellulose chemistry lowers costs

Answer:
They're both mighty good eating and part of a great American tradition. But the big difference is that the straight hot dog is skinless—and won't vary a jot in taste, color or texture. That's because it's shaped in special, sanitary cellulose casings. And it's this casing (stripped off after smoking and before the meat reaches your butcher) that makes straight "dogs" lower in cost, consistent in deliciousness.

What's behind this?
The technical arts of the cellulose casing maker and the meat packer—plus the wizardry of cellulose chemistry like Rayonier's. And like the tailored celluloses Rayonier makes for such large industries as man-made fibers, tire cord and plastics, cellulose for sausage casings likewise demands Rayonier's intensive research, its big manufacturing plants in the U.S.A. and Canada, its strong resources plus 8,000 able workers.

What's in it for you?
Chemical cellulose for sausage making is only a fraction of Rayonier's growth business. But this versatile raw material can keep many sausage meats several cents a pound cheaper on your butcher's shelf! That's because cellulose speeds production, delivers appetizing, fresh meats. And with ever better celluloses, Rayonier assures you real value in over 500 products ranging from miracle fibers to hot dogs. Thus Rayonier grows.

RAYONIER
INCORPORATED

cellulose chemistry

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Why wait for appliance service?

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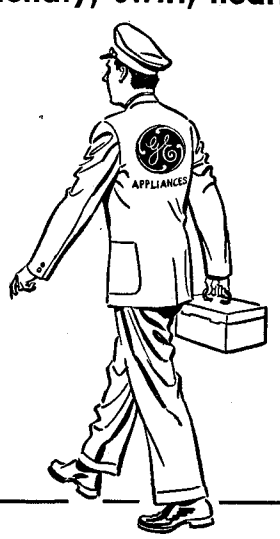

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

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THE "HARDTOP" CONCEPT COMES
TO STATION WAGON DESIGN!

NEW 1957 OLDSM

Introducing . . . AN ULTRA-SMART NEW

A completely new model! An original, new concept by Oldsmobile! It's the trend-setting new Fiesta . . . introducing hardtop styling to station wagon design!

Designed for all-around beauty . . . all-around duty, the Fiesta combines station wagon utility with Holiday glamor, eliminating center posts for a clearer, more enjoyable view for all. Luxurious interiors —in a wide choice of three-tone color combinations—provide spacious comfort for six passengers. And with the rear seat folded down, you've ample room for your cargo-carrying needs.

Just look at all that's new! New Wide-Stance Chassis gives you a rugged foundation for the sturdy haul . . . more stable roadability for the highway. New Span-A-Ramic Windshield adds a new slant to design and visibility. Lower, longer lines of this sleek silhouette grace every scene of activity from countryside to country club. And the spirited 277 high-compression horsepower of the new Rocket T-400 Engine, with its high torque at low rpm's, gives you *economy when you want it . . . power when you need it!* See and drive the new Olds Fiesta at your Oldsmobile Quality Dealer's, soon!

The Accent's on Oldsmobile . . . the car that puts the Accent on You!

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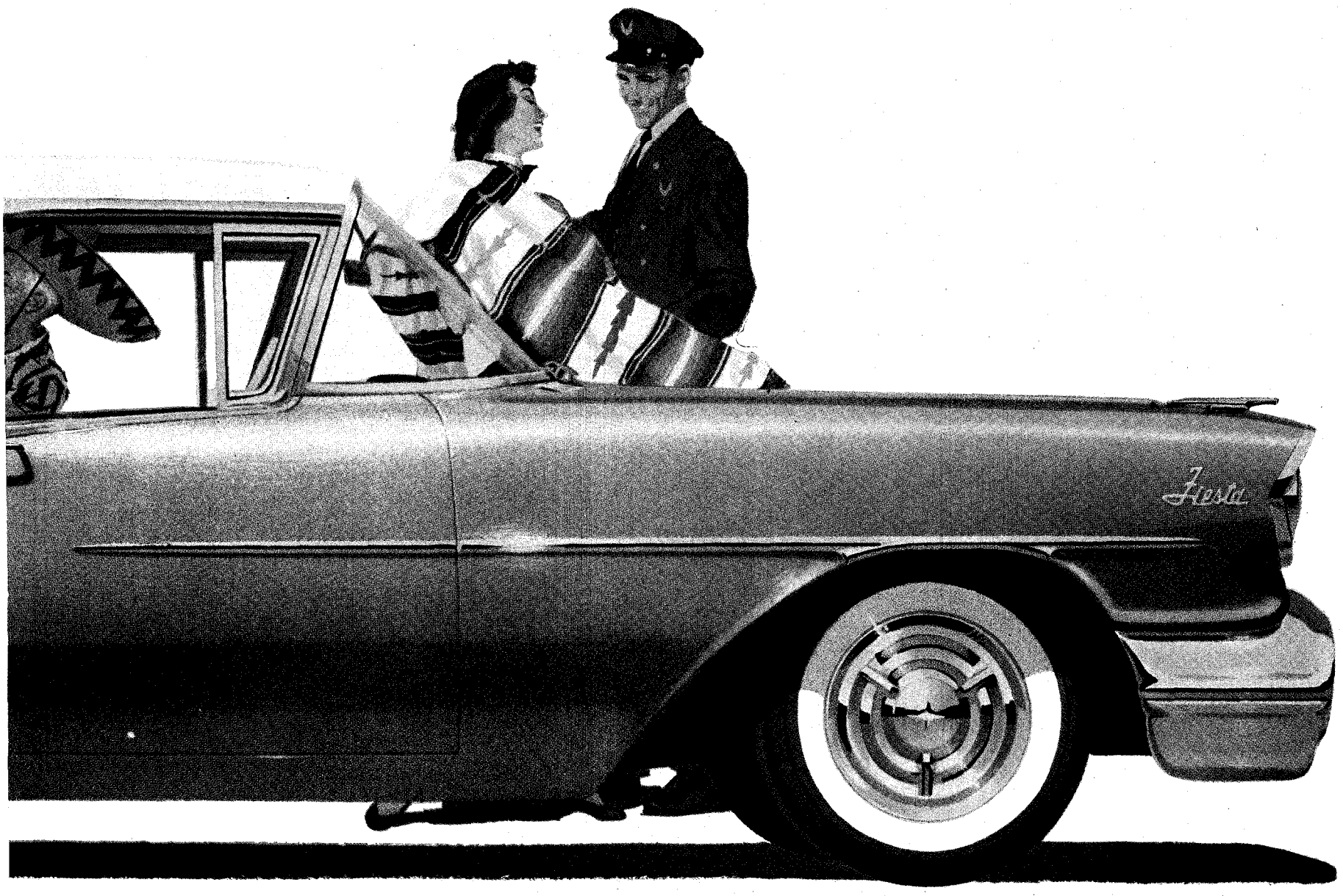
OBILE "Fiesta"



MODEL FOR THE STATION WAGON SET!

Oldsmobile's four-door Fiesta is
ered in two great series . . . the action-
packed Super 88 and the Golden
ocket 88—value-car of the year!
Fiesta Sedan model, with center
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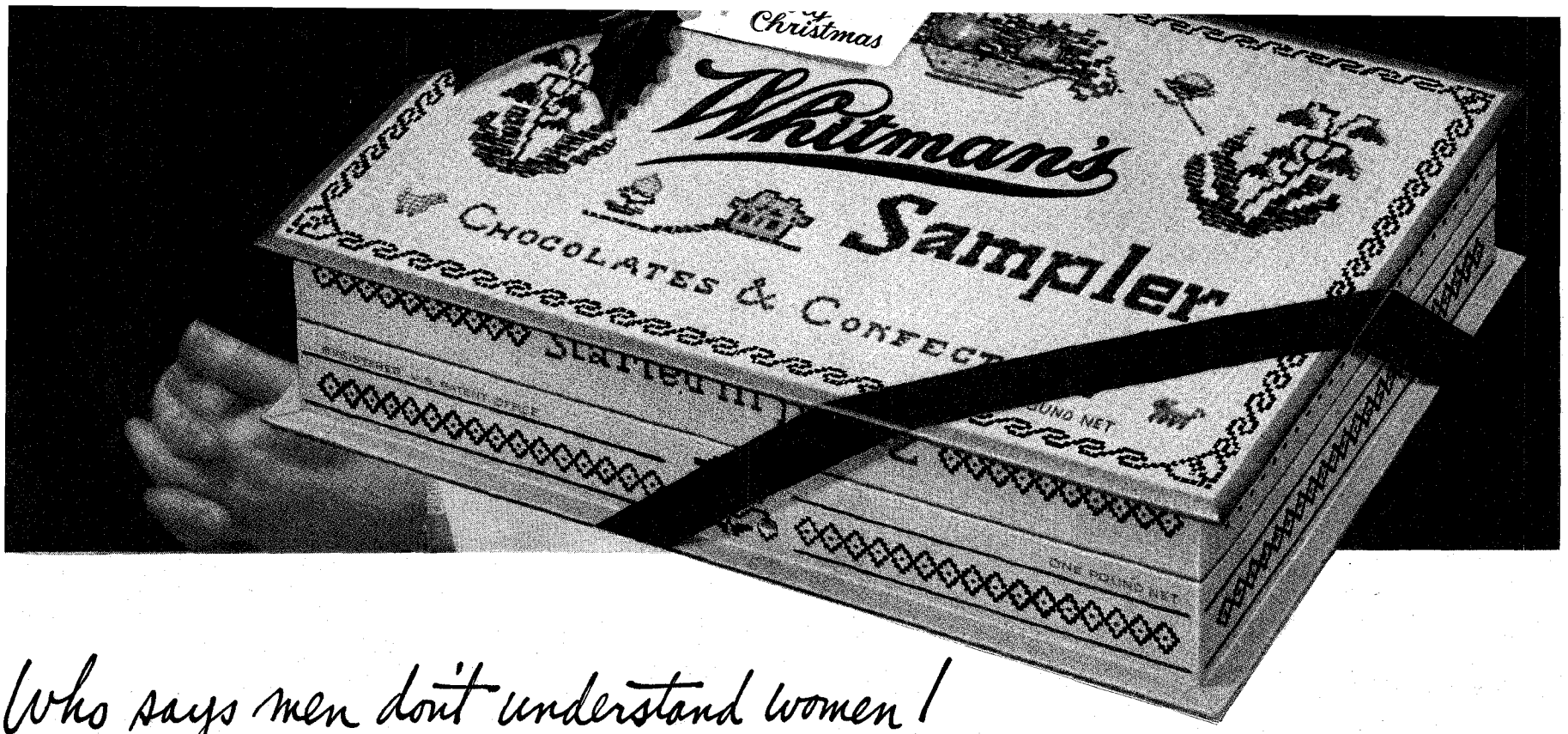

Who says men don't understand women!

Whitman knows better!

Because it's the men who buy all the Samplers we can make, at Christmastime and *all* the time!

They buy this famous box of chocolates to give to the ladies!

That women appreciate such thoughtfulness goes without saying (just look at the picture above!). They know the prestige of the Sampler gift and they like the candy, too (and so will you!).

Remember all the gals on your Christmas list with a Whitman's Sampler. $2, $4, $6 and $10. You'll be a mighty popular man if you do! Stephen F. Whitman & Son, Inc., Philadelphia, Pa.

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Whitman's CHOCOLATES

New Pinwheel Assortment, specially priced at $1.50

a woman never forgets the man who remembers

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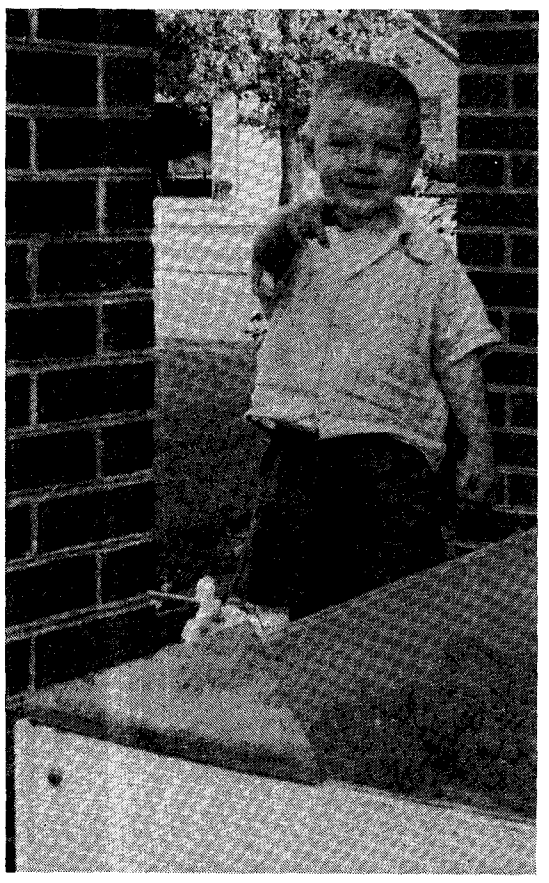
The Saturday Evening
POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY
Benj. Franklin

Mrs. Harold J. Walther still scans passing cars on Chicago's South Side, in hopes of finding the one that killed her three-year-old son Kenny two years ago.

Kenny Walther. Of Kenny's hit-and-run killer, Sgt. Barney Glavin says, "I want to find this guy real bad."



New War on Hit-and-Run Killers

"If you want to murder someone and get off easy, just hit 'em with a car," says a cop in one city that has had enough . . .

By Joseph N. Bell

Somewhere a man is carrying a very special burden of guilt. On November 17, 1954, he ran over and killed a three-year-old child on Chicago's South Side—and then fled the scene. For two years now, this man has lived with the sickening thud as fender collided with child, the sight of that tiny body hurtling into the air, the terrible moment of hesitation as he slowed down to follow the humanitarian impulse of all men to lend help—then ran away. It won't ease his burden any to know that in the frantic moments after the accident was discovered, Kenny Walther's mother couldn't get an ambulance and finally had to take her child to the hospital in a taxicab; that the minutes gained had he stopped might have given Kenny a fighting chance to live.

This driver hasn't been caught, yet. But he shouldn't rest easy. Whenever Kenny Walther's mother and father go out on the street, they still look at cars for telltale signs of an accident. Mrs. Walther got a fleeting glimpse of the death car as it disappeared up the street—before she found the pitiful bundle of blue jeans and sweat shirt that was her child. That glimpse is seared in her memory, and she'll never stop looking. Nor will the police officers of the Chicago Hit-and-Run Unit,

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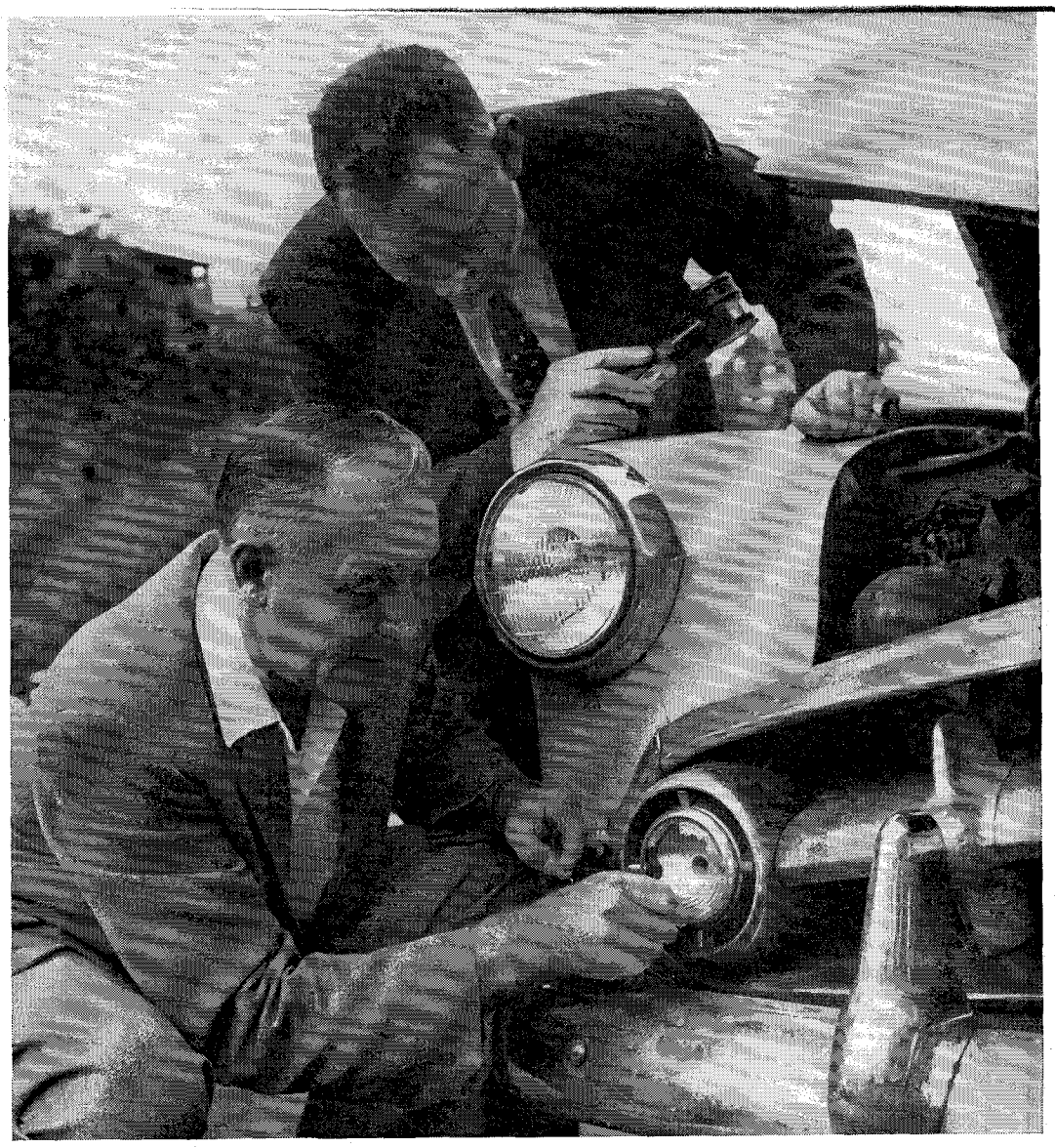

Don Verkler and Jim Rochford of the Chicago Police Hit-And-Run Unit examine an abandoned car for the telltale clues to a homicide. Hit-and-runners ditch 1000 autos in the city each year.

ing behind property damage, personal injury or death.

Why?

"The public," says Ray Ashworth, acting director of the Traffic Division of the International Association of Chiefs of Police, "and even the police in many cities have become apathetic to hit-and-run accidents. Because there aren't enough police to go around, hit-and-runs are often treated like any other traffic accident, instead of as a felony. We need public consciousness of the number and seriousness of hit-and-run accidents, and public conscience to help prevent them."

In most states a fatal hit-and-run accident is considered reckless homicide and is technically punishable with up to fifteen years in prison. But there are pitifully few instances of jail sentences for this crime. Where no fatality is involved, hit and run becomes "leaving the scene of an accident," punishable by thirty days to a year in jail and a fine up to $1000. Yet, in Chicago—as in many other cities—a motorist is likely to pay as much—or more—for a parking ticket as he does for running away from an accident.

Closest to a national compilation of hit-and-run violations are the traffic surveys of the National Safety Council. The nineteen states reporting hit-and-run statistics to the Safety Council show 293 hit-and-run fatalities last year. Among more than 100 of the nation's largest cities surveyed—but not including New

Police Lieut. Harry O'Donnell, first chief of the new hit-and-run unit, and its present head, Lieut. Edwin F. Berger, examine evidence of a crime.

Robert Hoffman, hit-run killer of a small girl. Sentence: "Good behavior" for six months.

who have carefully checked out every lead Mrs. Walther has sent them, who have examined hundreds of other cars and devoted weeks of police work to finding Kenny's killer.

It wouldn't help his peace of mind to hear Sgt. Barney Glavin, of the Hit-and-Run Unit, say with quiet conviction, "I want to find this guy real bad." Or to know that the police have determined—from paint fragments scraped meticulously off the child's clothing—the make and model of the death car and have pieced together a description of the driver. They know a car can't be destroyed; that someday, somewhere, this one will turn up and inevitably lead back to the killer. And they have a feeling he'll be in trouble again and expose himself, because they're familiar with the pattern of people who do what he did.

The motorist who struck and killed Kenny Walther committed one of the most contemptible of all crimes. He hit and ran. It's contrary to every standard of honesty, morality, integrity, dignity, good sportsmanship. Would you ever leave the scene of an accident? Of course not. You're a responsible citizen. You have a highly developed sense of human decency and humanitarianism. You recognize your obligation to stop, identify yourself and render aid if it's needed.

Yet the sad fact is that about 6 per cent of all traffic accidents in the United States involve some evasion of responsibility, according to Franklin M. Kreml, noted director of the Transportation Center at Northwestern University. This means that some 600,000 accidents a year are of the hit-and-run type, and many thousands of solid citizens are living with the knowledge that they struck and ran, leav-

Margaret Glavin, 2½, was run down by a Chicago motorist who later saw a newspaper story of the accident and turned himself in.

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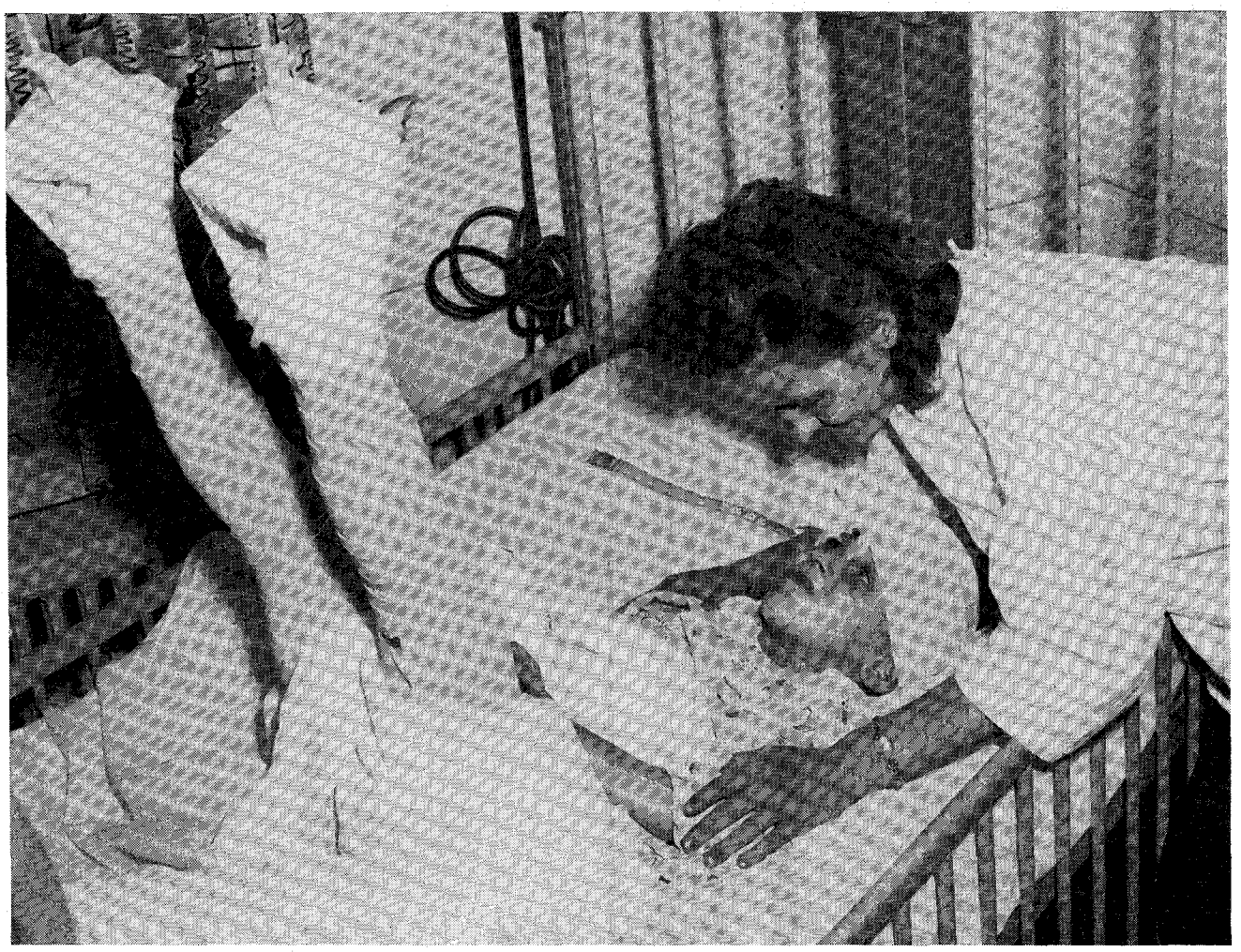
A truck hit Thomas Koleno, 6, critically injuring him. Chicago police are still searching for the driver. Six years ago an auto permanently disabled Tommy's older sister.

York City—Chicago had the largest number of hit-and-run accidents in 1955 with 11,623, followed by Los Angeles with 6881 and Detroit with 6279.

Nowhere in the nation is the hit-and-run problem more acute than in Chicago. And nowhere is more decisive and effective action being taken to do something about it. Some 10 per cent of the almost 12,000 hit-and-run violations in Chicago each year involve personal injury; fatalities average forty a year. More than 1000 cars are abandoned annually in Chicago after involvement in hit-and-run accidents, and upward of 10,000 citizens are interrogated by the hit-and-run investigators yearly.

Until two years ago, fewer than one third of Chicago's hit-and-run offenders were being apprehended. Then into this bleak picture stepped a pair of twenty-five-year policemen with long records of top performance in traffic work in Chicago. First came Lt. Harry O'Donnell—a graying, fast-talking, quick-moving, medium-sized ex-Navy ordnance chief. When O'Donnell took charge of the Hit and Run Unit, he had just completed a six-month course of training at the Northwestern University Traffic Institute and, besides being a dynamic organizer, was up to the minute on the newest techniques in catching hit-and-run drivers. Within a month Chicago began to get on top of its runaway hit-and-run problem. During the (Continued on Page 102)



A speeding auto knocked 6-year-old Edward Palo 35 feet through the air. The driver didn't bother to stop.

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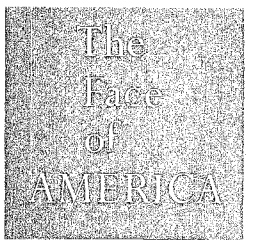

Frozen Sunrise

Winter comes early to Northern Minnesota, and cold bites deep into the land. On this morning, the air is a crackling ten degrees below zero, as a weak sun rises out of Lake Superior to strike sudden color from the ice-sheathed shore near Grand Marais. This is old Chippewa country, opened up in the mid-1600's by trappers and fur traders—first French, then British, finally American. Long gone now, these hardy men left their mark in the place names they gave. North from Grand Marais—in French, Big Marsh—the old Gunflint Trail still winds toward nearby Canada into a region studded with lakes called Devil's Track, East Bearskin and Hungry Jack. Some say these lakes were gouged from a younger earth by the glacial ice; lumbermen will tell you they are the footprints of Paul Bunyan. Today tourists have replaced the trappers, and the old trading posts have given way to vacation cabins and lodges, but the past still seems very close, and the wilderness has changed remarkably little since Bunyan passed this way. ● Photograph by Thomas Peters Lake

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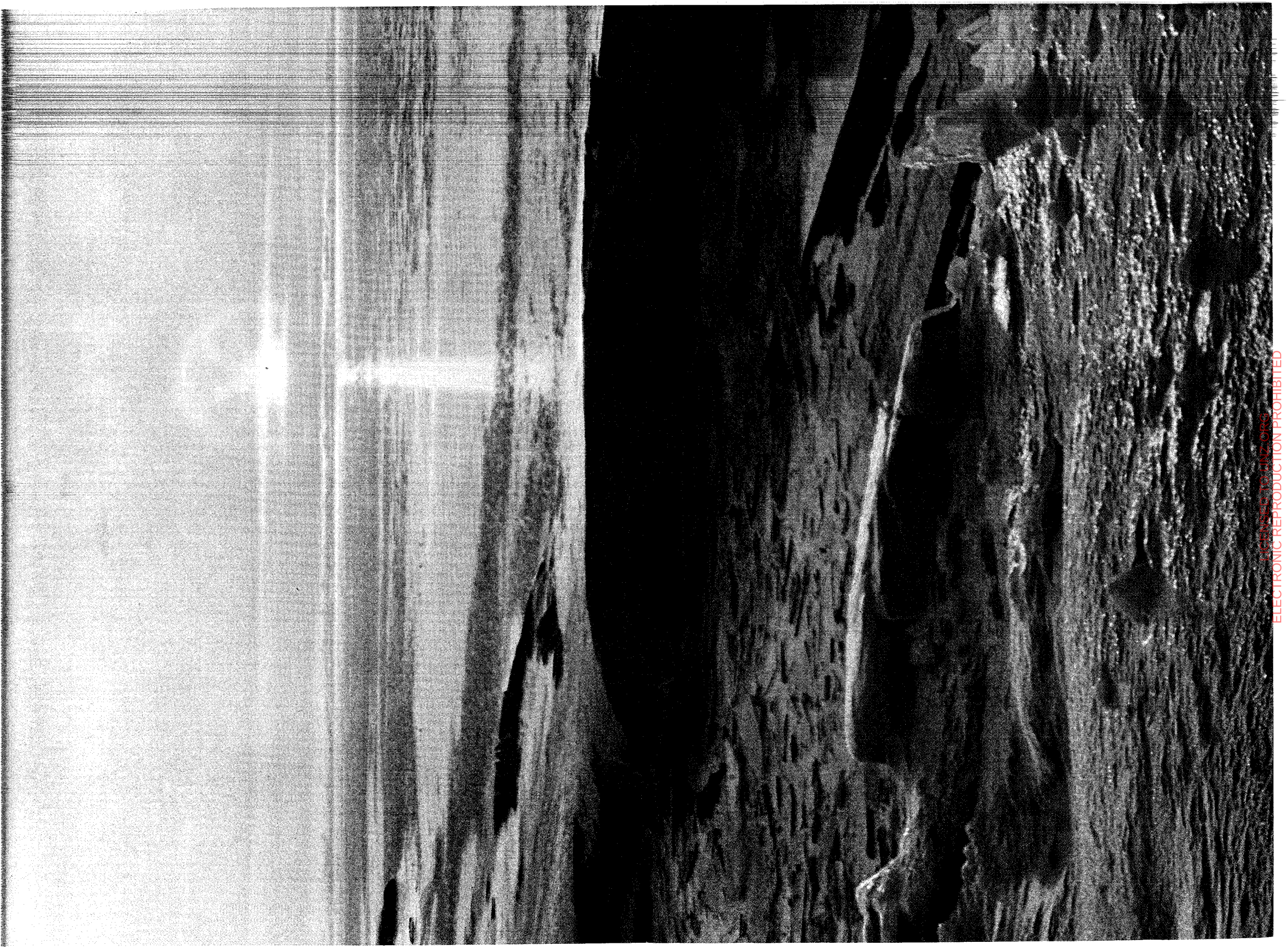

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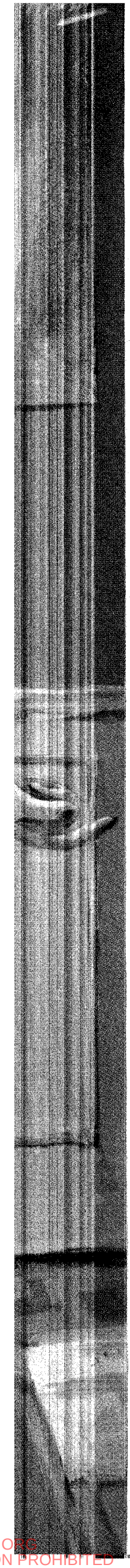

Engagement Party

The party was to announce her engagement to George. What was she doing in Andy's arms?

By NANCY POPE MAYORGA

Late Monday morning, after the departmental deadline rush, Pinky Bartlett, editor of the Call-Bulletin, threw a piece of paper down on Andy's desk and said in his deep, tired drawl, "Here's the address of a guy who's got a world-shaking story for us. Go up and see him, and keep it down to an inch and a half." Then he added, "If you're not back here by one-thirty, the world will have to wait till tomorrow."

Andy looked down and read: "Prince Leo Surovsky, 132 North Ashtree Avenue."

Andy Lowell had been a newspaperman for several incarnations now, and he knew very well how to cut world-shaking stories down to an inch and a half without offending the authors of them. Nor was he at all overpowered by princes who lived in less than modest residential districts of Hollywood, and he had met plenty of them.

As a matter of fact, a prince in a palace would hardly have impressed Andy. He was as American as the corn that grew in his native Midwestern state, as democratic as the turkeys that gobbled even now in the pen behind his father's farmhouse. If he had faults, they were the faults of youth—he was too hard, too wise, too sure of his heritage and of his future. The beginning of education is compassion. Andy had yet to begin. So he took Surovsky's address and drove out to Ashtree Avenue in a mood of shoulder-shrugging superiority that left him unprepared for and quite defenseless against the private earthquake that was to shake up his world.

This prince was not so bad off as some others. He had a house with furniture in it, an old car in the (Continued on Page 72)

Andy caught her in the dim hallway. He pinned her against the wall and kissed her until he felt her surrender.

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Suicide mission: Armed only with rifles, these youthful Hungarian freedom fighters ride toward Budapest to face powerfully armed Russian tanks.

Personal...From Budapest

An extraordinary eyewitness report direct from the bloodstained streets of the Hungarian capital, by a correspondent wounded in body and outraged in spirit.

By NOEL BARBER

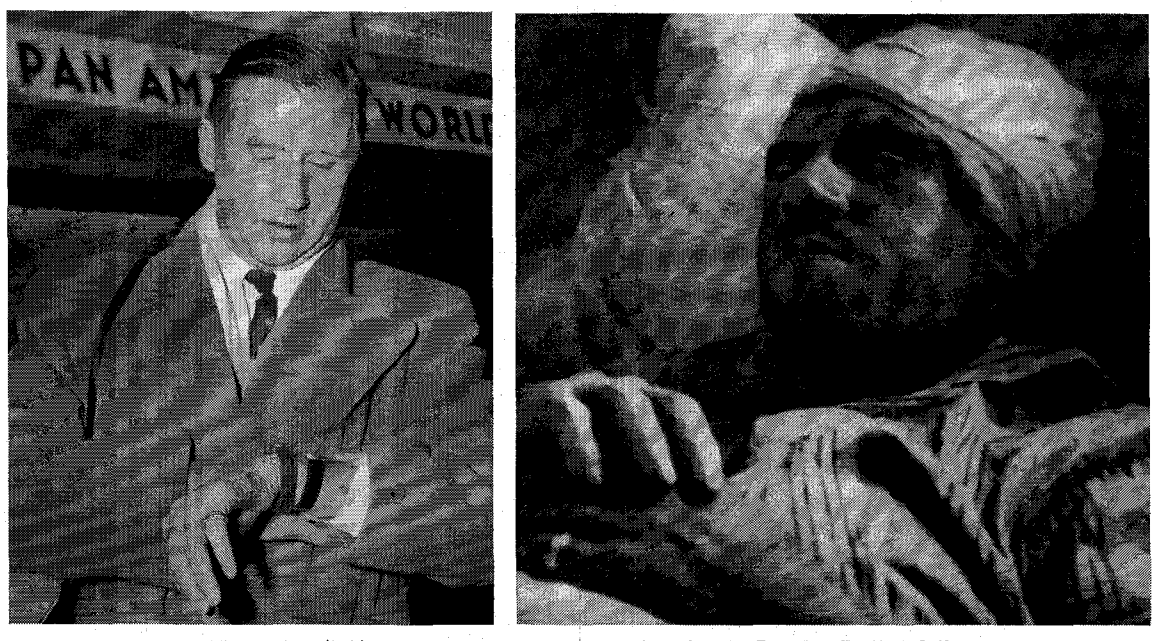
This is my personal testament of what happened in the bloodstained streets of Budapest, of how men and women, boys and girls died in the thousands, and of how I myself fought with a group of insurgents, until a direct hit from a Soviet tank all but wiped us out.

Two days later I was twice shot in the head by a Soviet sentry. For days I lay desperately ill in hospital, after blood transfusions and an operation. Finally, badly wounded though I was, I decided to escape across the fields under the guns of the Russian tanks.

Day by day, night by night, bitter fighting was tearing the heart out of one of the fairest cities of Eastern Europe. I can't decide which day was the most terrible; for me, the war against the Russians started on

Thursday, October 25

It was foggy when I crossed the border at 9:30 P.M. I had flown from London to Austria that afternoon, and (Continued on Page 81)



The author (left) as a veteran war correspondent for the London Daily Mail, and (right) as a victim of the bloody fighting in embattled Budapest.

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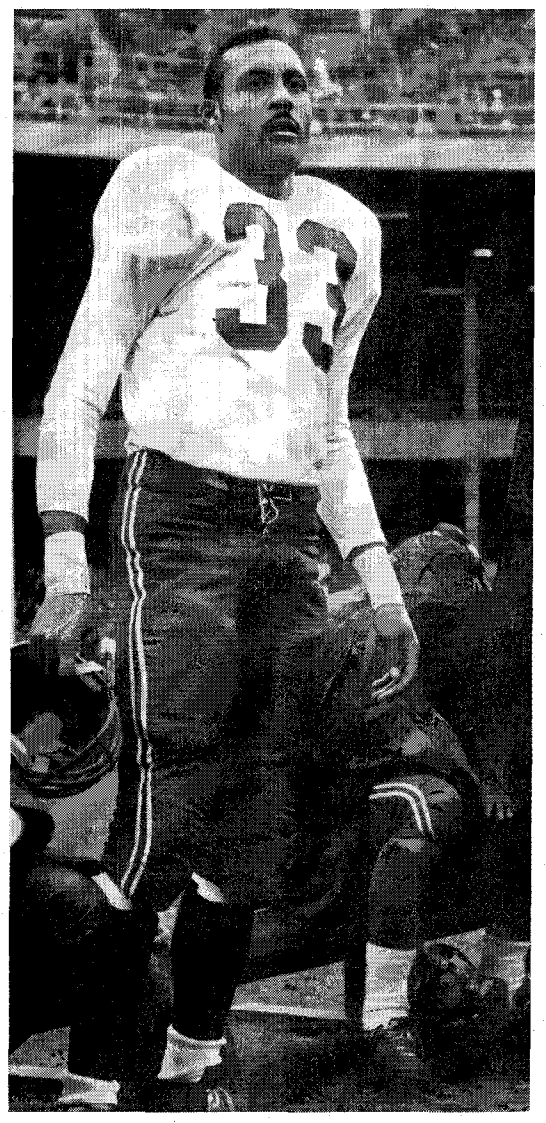
The Chicago Bears' Rick Casares bulldozes his way through the Baltimore Colts' line for a five-yard gain.

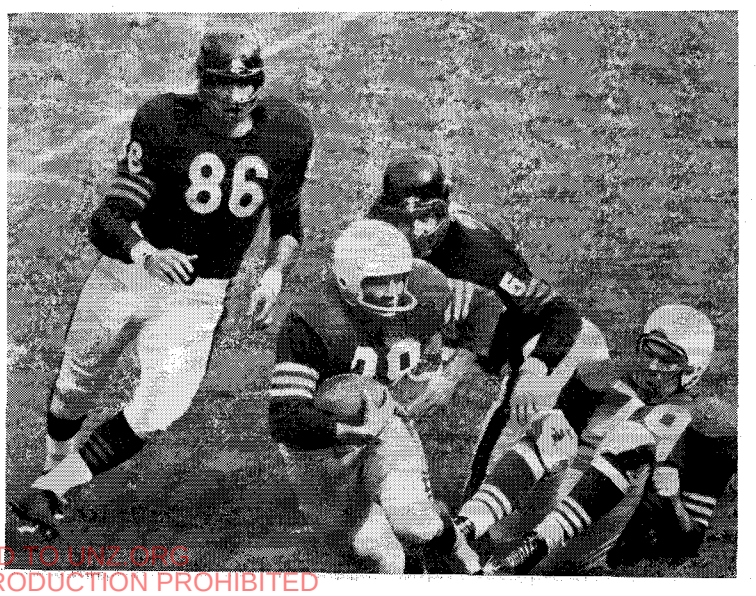
Pro Football Comes Down to Earth

By HARRY T. PAXTON

Here's why the pros are cutting down on the fancy-Dan aerial stuff and winning games with old-fashioned body-crushing tactics.



The Cardinals' new running attack has made Ollie Matson one of this year's biggest ground gainers.



Hugh McElhenny, of the San Francisco Forty Niners (carrying the ball, right), combines battering ram power with speed and shiftiness.

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For all the booming popularity of professional football, one thing about the game has bothered a lot of fans. This is the terrific emphasis the pros put on the forward pass. The artistry with which they flip the ball around is admirable, but, after all, football is supposed to be a physical-combat sport. In recent pro seasons it often appeared that the elemental business of bumping heads, although still very much in evidence, had become secondary in importance to the basketball stuff.

Now the pros are running with the ball again. This is the biggest development of the current National Football League season. No longer is it the regular practice to sum up a professional game as if it were a baseball pitching duel, with Bobby Layne, of the Detroit Lions, throwing against Tobin Rote, of the Green Bay Packers. Increasingly, the story in this year's games has been the explosive ball-carrying of Rick Casares, say, for the Chicago Bears, or Frank Gifford for the New York Giants, or Ollie Matson for the Chicago Cardinals.

The running game never actually disappeared in professional football, of course. But it got subordinated to the point where the pro teams as a whole were averaging almost thirty passes a game, and gaining nearly 60 per cent of their yardage that way.

By 1954 only two of the twelve NFL teams—both of them also-rans—pounded out the bulk of their yardage along the ground. Everybody else was moving the ball mostly through the air.

That was the passingest year ever in the National Football League—the climax of a quarter-century trend. Last year things abruptly began to swing in the other direction. The league's rushing yardage nearly caught up to its passing yardage, as the offensive balance on half a dozen teams—including the champion Cleveland Browns, Otto Graham and all—tipped over to the running attack.

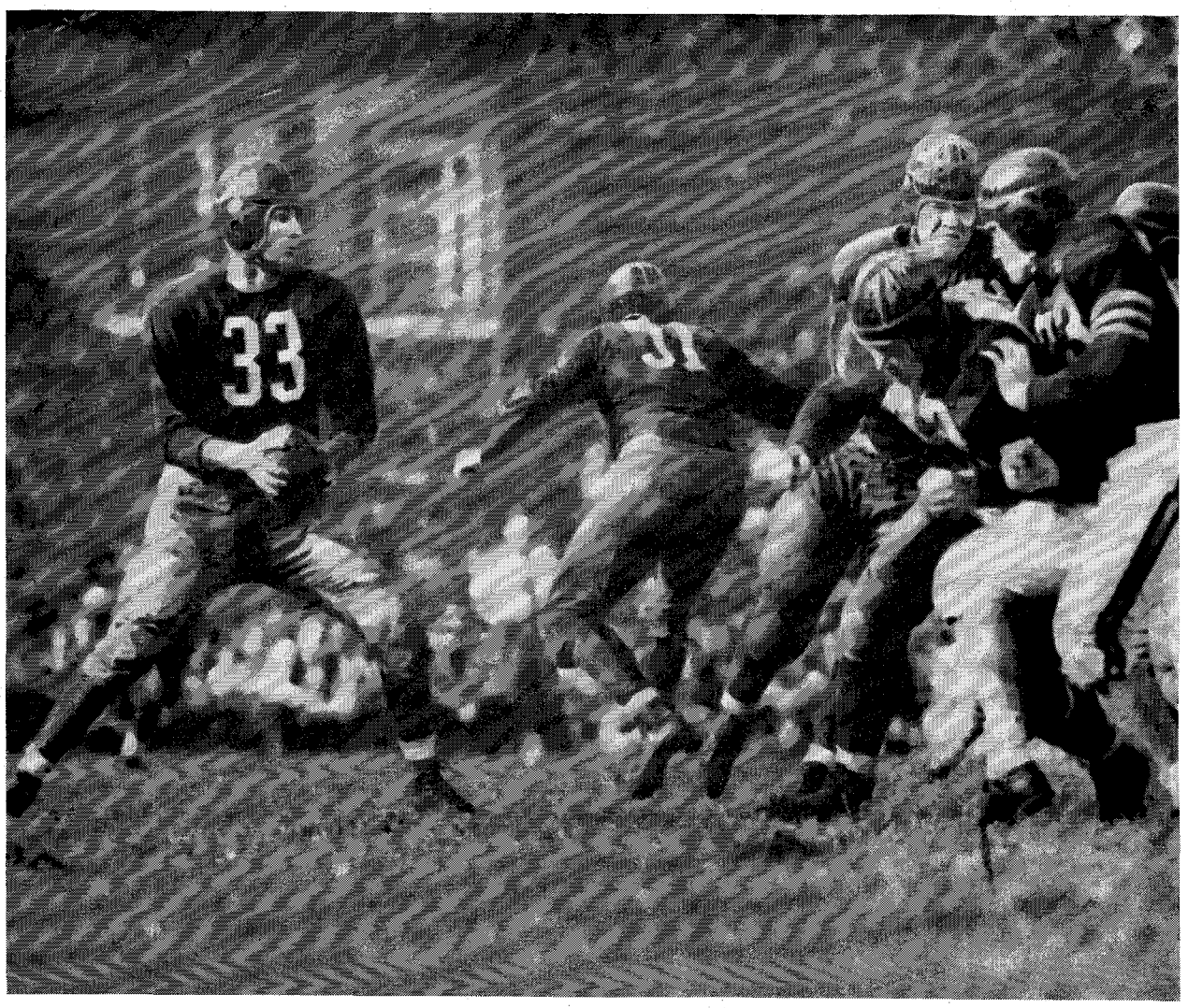
Now the run has gone ahead of the pass. This season the rushing game has been the biggest producer for a majority of the teams. Among them have been the leading contenders in each division. In fact, by the time the season had reached the two-thirds mark, the four teams with the best winning percentages were also the four teams with the top running records.

On one recent Sunday, Cleveland threw the ball only four times while beating Green Bay 24–7, to break a three-game losing streak. On the same day the Chicago Bears and Chicago Cards each employed a modest seventeen aerials in the course of winning their games. The only victorious team to throw as many as twenty passes that afternoon was the New York Giants, who heaved twenty-three. And the Giants wound up netting more than two thirds of their yardage on the ground.

"It's a return to basic football—the running attack," says the Chicago Bears' George Halas, a founding father of the National Football League. Mr. Halas says this fondly, as befits a man who started out in an era when brute force had it all over finesse in football. All this may suggest that the league has been swept by a sudden revulsion of feeling against fancy-Dan stuff, and a corresponding determination to get back to beak-busting fundamentals.

(Continued on Page 79)

1926: Red Grange in action. The return to the ground attack has made football his kind of game again.



Sammy Baugh (33, above) of the Washington Redskins helped bring in a new era when the forward pass became the A-bomb of the game.

Otto Graham (number 60, below) brought the forward pass to new perfection. He retired after the 1955 season.

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By JOHN and WARD HAWKINS

THE NERVOUS THIEF

Tommy had a date to blow up a safe—as soon as he could get rid of this nosy cop.

Jake Sloan was alone in the safe-detail office. He was listening to a tape recorder for the third time, scowling, a cold stub of cigar clamped in a corner of his mouth. A beefy man in his late fifties, he had lately lost three inches of girth. If anybody doubted it, Jake would show the new pleats under his belt. Now Jake tipped his chair back and put his feet on the corner of the desk. After ten years on the safe-and-loft squad, he had a right to put his feet on the furniture.

"All right," he said. "One more time."

The tape recorder made whirring noises. Dial noises. Red Collins was busy on the telephone again. Red was an ex-con, a safe man all his life. He could peel or punch or blow a box. He was also a mouthy character who couldn't stay off the telephone—a telephone he didn't know was hooked to a tape recorder in a basement four blocks from his house. "Just Right TV Service," the recorder said.

Red Collins was calling the TV people. His new TV, big screen and color, wasn't working right. Red wanted to know what kind of lousy merchandise they were selling. Red had been on the street for two months—no job, no visible income—and already he could pay cash for a new TV.

He jumped as the telephone rang, his eyes going wild. "Leave it!" he told his wife desperately. "Wrong number!"

"Look who's calling who a thief," Jake said.

The tape recorder clicked and was silent. Then the dial noises started again. Red Collins talked to a man about a horse named Lazy Boy, in the fifth at Santa Anita. Jake's look of sour dislike deepened. He got a lemon drop from a paper sack in his pocket. "A little sugar kills the appetite," the doctor had said. That doctor should eat a lemon drop when he wanted mashed potatoes and brown gravy.

"Potter," a voice in the speaker said.

The door behind Jake opened and closed quietly. Jake didn't hear it. For the third time, he was listening to Red Collins set up a meet with a lad named Tommy Potter. "Twenty-sixth and Van Buren, 1:15, on the nose." Red Collins and Tommy Potter had a job lined up for tonight. They were going to blow a safe and help themselves to someone else's money.

"Sounds like you fell into a big one," a voice said.

Jake's feet hit the floor with a crash. He reached for the recorder, then changed his mind. There was nothing else on the tape except some guy saying Lazy Boy had run dead last at Santa Anita. Jake hunched his shoulders and closed his eyes. He must have been taking stupid pills lately, letting Detective Sergeant Fred Taggart walk in on him this way.

"Where, Jake? When?"

"That part he forgot to say," Jake said.

He'd seen a lot of Fred Taggarts in his time, all sizes, all shapes, all eager as pups, hustling to make a reputation. This one was as new as the last promotion list—freckles, sandy hair and a Sergeant Friday look he must have practiced in front of a mirror.

"It's almost midnight," Taggart said.

Jake said, "I been carryin' a watch for years."

"Red Collins is a big-time thief, Page One in any paper." Taggart was already reading the headlines. "Potter's a new one to me, but that doesn't matter. We'll stake out the meet and tail them to the job. We'll take them while they're inside, working on the safe."

"You runnin' the show?" Jake asked.

"I'm assigned to this detail. It's my job."

"Yeah," Jake said.

Detective Sergeant Fred Taggart outranked him. He was a bright young guy, full of steam and big words and lawbook law. The front office had him tagged for a big job, complete with brass nameplate and a shiny desk. He'd been all over the bureau—homicide, armed robbery, checks—learning the trade. Jake rubbed the back of his neck with a meaty hand. A man didn't have trouble enough; they had to give him a pup to raise. All he had to do was show this detective sergeant how to keep guys out of safes, an' how to catch the guys that got in in spite of you.

"We'll need two cars," Taggart said. "Four men should be enough to cover the meet."

Jake said, "I wouldn't count, if I was you."

"Count what?"

"Chickens, which they ain't hatched," Jake said.

He took his hat from the desk and put it on. He went down the hall to the ready room, Fred Taggart at his heels. Midnight was roll-call time; the second night relief was reporting for duty. Jake picked four safe-detail men out of the crowd and called them into a corner.

"Got a piece of work for you," he told them.

Taggart said, "Wait a minute! We'll need only two of these men. We'll be there."

"You might be," Jake said. "I ain't goin'."

"What?" Taggart had a low boiling point. He had trouble keeping his voice down. "This is important! What possible excuse can you have for not going?"

"Business," Jake said. He turned his back on the sergeant. "Get out to Twenty-six and Van Buren an' get out o' sight," he told the four men. "Red Collins has set up a meet there for one-fifteen. When he leaves, you go with him."

"Loose tail or tight?" one of the men asked.

"Loose," Jake said. "Real loose."

He turned toward the elevators. He'd gone but a little way when Taggart caught up with him. The sergeant's freckles stood out sharply against the angry pallor of his face.

"Where are you going?"

Sourly Jake said, "D'you gotta know?"

"I have to know! I was assigned to your detail. 'Watch him closely,' they said. 'Jake's the best!'" He stared hard at Jake. "I'd stake out the meet. I'd order shotguns and a tight tail. But I'm not the best. I'm going to tag along with you and find out how the best works."

"I can't stop you," Jake said.

They went down to the garage and checked out a car. Jake drove. He crossed the river on the Market Street Bridge and turned south. There were no rich places out this way. It was a district of old houses, small new houses built of apple-box

(Continued on Page 66)

Illustrated by Thornton Utz

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Tommy showed Jake Sloan a tight, tough face. "Whaddayuh want?"

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John Alderson, one of the new-style truant officers, roughhouses with fifth graders at the College Hill School, Evanston, Ill. His job is to solve a child's problems, not to catch him playing hooky.

"Visiting counselor" at work: While a troubled youngster's fingers are kept busy with modeling clay, Alderson encourages him to talk out his difficulties.

The Truant Officer Learns to Smile

By MORTON M. HUNT

Many schools are beginning to treat truancy not as a crime, but as a sign of emotional disturbance. Result: Fewer runaways than ever.

Everybody knows what a truant officer is like. He's a pinch-nosed, thin-lipped killjoy who conceals a shiny badge under the lapel of his seedy plain-clothes disguise. He skulks about in the woods near Catfish Pond, and when some apple-cheeked lad, seduced away from school by the glory of a May morning, baits his hook with a fresh worm, the heartless fellow bounds out of the underbrush. He collars the boy and hauls him off to justice and a thrashing. The truant officer, in short, is mean and sneaky.

Such, at least, is the portrait of him painted in American folklore and cartoons over the past half century. To give him his due, his captives have not all been good boys following a rare wayward impulse; many were, and are, misfits, delinquents or neurotics. But the picture is accurate enough in one respect: the truant officer has generally been a private policeman whose job it was to catch the runaway and drag him back to the hated classroom.

Now let's look in on a curious scene in an elementary school just outside Evanston, Illinois. Here, as in a number of other schools in the United States, the truant officer has recently undergone a transformation. Just off the front hallway of the College Hill School is a quiet secluded office with tables, chairs and toys in a bookcase. At one table a young man is playing checkers with a fidgety boy of ten. The young man is built like a gym teacher, but he wears scholarly-looking, horn-rimmed glasses and his manner is slow and gentle.

"O.K.," he says, "your move."

The boy sees something on the board and excitedly reaches out; then he draws back his hand and looks up in alarm. He hesitates.

"Can—should I ——" he falters. "Is it all right—your king, should I jump him?"

The young man looks surprised. "Why, of course," he says. "Why not? You've got me, haven't you?"

(Continued on Page 105)

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One Night of Trouble

By CECILE GILMORE

It was none of his business what happened to people who rode his cab—or was it?

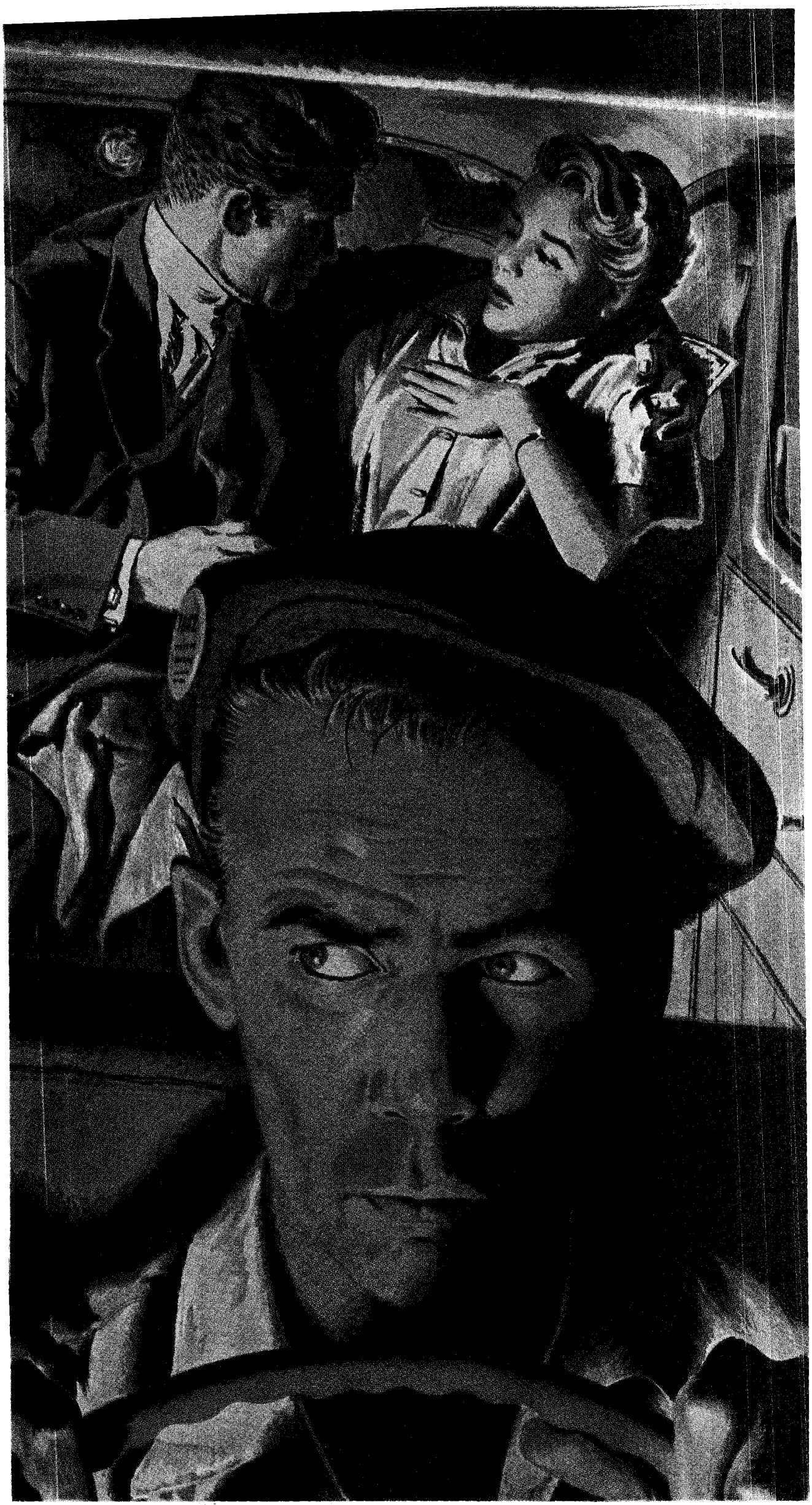
A man who can make a living doing something he likes is lucky, Walt thought. He liked driving a taxicab in New York City. It was not stylish work, as his wife, Lucy, often pointed out to him. She came of strictly white-collar people—her father worked for the Internal Revenue Service in downtown New York. Walt's own father had not only worn a white collar but had worn it turned around backward—he had been a Methodist minister.

One morning Lucy Hobson put a splendid plate of ham and eggs in front of her husband and said, "Walt, honey, don't you really think you could find something a little more—a little more dignified?" She was big and pink and white, with a generous mouth and soft brown eyes. This morning she had on a pink duster, and her brown hair was tied back with a pink ribbon. She looked as smooth and sweet as strawberry ice cream. "You want little Lucy to have to tell her friends, later on, when such things matter, that her father is a taxi driver? Don't you have any pride?"

Walt put a forkful of ham in his mouth. He nodded up at her, unable to speak. Whether he nodded to the first question or the second—who could tell?

Lucy was not a nagger. Having said her say, she poured herself a cup of coffee and sat down at the kitchen table to keep Walt company while he ate breakfast. They talked in low voices because the baby was still asleep. It was seven-thirty.

When Walt had finished his breakfast, he put his arms (Continued on Page 57)



"No, please! I've changed my mind," Walt heard the girl say. She sounded scared.

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Right: The author, a bachelor, finds his new "rug" a boon in competing for the attention of good-looking girls. "However," he adds, "I certainly am worried when a lady tries to run her fingers through my hair." Below: The "old" Sparks. He ran the gamut of hair-restoring treatments before he got up the nerve to buy a toupee.

I'm Glad I Bought a Toupee

The author, who used to look like "a hot-water bag with eyeglasses," tells how his life and personality changed after he acquired a head carpet.

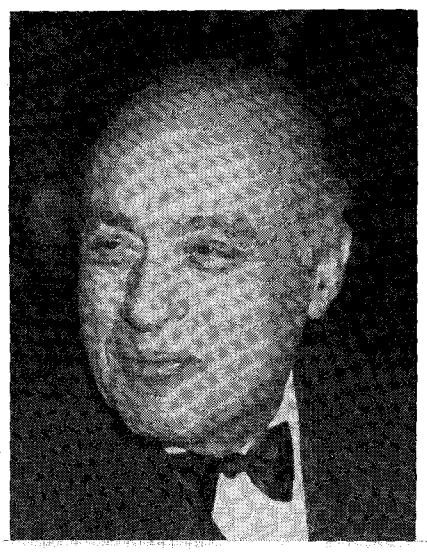
By Fred Sparks

One day last year, on 46th Street in New York, I felt as conspicuous as a Ubangi in a police line-up. After forty years of life and ten years of baldness, I was wearing a toupee for the first time.

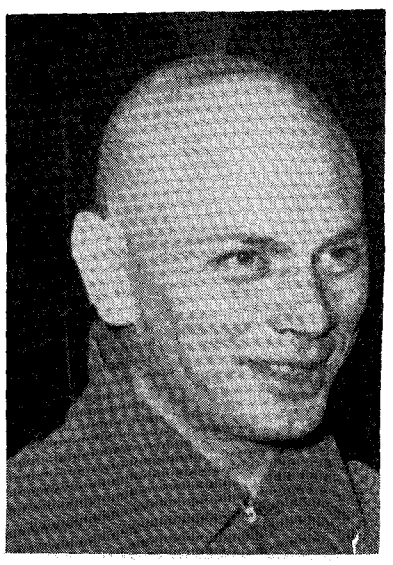
I walked a few blocks, expecting snickers, but nobody noticed me. Children gave me the go-by, instead of yelling, "Rughead! Rughead!" as I had feared. Then an old friend approached. I was looking for a place to hide when she said, "Why, you've done something to your hair! Whatever it is, keep it that way."

I gained confidence. At lunchtime, while waiting at a restaurant bar for a table, I focused on the gentleman in the back-bar mirror. He was strangely familiar, but he seemed

The toupee makes the difference: Movie actor Charles Boyer on the screen (*left*) and as he appears in private life (*right*).



Left, below: Yul Brynner, star of The King and I, and his bride Virginia Gilmore in 1944. Right: Brynner is one of the lucky men who are handsomer bald than with hair; a shaved skull has become his trade-mark.



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Bing Crosby (*above*) is one of the movie capital's most noted "rug heads." Publicity given toupee-wearing film and television stars has helped boom makers' sales. Left: Astaire and Crosby well thatched for their roles in the movie, Blue Skies.

Fred Astaire sans toupee. The author says a recent Hollywood survey showed that one out of every ten male actors over thirty-five wore some kind of toupee, wig or divot (small patch of hair).

ten years younger than he was the last time we'd met. Where was the highlight that usually glistened above the forehead? Where was the slight bump in the middle of the naked scalp? I saw a reasonably presentable man with hair in a semi-crew-cut, properly streaked with gray. It was I. I was reborn.

I began losing my full harvest of red hair when I was twenty. At thirty, I had only a few top threads, sideburns and a clump in back. When I told young ladies I had been a war correspondent, they asked me if I knew General Pershing. At sea, the headwaiters always sat me alongside an older woman. She'd have grandchildren. When we danced, she did the bunny hug.

As a newspaper reporter I specialize in action stories—wars, revolutions, expeditions. The agent who books me for lecture tours used to moan, "I wish you had hair. We'd get more dates. The public doesn't accept a bald man as a dashing foreign correspondent."

I spent considerable sums on hair stimulators, ultraviolet-ray treatments and tonics. My last stand was in a dermatologist's group experiment. On the theory that comparatively few women go bald, we consumed tablets of female hormones extracted from rats. They seemed to increase my desire for cheese, but didn't fill out my landscape.

My mother often said, "Don't worry; bald men can be handsome." That's true of citizens like President Eisenhower, Jim Farley or Yul Brynner, who have well-shaped skulls. But millions of bald men under fifty years of age are miserably self-conscious, particularly if their bone structure is odd. The top of my head is like the top of a bent knuckle, my chin drops suddenly, my cheeks puff out and my complexion is very red. I was once described as looking like a hot-water bag with eyeglasses.

I used to share the general negative attitude toward toupees, and assumed they were worn only by actors and eccentric old men. My opinion began to change in the most unlikely circumstances. Reporting an Army exercise, I saw a sergeant empty a canteen of water into his helmet. Then he stripped off a toupee, washed it in the helmet and hung it up to dry on the hilt of a bayonet rammed in the earth.

There went my preconceived notions; the sergeant was all (Continued on Page 64)

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By ROBERT CARSON
Illustrated by Coby Whitmore

The Improbable Blonde

She would make a perfect wife—for a man who needed a good mechanic.

Among the test pilots employed by Amalgamated Aircraft in its far-flung operations was one Pete Lomax; he was as good as any of them, or better, and had the added advantage of being an accomplished engineer. Thirty-one years of age, not over medium height, and solidly built, he was pleasant-looking and quiet and seemed a bit older than he actually was—that was common to his profession because flying the blowtorches they built for airplanes these days tended to push you a little ahead in time. He wore a neat black mustache and had wrinkles around his eyes that could have been from either amusement or worry. Once an Air Force jockey in Korea, he had seen considerable trouble both public and private. He was unmarried and cherished no plans.

Amalgamated brought him out from their upstate New York plant to Long Beach, California, to run a series of tests on a new seaplane they had developed, an improbable-looking craft shaped like a child's paper dart, which used skis to land and take off from the water. Pete treated it with a cautious respect and was having quite a good trip.

Socially, however, Long Beach wasn't too electric. The Amalgamated crowd was nice and hospitable, but mostly composed of people who talked aerodynamics, physics and astral navigation in their off hours, and Pete was addicted to relaxation in between hot, hurried, nervous journeys at fifty thousand feet. He had been involved with several girls in various places in the world in various languages, without perceptible results, but that didn't mean he disliked them. In the aircraft business, people tended to marry early and hasten the growth of the population, leaving the unattached man a trifle lonely.

One night, feeling restless, Pete took his hired sedan and drove south along the Pacific Coast Highway until he turned off at the island of Balboa. It was a pretty place, full of kids and pleasant houses and moored boats. He ate dinner in a restaurant, saw a dance advertised on a poster at the cashier's counter, and decided to take it in.

The hall in question had been taken over for the evening by an outfit called the Pavement Sluggers, a group Pete assumed was one of the many Southern California hot-rod groups. He was right, and to his dismay he discovered they didn't run to any great age. There were plenty of girls around, but they were all in brilliant Capri pants, temporarily out of high school, and dancing with male types who practically didn't need the razors they were using. The only grownups somewhere near Pete's stage of sophistication and resignation were parents doing sentry duty to keep things from getting out of hand.

Starting to retreat, and already regretting the dollar and a half he'd spent in vain, Pete was intercepted at the doorway by a blue-eyed, short-golden-locked, handsome, shapely girl in a dark cocktail dress. She had a blue ribbon pinned to her shoulder which read "Hostess."

"You don't appear to be having a good time," she said. "We want the kids to enjoy themselves here."

"That's why I've had it," Pete told her. "I'm not a kid any more."

"Come, come," the girl said. "You look in reasonably good shape, and we hate having the customers leave without even one dance. This is the beginning of a series of dances to raise money for our club—I'm a Pavement Slugger myself—and we need satisfied customers. Couldn't I introduce you to some girls?"

"You'll do for a single dance," Pete said. He took her in his arms and danced off. She smelled of heavenly essences and was light on her feet.

"Hostesses are supposed to circulate, not enjoy themselves," the beautiful hot-rodder said. "Oh, well. At least I didn't get some urchin who'll give me a load of how he may go out for freshman football at Stanford next year. You're mature, aren't you?"

"I sure am, in here," Pete said. "Mature as a sore thumb. How old are you?"

"Twenty. My name's Tommy Monahan. Teresa, really, but I'm the outdoor type and everybody calls me by my nickname. My family has a house on the island and we stay here every summer."

They danced another dance. Miss Monahan had apparently forgotten about her duties and was engaged in asking Pete questions. He avoided being too specific.

"Amalgamated, eh?" she said. "What are you, an engineer?"

"Yes."

"Are you any good on non-stock cars? Ever been interested in them?"

"No," Pete said. "Just to wind it up, I'm unmarried, a registered Republican, eleven years older than you, and sometimes at night my joints ache. What's new with you?"

"You," Tommy replied. "Gee, it's a nice change to meet somebody who is calm and kind of worldly and dances on his own feet instead of mine. Wouldn't you like to come over after the dance and see my Class C Street Roadster?"

"No," Pete said.

Nevertheless, he was still at the hot-rod hop three hours later. Tommy had clung to him devotedly; she said she enjoyed the company of older men, she hadn't danced with anyone in a long time who had a mustache, and there were plenty of other hostesses. She even discarded her ribbon. At least eight youths tried to cut in and inspected Pete coldly. Knowing something from the newspapers of juvenile belligerence, he fully

(Continued on Page 59)

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Action study: Disney directs a model through a dance sequence for his new film, Sleeping Beauty, while artists sketch cartoon animals assuming her attitudes.

My Dad, Walt Disney Part Five

By DIANE DISNEY MILLER as told to Pete Martin

Suddenly He was a Genius

The Three Little Pigs soon had everyone singing,
"Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf?"
and Walt became famous throughout the world.

NEXT WEEK . . . "Disney's Folly"
How Walt poured $2,600,000 into a feature-length cartoon and came up with the all-time classic, Snow White.

Flowers and Trees, the first Technicolor Silly Symphony, wa slow to catch on, but it started a whole new trend in cartoon

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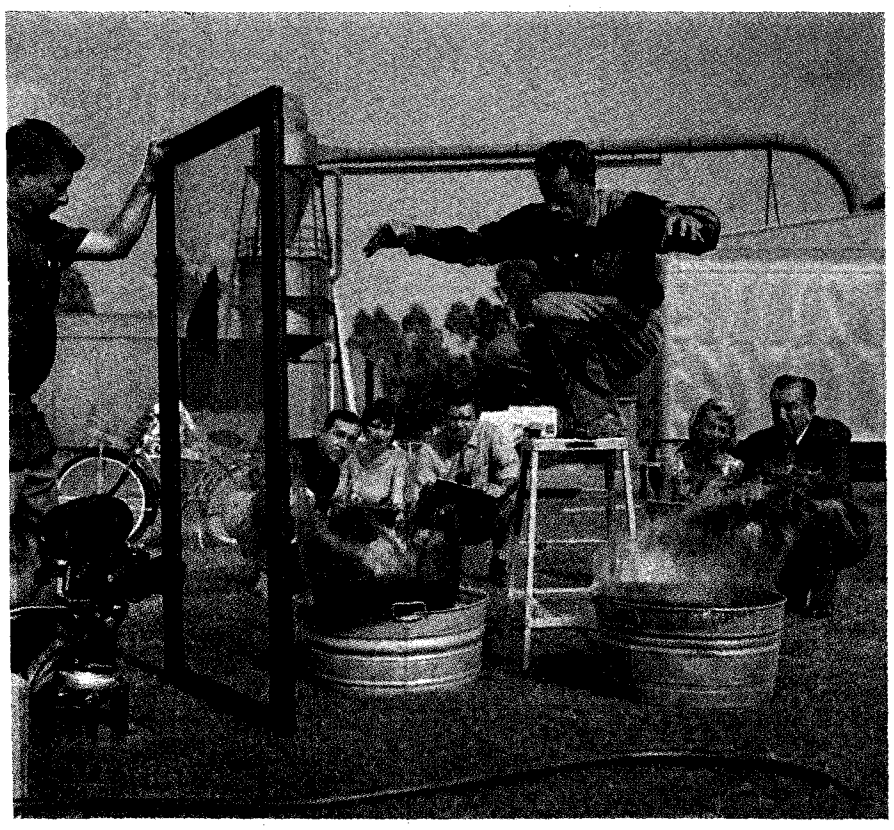


Special effects: Slow-motion movies of stones dropping into a tub filled with colored water help the animators to create those realistic cartoon splashes.

To reproduce the gyrations of wind-tossed leaves, Disney's artists study the motions of a stack of colored papers thrown into the blast of air from a powerful fan.

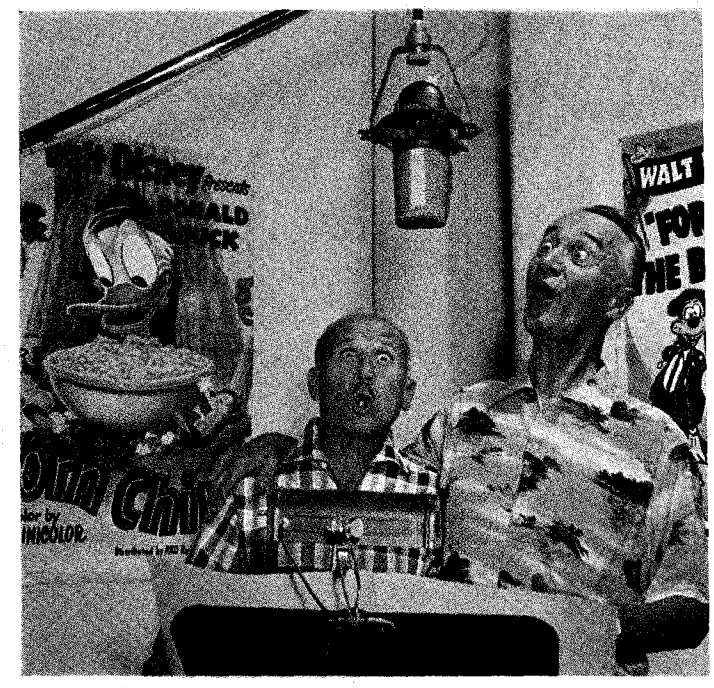
The nervous breakdown my father suffered in 1931 taught him a lesson. He learned the hard way that regular vacations and body-building sports are avenues to peace of mind, and he never forgot it.

There's no sport in which Dad is outstanding, but he's always been an advocate of athletic effort. Polo was once his chief sport, and he was a good enough horseman to have fun. But Mother always beat him at croquet. This infuriated him because he went about it so scientifically and seriously and she was so casual about it. He'd tell her at length how the game ought to be played, and she'd beat him without following his instructions.

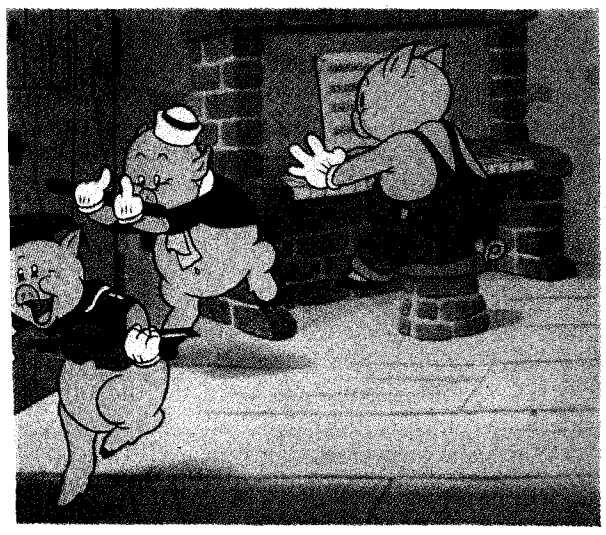
It was the same way in cards. When canasta was the craze, Mother and Dad played until late at night—because Dad didn't want to quit until he was ahead. And Mother kept on winning. She won at dominoes too. Finally, Dad gave up house games. He thought his sleep was more important.

It may be that it was when Dad was undergoing all the nervous and physical wear and tear which led to his crackup that he became much concerned with the inevitability of death. But Mother says that his brooding about such things began at a party some twenty years ago, when a fortuneteller casually told him that he would die when he was thirty-five. My mother's sister, Aunt Hazel, says that he still worried about that prophecy even after he passed his thirty-fifth year. Whenever Dad is dejected or depressed, he discusses his impending demise. He never goes to a funeral if he can help it, but if he does go, it plunges him into a dismal reverie which lasts for hours after he's home. At such times he says, "When I'm dead I don't want a funeral. I want people to remember me alive."

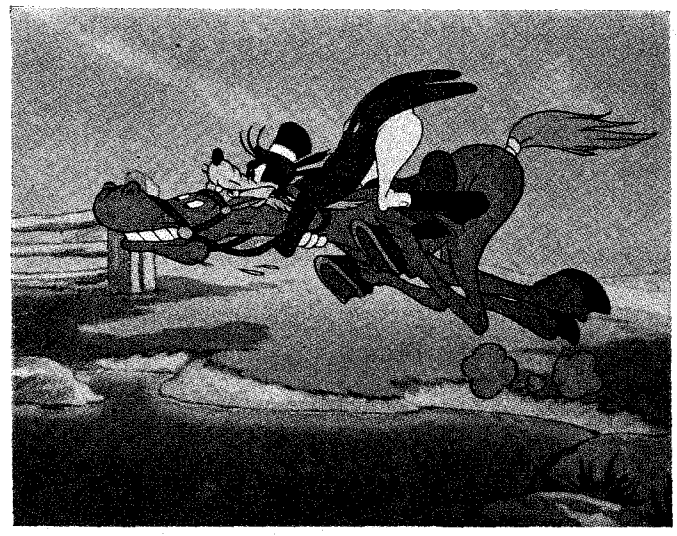
Dad doesn't wait for Christmas to pour out his sentiment and remember the members of his family. He remembers our birthdays too—and he's hurt if (Continued on Page 97)



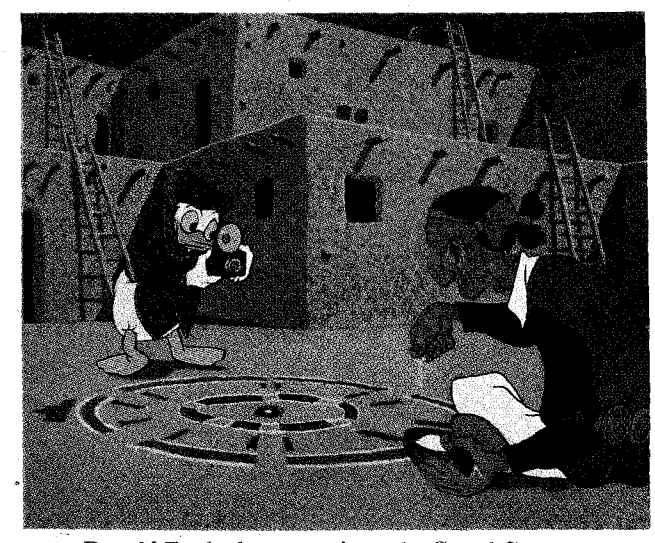
Donald Duck's raucous voice comes from Clarence Nash (left), here shown clowning with Pinto Colveg, source of the dog Goofy's familiar yuk-yuk laugh.



In 1933 The Three Little Pigs sang the defiant little ditty which began the parade of Disney's great hits.



Goofy, as Mr. Average Man, landed in trouble trying to demonstrate horsemanship in one of the "how to do it" series.



Donald Duck plays a tourist at the Grand Canyon in a new cartoon, his first in Cinemascope.

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RENDEZVOUS IN TOKYO

Why were they being watched so closely? Had the Reds seen through their masquerade?

By JOHN P. MARQUAND Illustrated by William A. Smith

"You know, you've come at just the right time, Mr. Moto," said Jack Rhyce congenially. "I'm here to do a piece of work for the Asia Friendship League, and I'll need somebody like you to show me around."

"How very, very nice," Mr. Moto replied. "The Asia Friendship League is known to me, and Mr. Pender, its now head, is such a good, nice man."

Moto's act was good, Jack admitted, but there was no doubt in his mind that the Japanese was also in the "business."

Jack Rhyce was an American undercover man. He had come to Tokyo to help Bill Gibson, another United States agent, crack a communist plot. Gibson had learned that the Reds were planning a political assassination and anti-American demonstrations. The Red in charge of the show was known to our intelligence only by name. He was called Ben Bushman.

Jack's job was to find Big Ben. For his mission, he assumed a cover job with the Asia Friendship League. Ruth Bogart, another agent, was Jack's partner. Their cover worked perfectly and they were accepted without question by Harry Pender, Tokyo representative of the Friendship League. And Pender was a Red undercover man.

By a piece of luck, Jack had discovered the identity of Big Ben. Jack arranged to meet Bill Gibson that weekend at a vacation resort in the mountains near Tokyo to discuss what to do with Big Ben.

Mr. Moto, the Japanese guide Jack had hired, was to drive Jack and Ruth to the hotel. After he hired him, Jack became convinced that Mr. Moto himself was an undercover agent. Jack could only hope that he could fool the Japanese as he had been able to deceive the other people with whom he'd been working.

He lowered his voice. "Don't forget, for heaven's sake, that we're in love."

IV

Jack Rhyce glanced at his wrist watch as they stood beneath the porte-cochere of the Imperial Hotel. The time was nine-five exactly. Mr. Moto had done very well with the car. It was a vintage limousine, with the chauffeur's seat separated by glass from the owner's.

"Thirty thousand yen to keep for weekend," Mr. Moto said. "Me, automobile and glass for privacy—everything. It is not too expensive, I hope."

"Oh, no, not for this once. Everything's just swell, and here are some yens on account—just so you'll know I've got them, Mr. Moto."

He laughed heartily, and Mr. Moto laughed back.

"All right," he said, "let's go," and he smiled at Ruth Bogart affectionately for the benefit of the doorman. "That is, if you've remembered everything, sweet?"

"Silly," she said. "Of course I've remembered everything."

Even during the journey, Jack Rhyce knew that he would never forget the motor ride to Miyanoshita. It was one of those unrelated lapses that come into one's life when least expected, a sudden unalloyed period of beauty that became something more than memory. It was dangerous to feel as he was beginning to about the girl in the car beside him, but as he looked back over that long day he could not experience a single qualm of regret. Actually there had been no need for any, because there was nothing that he or she could have done about anything until they made contact with Bill Gibson at the hotel that night. There was no necessity to think or plan, and no immediate harm in being beguiled; and, besides, all they did was part of the cover.

It was part of the cover to be conscious of her nearness and to hope that the car would soon take another curve so that she would lean against him.

"It's just as though we were on the outside," he said.

"Yes," she answered, "and please let's keep it that way." And she did not move away when he took her hand.

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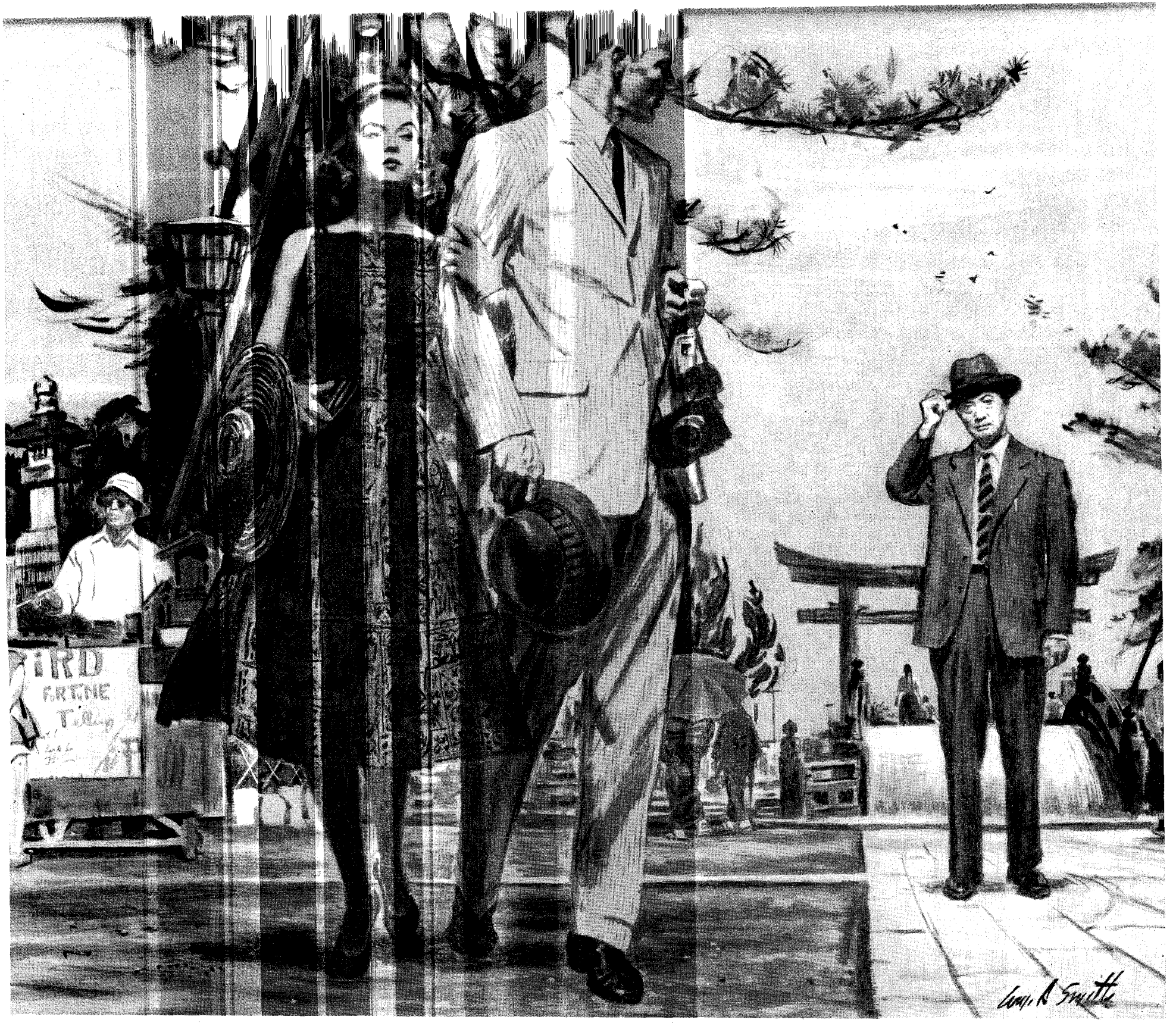

Jack turned anxiously as he heard Moto's footsteps behind him.

In a way, that ride to Miyanoshita had everything, and later he could unroll it in his memory, as one did a Chinese scroll painting, which should be seen in parts and never all at once. Nothing that she said or did was discordant. She had great adaptability, but he was also sure that they both honestly liked the same things and were impressed by the same details. There were two incidents that day that were more vivid than the rest.

The first was the sight of two wounded soldiers, one on each side of the path leading to a shrine at Kamakura. Each had an artificial hand and each an artificial leg; each wore clean khaki without insignia. When he stopped and gave each of them a fifty-yen note, they came to attention and saluted, and he had returned their salute before he recollected that he was in civilian clothes. They had spotted him as a soldier, too, and for a second all three of them must have been moving into the past.

Then there was the fortuneteller who had his concession just beyond the alms-seeking soldiers, an emaciated elderly man who smiled and beckoned the moment Jack Rhyce and Ruth Bogart betrayed interest. On a stand near him was a miniature red lacquer temple with three small black-and-yellow birds perched in front of it—goldfinches, Jack Rhyce believed. The fortuneteller was clearly used to Americans because he whipped out from his pocket a typewritten explanation.

"Give any bird a fifty-yen folded note," Jack read aloud. "Bird will drop note in the cash box, fly to temple door, ring bell, enter temple, get fortune on folded paper and bring back same."

"It might be worth fifty yen," Jack said.

"Yes," she said, "but let me pay for it. I want it to be my fortune," and she handed the old man a folded note. He held it in front of one of the birds, and just as the explanation had said, the bird took it in its beak, and dropped it in a tiny money chest.

"Come on, Joe," the old man chanted, "come on, Chollie; go on, Joe."

The tiny black-and-yellow bird cocked its head, and its beady eye was remarkably intelligent. It fluttered from its perch to a tiny ladder that led to the temple porch. It pushed a small bell smartly with its beak, and the bell tinkled with a miniature clarity that completely rounded out the illusion. Then the bird disappeared inside the toy temple and emerged carrying a folded bit of paper. Then the bird fluttered back to its perch, and Ruth Bogart took the paper from its beak.

"Don't be afraid to read it," Jack Rhyce said. "They only have good fortunes here."

He had meant to speak lightly and he was disturbed by her intent look.

"Yes, I know it's rigged," she said, "but I want it to be true." (Continued on Page 86)

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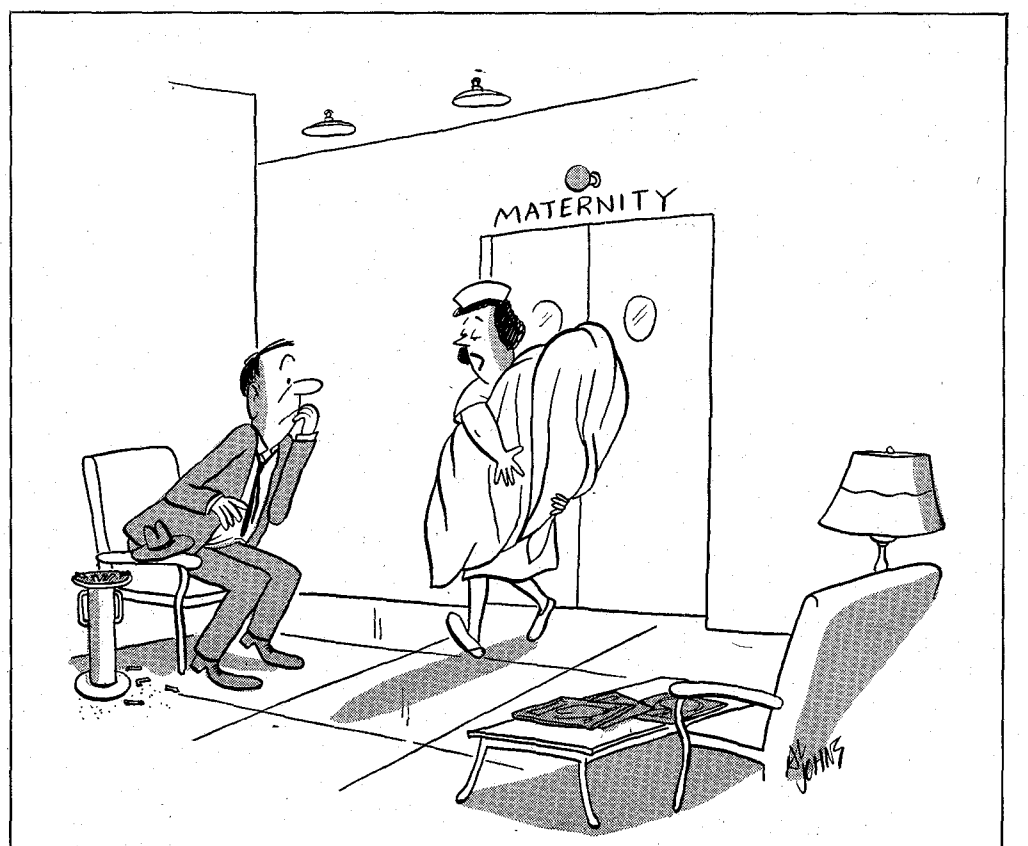
Post Scripts

Pot Luck

For every dog there is a flea,
For every rose, a nettle.
For every bonnet there's a bee;
A pot for every kettle.

And in her wisdom, Fate will send
A goose for every gander;
For every human fault a friend
To point it out with candor!

GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH



"Relax . . . *this is the laundry.*"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Wilbur Views Television

"Wilbur," I said, "what do you know about the Antarctic?"

I was seated in my easy chair before the television set. Wilbur, my twelve-year-old nephew, had made himself comfortable on the sofa by hooking one leg across the back. We were eagerly awaiting the Broad, Broad Earth's live telecast from the Antarctic.

"Well," said Wilbur, "I know that the cold is so great that none of the towns there are inhabited."

"There are no towns in the Antarctic."

"No towns?"

"None. Except for the penguins, there is no life on the entire continent of Antarctica."

"Fancy that," said Wilbur.

"Now, then, Wilbur," I said, "*how would you* describe a glacier?"

"Well," said Wilbur, "I'd say it was a man who comes to fix a broken window."

It occurred to me that the boys of today don't know very much.

"Wilbur," I said in exasperation, "a glacier ——" I broke off as the television set went dead.

"Good heavens!" I cried. "The television set has gone off!"

"Picture and sound," said Wilbur.

"Quick! Call the television repairman."

"Impossible," said Wilbur. "Today is Sunday."

He wandered around behind the set. "Let me have your nail file," said Wilbur.

"What for?"

"I want to get the back off this set."

I handed him my nail file.

"What are you doing?" I asked presently.

"I'm looking at this 6AL6 tube."

"That's the trouble, is it?"

"No," said Wilbur. "H'm. As long as we're getting juice in here, it should operate. Maybe this resistor has opened up."

There was a pause.

"Has it?" I said anxiously.

"No. I shorted it out to see if that was it, and it wasn't."

There was another pause, and the set came on.

"Ah!" I said. "It's working! What did you do?"

"I took off the tube socket and squeezed them contact points," said Wilbur.

"'*Those*' contact points, Wilbur," I said.

"They weren't making no contact," said Wilbur.

There's no question about it—the boys of today don't know very much.

JOHN BAILEY

"Oh, Raymond. You shouldn't have!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Verse to End Verse

A Visit Form Sent Necklace

(*Opening Stencils*)

Twister knot before crispness
End old Trudy house
Noodle stricture was touring,
Nut evening a mouse!
The stork ends were rung
Bottle chimney wet care,
In open Sent Necklace
Zoomward be dare.

DAVE MORRAH

The Gentleman Tackles the Dance Studio

"Welcome, sir! And what can I do for you?"

"Well, every time my wife and I are out someplace where there's an orchestra, she says I dance like I was in a plaster cast, and I'd like ——"

"Of course, sir! You'd like to start dancing your way to fun, popularity, health! Sir, you'll be amazed how fast ——"

"Well, no—I mean, if I could just get around the floor without bumping into everyb——"

"Say no more! After one course at the Airy Fairy Dance Studios, the Stars' Start to Stardom, you'll revel in the mad bad beat of the Cha-Cha, master the mysteries of the Meringo, and when it comes to the Mambo ——"

"Well, no, I didn't exactly want ——"

"All this in our absolutely give-away-priced, Get-Acquainted course, entitling you to five minutes' free instruction each and every February twenty-ninth, PLUS an absolutely free membership in our Rock-Around-the-Clock Club!"

"That isn't what —— I mean, I leave that stuff to my kid. She's just fourteen and ——"

"Sir! Imagine the look on your daughter's face when you ease into a little cool bop, a hot Mambo break ——"

"Boy, she'd think the old man had really lost his marb——"

"And watch your popularity zoom as you glide with your partner through the ever-romantic tango, whirl her away in a dreamy Viennese waltz ——"

"Well, just between you and me, you know how women are. I mean, it doesn't matter if you're no Fred Astaire, just so they get asked to dance. I mean, all I wanted was ——"

"And the exercise, sir! Did you know that two hours of Mambo equals seventy-two holes of golf or six nights at the bowling alley? Just two hours of the Meringo equals ——"

"Golly, I couldn't take two hours. After fifteen minutes I really feel it in the arches, and ——"

"And, sir, think of —— Arches? Arches? Man, I dig your blend! Now, look, I tell you what we do down here. You take a tub of hot water and a double handful of Epsom salts. Follow me? Then you throw in a handful of bicarb, and after you've soaked your feet, say half an hour, you take some olive oil. Got it? Then you ——"

PEG BRACKEN

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New Ideas for '57?

Pontiac has a Carload!

STAR FLIGHT BODY DESIGN—*A Pontiac "original"—'57's most distinctive automotive styling!*

INTERIOR STYLING WITH THE "OFF-THE-SHOULDER" LOOK—*Another fashion "first" for Pontiac!*

NEW STRATO-STREAK V-8 ENGINE—*An all-new power plant—greatest of the "eights"!**

ULTRA-SMOOTH LEVEL-LINE RIDE—*New, perfected suspension system—the ride sensation of the year!*

3 POPULAR-PRICED LINES: Star Chief • Super Chief • Chieftain

**270 h.p. in Star Chief and Super Chief, 252 h.p. in Chieftain when teamed with Strato-Flight Hydra-Matic, an extra-cost option.*

If you've driven it, you already know—this '57 Pontiac packs more styling and engineering "firsts" than you usually find in a whole crop of new cars! By actual count, there are *over six-dozen new features* wrapped up in this sleek creation. The grand total is a completely new car . . . new from power to personality. And there isn't a match for it on the road today in the free and easy way it rides, handles and moves. Pontiac proved that with a *100,000-mile Marathon Test Run!* Try this '57 Pontiac—and see why they're calling it the *Surprise Package of the Year!*

It's America's Number (1) Road Car!

PONTIAC MOTOR DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

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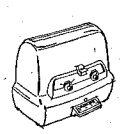
7 Ways to make your Christmas shopping easier!

Automatic Coffee Maker . . . Designed for daily use, it makes 2 to 9 cups perfectly. No watching! No timing! Select strength . . . *light signals . . . coffee stays hot.* **$27.95***

Portable Mixer weighs less than 3 pounds. Does all mixing jobs. 3 speeds; hangs on kitchen wall; sets on heel rest. Turquoise, Petal Pink, Canary Yellow, White. **$17.95***

Skillet makes cooking, frying easier. Dial the correct heat . . . no burning. Turquoise or aluminum, 10-inch size. (Lids—copper-tone, $3.00*; aluminum, $2.00*) **$14.95***



Toast-R-Oven . . . Makes regular toast just the way you like it "upstairs" . . . delicious *buttered* toast "downstairs." Browns rolls, muffins, buns, etc. **$29.95***

Speed Kettle boils water fast as you can use it for instant coffee, tea, cocoa, soups! 2 cups in 1¼ minutes. Whistles. Automatic shut-off. Holds 2½ quarts. **$16.95***

Steam and Dry Iron . . . Presses without a damp cloth, irons most fabrics *without* sprinkling. As a dry iron, perfect heat for *any* fabric. Handy Cord-Lift. **$14.95***

Automatic Grill and Wattle Baker . . . It grills sandwiches, fries bacon and eggs. With just a flip of the reversible grids, it turns out perfect golden waffles every time. **$19.95***

**Manufacturer's recommended retail or Fair Trade price*

LET'S FACE IT. When it comes to Christmas presents, perfumes and negligees—thank goodness—are here to stay.

Of course women love "frilly" gifts! But just you find us a girl who wouldn't be delighted to receive any of the handsome, as well as practical, gifts shown right here on this page!

Why not drop in and see them at your local General Electric dealer's? General Electric Company, Portable Appliance Dept., Bridgeport 2, Conn.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

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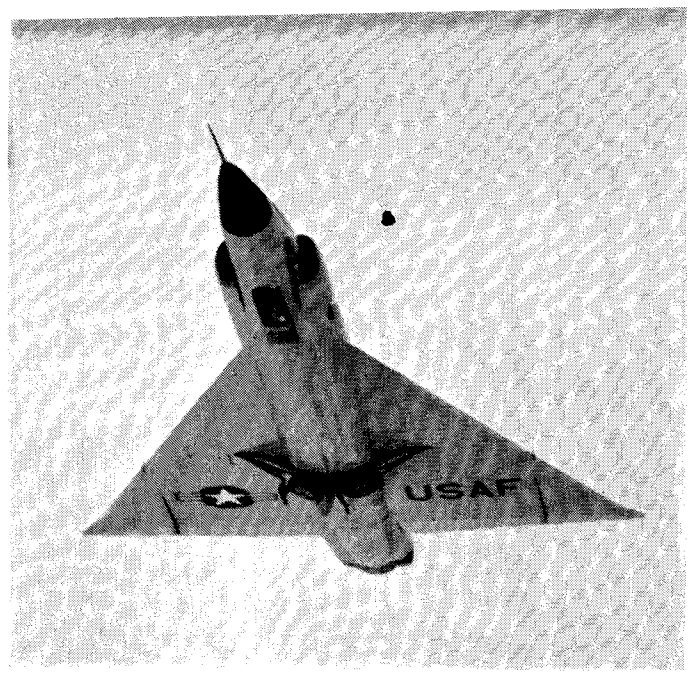

The U.S. Air Force's answer to Russia's supersonic bombers: the delta-winged, needle-nosed F-102A.

Deadliest Fighter in the Air

By FRANK HARVEY

The first reporter ever to witness an "attack" on the mighty B-52 reveals how a sensational interceptor called "the flying bottle" operates in action.

Convair Aviation—as is usual with a proud papa—is having a terrible time naming its newest supersonic flying machine, the F-102A. Obviously you can't just settle for F-102A. It sounds like the stock number for a lock washer. But all the really red-hot names have been snapped up: Cyclone, Hurricane, Banshee, Hornet, even down to tepid offerings like Widgeon and Duck. Strictly as a neutral bystander then, since nobody has been able to solve the F-102A riddle, I would like to suggest "Vigilante" as a possible contender for the title. That is exactly what the F-102A is. Should enemy bombers be rash enough to swim into our radar scopes a year from now, the F-102A's will be up there, night or day, rain or shine—more than nine miles up!

At this point it would be gratifying to be able to describe the F-102A as a slim little bullet which causes spectators to gasp and which appears to be moving 1000 miles an hour while standing motionless in a hangar. Such, unfortunately, is not the case. The F-102A—aside from its pointed nose—resembles a very large keg of beer. A sort of caved-in keg, at that, because the plane embodies a brand-new gimmick in aviation design known variously as: "the area rule," "the Monroe look" and "the flying bottle." To be brutally frank, the area rule transformed Mr. Convair's F-102A from a $1,300,000 turkey, which was about to be passed over by the Air Force, into a real going machine. A young chap named Dick Whitcomb, who works for the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics at a modest salary, dreamed it up. Without going into great scientific details, Dick found that some airplanes can slide through the speed of sound with the greatest of ease if they look like a giant thin-waisted bottle instead of what you'd expect, an oversized rifle bullet. A rumor, as yet unconfirmed, is making the rounds that Convair is thinking of erecting a statue of Dick Whitcomb—in solid gold—in front of their main F-102A factory in California.

But before anyone gets the idea Convair's big bird is a wind-tunnel curiosity, come along to George Air Force (Continued on Page 49)

Interceptor pilots of the "Iron Mask" Squadron, with whom the author flew. On ladder, Lt. Col. Charles Rigney, squadron leader; Capt. M. O. Detlie, in cockpit, and Capt. Bill Moore, on ground.

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Ten World's Fair Grand Prizes · 28 Gold Medal Awards

HIGHEST HONORS FOR ACCURACY FROM GOVERNMENT OBSERVATORIES

Official Watch For Timing Championship Sports The World Over

THE FIRST WATCH OF AVIATION, EXPLORATION AND SCIENCE

FOR CHRISTMAS—THE FINEST *Longines Watches* OF ALL!

Celebrating 90 years of progress in the art and science of watchmaking, Longines has produced for this Christmas a series of watches of unsurpassed excellence and elegance. These are our finest achievement. In the Longines 90th Anniversary collection there is a watch for every taste—for every need. For ladies, there are casual and dress styles in wide variety, many in 14K and 18K gold enriched with diamonds. In Longines men's watches there are highly perfected self-winding models, coin-thin dress watches, handsome weather-proof watches. Give a Longines 90th Anniversary watch—the price may be as little as $71.50. Your Longines-Wittnauer Jeweler will be *honored* to serve you.

Longines Christmas Duets of unparalleled splendor. Left: the 18K gold diamond "twins"—formal Chancellor, 44 diamonds, $475 and regal Diamond Coronation, 34 diamonds, $375; right: elegant Louisa, $125 and the ultra-thin Pres. McKinley, $150—both 14K gold. All with 18K gold hour markers.

Available throughout Canada at Longines-Wittnauer Jeweler Agencies

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The Secret of Shining Brook

By CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

Boots Quinto had a very pretty neck. But she stuck it out once too often.

Nadine Clark sounded desperate as she spoke over the phone to Archimedes Bolivar Butts. "A million dollars' worth of emeralds!" she cried. "Tonight . . . I'll show you where ——" Then there came a muffled scream, and silence.

Had Nadine been referring to the missing Guatemala emeralds? Were the gems being smuggled into Canada by Leon Moffitt, boss of Gandolin Oil's tanker fleet? Had Gandolin's president, J. A. Baldwin, been murdered because he suspected Moffitt and Nadine? Archy Butts' hopes of getting Nadine to answer these questions were dashed when he arrived at her room. She was gone and her carpet was wet with blood.

Archy had been sent to Canada's Shining Brook oil field as an engineer. Actually, he was doing undercover work for William Makepeace Hawks, president of Trans-Oceanic Oil. Archy soon discovered that Boots Quinto, ex-secretary of the murdered J. A. Baldwin, had come to Shining Brook to hide from New York police. Boots stayed with the Magins, an eccentric middle-aged couple who ran a local store.

When the body of detective Seth Bowen was found in Archy's car, Sgt. Douglas Van Patten, of the Mounties, came onto the scene. Bowen had been employed by the late J. A. Baldwin to investigate Nadine Clark. Archy suspected that a self-styled messiah known as Fisherman John had killed Bowen. But what was the Fisherman's purpose in Shining Brook? Was he in league with Leon Moffitt and with Moffitt's reefer-smoking bodyguard, Bones Leary?

Now Archy sensed that events at Shining Brook were speeding to a climax. Lumpy Sawyer, Archy's roommate, had heard that someone was planning to organize a riot among the oil-field workers that night. Guessing that the riot was to be a diversionary action, Archy headed for a wooded area indicated on a map he had stolen from Moffitt. As he arrived at the spot, a plane flew overhead and dropped a flare-lit package. Then the woods seemed to come to life.

CONCLUSION

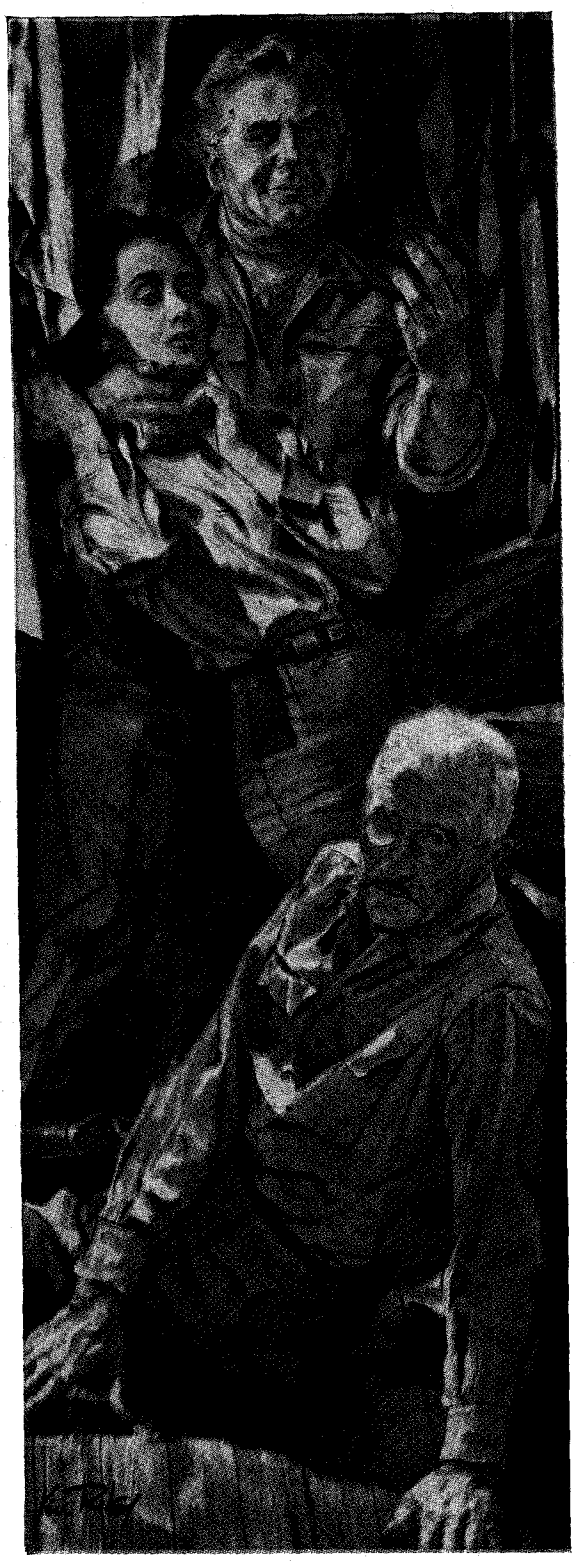
The flare, all but hidden by the thick underbrush, spluttered and smoked. From a distance nothing was to be seen except a dull glow, but men, coming from several quarters of the woods, were converging on that glow. How many, Archy Butts could not guess. But of them all, he was nearest to the object which had been dropped from the airplane.

As the miniature parachute floated downward, wafted in his direction by an eddy of air, Archy had been in motion. The luck of the night had been with him. By the time the object had settled to earth, Archy was but a few feet away. It was a cloudy night, and the woods were dark with a velvety darkness. He forced his way through the undergrowth, trampled the remnants of the blaze and snatched up a small packet which he cut free from the cords fastening it to the parachute. He had been neither seen nor heard.

He thrust into his pocket the packet which, if Nadine Clark was to be believed, contained jewels—emeralds worth $1,000,000. As he flitted away from the spot, he was not thinking of the cash value of the treasure, but of its worth as evidence. If he could retain them, if he could escape from the men who all but surrounded him, and could identify the gems as loot from a museum in Guatemala, then the evidence would be all but conclusive. He would all but have succeeded in the mission which William Makepeace Hawks had imposed upon him.

One other thing he must accomplish tonight, and that was to identify Leon Moffitt as the individual for whom the packet of gems had been intended. He must see Moffitt and be able to take an oath that the man was there waiting for the parachute to descend and to receive the loot.

Flashlights, three of them, knifed through the blackness, converging upon that spot where the packet had fallen. Voices called to one another. He recognized Moffitt's baritone and Bones Leary's husky tones. There was frenzied searching, and then Archy saw the three flashlights gather in a group.



"One little twist," John warned. He applied pressure, and Boots cried out with the pain of it.

"Here's the parachute," Moffitt said, and then, sharp with consternation, "But no bundle! Must have dropped off!"

"Dropped off, hell!" Bones Leary growled. "Cut off! Look here—cords cut clean!"

A third voice, which Archy did not recognize, stated the obvious, "Somebody beat us to it!"

"Impossible!" Moffitt said hoarsely.

"It's happened," Leary said. There was a pause. "Where's the Duke?" Leary asked. "Where's he?" His voice was heavy with suspicion. "It wasn't none of us. It must 'a' been the Duke."

Who the Duke was, Archy did not know. It might be the sailorman whom he had encountered near the Fisherman's camp.

"That double-crossing ——" Moffitt's voice started to say, but was interrupted by a shocking, horrible sound. It was a scream, a screech of terror and of agony (Continued on Page 92)

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BIG M ANNOUNCEMENT NO. 3

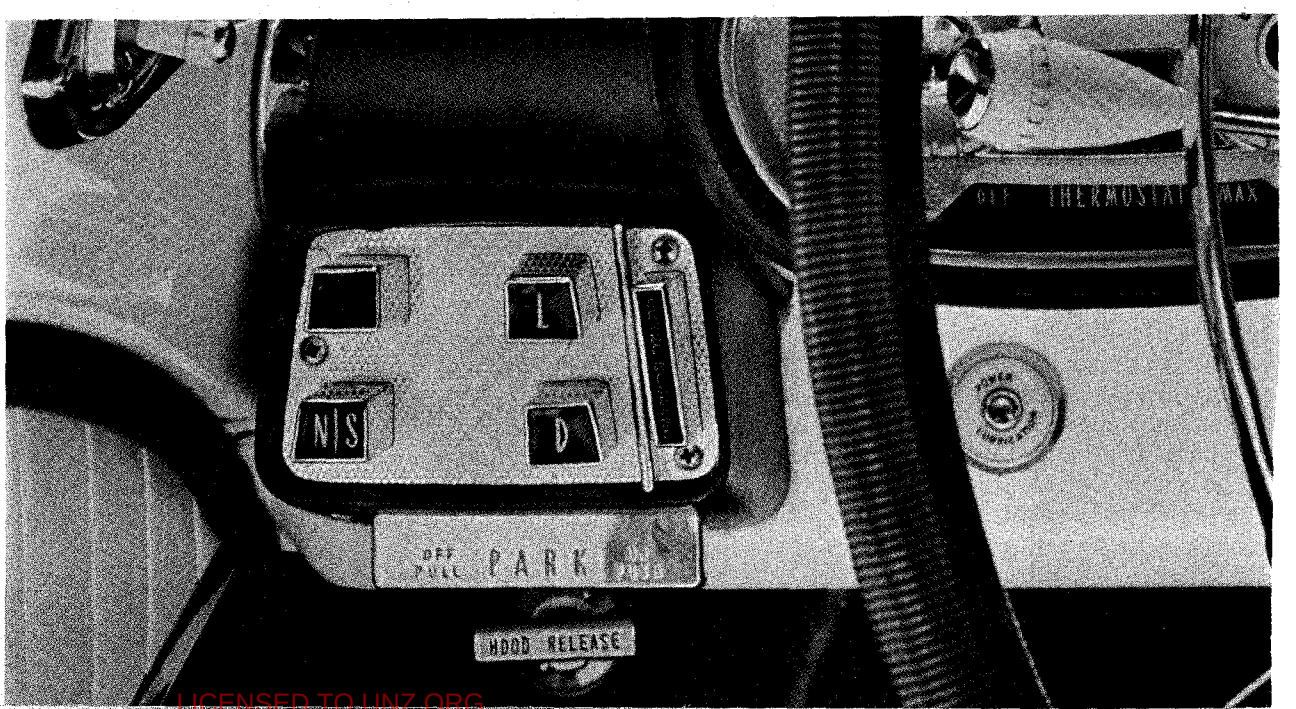
FIRST DREAM CAR YOU CAN OWN—Everything that counts in a car has been changed dramatically. *In styling:* Mercury offers you a dynamic ne design that will influence the shape of cars for years to come. *In size:* Mercury offers you the biggest increase in the industry. *In performance:* Mercu

The Big M's new dream-car keyboard low, neutral, reverse, and park

NEW 7-POSITION KEYBOARD — Only Mercury in the industry makes your driving so automatic. THE BIG M's new Keyboard Control outdates all ordinary push-button transmissions—has up to 3 more convenient controls.

And there are many more dream-car features. THE BIG M's exclusive Floating Ride introduces the most effective combination of bump-smothering features ever put between you and the road. A Power-Booster Engine Fan, in the Montclair series, saves horsepower other cars waste. And you can get a power seat that "remembers"—turn a dial and it finds your favorite driving position.

Most important, THE BIG M brings you an entirely new design in cars—clean-cut, dynamically new, from Jet-Flo bumpers to dramatic V-angle tail-lights.



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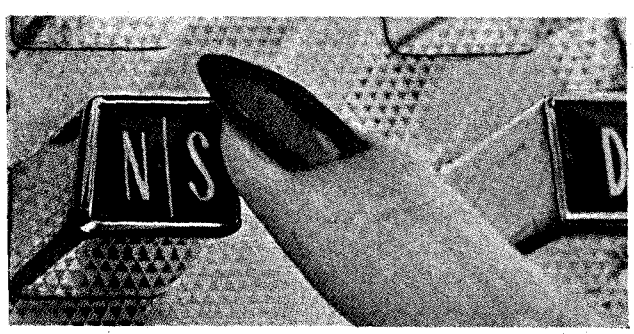
ANOTHER EXCLUSIVE ***DREAM-CAR*** FEATURE BY MERCURY

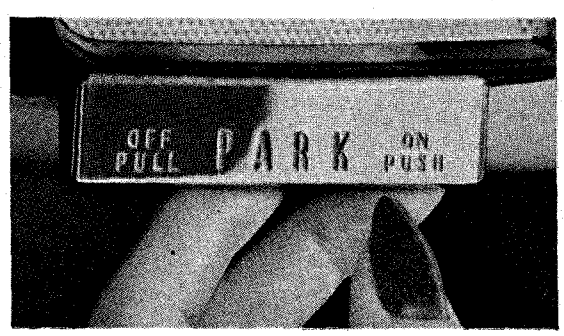
offers you 2 great new engines—a 255-hp Safety-Surge V-8 (standard) and a 290-hp Turnpike Cruiser V-8 (optional). Shown above is the stunning new Montclair 4-door sedan. Notice how the conventional center post is concealed, when the windows are up, to give this sedan the look of a hardtop.

turns the engine on—controls drive, releases the brake at a touch!

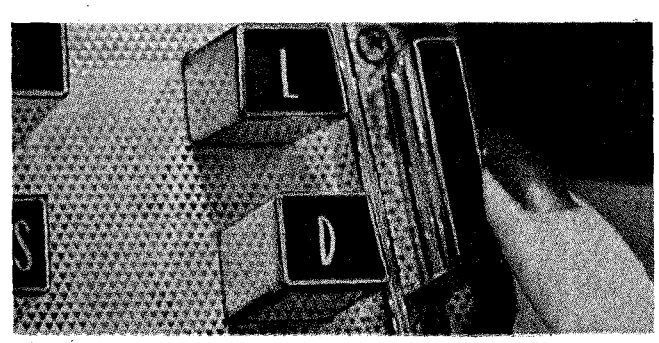
FAR MORE THAN JUST A PUSH-BUTTON TRANSMISSION—IT'S THE FIRST TRUE KEYBOARD CONTROL.



NEW CONTROL TURNS ENGINE ON—Only the Mercury has this combination "Neutral-Start" button. A light finger's touch automatically puts THE BIG M in neutral and starts the engine. Just press the "D" button to go.



NEW CONTROL LOCKS CAR IN "PARK"—When parking on steep grades the PARK bar "locks" the transmission, and keeps the car from rolling. With your parking brake also set, you are doubly safe.



NEW CONTROL RELEASES BRAKE — Another brand-new BIG M innovation shared by no other car on the road. A finger's touch on Mercury's new dream-car keyboard releases Mercury's convenient Toe-Set Parking Brake.

Straight out of tomorrow— **THE BIG MERCURY for '57** *with* ***DREAM-CAR DESIGN***

MERCURY DIVISION · FORD MOTOR COMPANY

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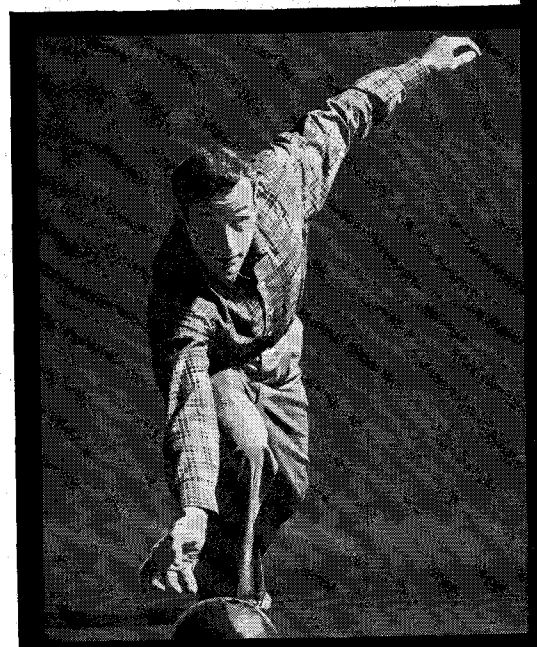
Kellogg's discovers a great new cereal food in a delicious new ready-to-eat form...

PROTEIN!

Active adults of all ages require plenty of good protein. The kind of protein you get in Kellogg's Special K is ready to eat, easy to digest.



No wonder this lady is intent. She's reading one of the great nutrition stories of our times. You can, too—on the back of the big red Special K package.

You know you need protein. Everybody does. Lots of it, *every* day. So, why not start off your morning in high—with the kind of protein you need. Start the day with Special K.

Kellogg's Special K, you know, is the high-protein food for breakfast. A bowl of Special K with milk or cream gives you more high-quality protein (without unnecessary fat) than any other well-known cereal, *twice* the average of all cereals, hot or cold.

Another thing folks like about Kellogg's new Special K is Special K itself. Its taste, its special form (more than a puff, more than a flake). It's just real good.

Next time you shop, look for the package with the big red K on the front. You can't miss it—and you shouldn't.

Growing youngsters need up to twice as much protein per pound of body weight as adults. Special K provides *twice* the protein as the average of all cereals, hot or cold.

New! Special K Handi-Pak! Special K is now becoming available in the Kellogg's Handi-Pak . . . eight personal-portion "individuals" in *one* Handi-Pak. Look for it at *your* store.

Kellogg's *OF BATTLE CREEK*

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Deadliest Fighter in the Air

(Continued from Page 43)

Base, in the Mojave Desert of California, and watch the first F-102A squadron in action. It's the 327th Fighter Interceptor Squadron, under a wiry white-headed little Irishman, Lt. Col. Charles Rigney, and its insigne is one of the most dramatic in the United States Air Force—a gory-red iron mask with a sinister slit of an eye and stubby yellow wings sprouting from the temples. I don't know how you feel, but it's kind of refreshing to me to run across an insigne which was imagined and executed by the squadron itself.

Now let us suppose we are sitting in the snack bar of the Iron Mask Squadron at George AFB, having a cup of coffee and waiting for a very important message. On the wall behind the counter is a sign: "Don't get shook. HAVE A PANIC BURGER. It's real nervous!" Across the table is Capt. M. O. Detlie, known, naturally, as "Mo," and Capt. Bill Moore—both members of the Iron Mask, and both top-drawer fighter pilots. Detlie flew 100 missions with one of the most famous jet acrobatic teams in the world, the Sky Blazers. Bill Moore—aside from his thousands of hours in the air—spent three years on the ground in a Korean prison camp where 80 per cent of his buddies didn't live through the ordeal. Mo and Bill are tough, seasoned boys, which is one reason they were picked for the first supersonic F-102A squadron.

Detlie stubbed a cigarette. "I don't know what's holding them," he said. "They took off from Castle two hours ago."

"Maybe they are out over the ocean, shooting gunnery," Bill Moore said. "Relax, Mo. We'll get the word."

For maybe the twelfth time I went over the thing in my mind. In a minute or so, we hoped, an airman would run in and tell us that Ground Control Intercept had picked up the B-52 coming in off the ocean. The B-52—in case you don't follow these things—is the Strategic Air Command's big eight-jet intercontinental slugger—the highest-flying, fastest heavy bomber in the world. It had been coming down from its home base, at Merced, California, for months, and, in mock attack, had been clobbering the Los Angeles neighborhood with sickening regularity. Everybody and his brother had tried to stop it. All the stock jet fighters—the radar-nosed Sabrejet, the Lockheed Starfire and the twin-engined Northrup Scorpion—had staggered up to their maximum altitudes and tried desperately to draw a bead on the intruder. The B-52 had foxed them every time. He had either climbed out of their reach or made a turn so steep that they spun out when they tried to follow it—and then the big bomber had gone merrily about his business, which was "shacking" the L.A. complex. "Shacking," in USAF slang, means dropping the pickle in the center of the barrel from eight or nine miles high.

"I got a hunch," Captain Moore said. "I think we ought to trot out and leap off right now."

"If we leap off too soon," Detlie said, "the guy may run us out of fuel before we can hit him."

"Could be," Moore said, "but I doubt it."

Moore meant that the F-102A has range, which it certainly has. The big barn-door wing is filled with jet fuel—enough to cruise from California to St. Louis nonstop. You could hack down quite a few bombers with endurance like that, especially with Ground Control bird-dogging them for you. Actually, the F-102A is a pretty fine bird dog herself. She carries enough electronics to stock a TV warehouse, and the newest version will be a "hands-off airplane," except during take-off and landing. Convair and Hughes call the lash-up a "Data Link." It means that the pilot will sit there with his arms folded while a radar operator on the ground runs him up to the target, fires the missile, breaks him into the clear and vectors him back home. When the field is near, the pilot unfolds his arms, takes hold of the stick and makes a landing. It's all done with little black boxes. The missile, of course, is the fiendish little Hughes Falcon, which carries a terrific wallop, thinks for itself with radar brains and flies gaily up the enemy's tail pipe, where it blows him into tiny, tiny pieces. Here is one place where the F-102A's barrel belly pays off. The Falcons, rockets and other explosives are stowed inside, in streamlined privacy, until needed. Then a door flips open, the racks snap outside, and the birds go whoosh. The doors snap shut and the F-102A remains supersonic. This does not happen with planes which carry their weapons on external racks. The sleekest and hottest airplane in the world—as any professional jet pilot will tell you sadly—becomes a limpy old hound when you start loading it heavily with external stores.

"Maybe the B-Fifty-two knows we're after him," I said. "Maybe he turned around and headed for home."

"Oh, he knows," Detlie said. "Ground Control has already told him. It's a USAF rule to keep us from making like a shell every time we run across a bomber upstairs. But he thinks we're flying old-type Sabrejets, and he's been making monkeys out of them for months."

"Be quite a surprise for the old boy," Moore said, grinning.

A sergeant stuck his head into the room. "Captain Detlie, B-Fifty-two inbound, sir!"

"Thanks, sarge," Mo Detlie said, and stood up. "Soup's on, you guys. Let's go get it."

We had it carefully planned. Captain Moore was going to make a mock missile attack on the B-52 in his supersonic F-102A, which had the pointed nose and was fully equipped with radar. Captain Detlie and I would tag along and observe the excitement in the blunt-nosed trainer—the TF-102A—which carried two people, side by side. Detlie said not to expect too much from the trainer. Convair had paid dearly for that extra seat. The TF was 100 mph slower than the F, and climbed as if it had lead wings. Worse still, the TF had some rather unpleasant flight habits. It moaned and rumbled and wheezed like a dyspeptic gooney bird as it went through various speed ranges. The big bay window of a windscreen had thrown the whole configuration out of kilter so that the airplane had shaken all over—violently—when it was flight-tested at Edwards Air Force Base. Convair fixed that. They screwed dozens of little hunks of angle iron all over the forehead of the beast—"vortex generators" they were called—so that the shaking wasn't so bad. She still shook a little, the delivery pilot warned us, but there wasn't a bit of danger unless somebody bent or twisted the angle irons. If that happened, he didn't know what might occur. Maybe the plane would start doing snap-rolls or something.

"One thing I do want to caution you about," the delivery pilot had said to Lieutenant Colonel Rigney. "You can get through the speed of sound in the TF by pointing her straight down and giving her a big shot of afterburner, but coming back through again, she gives a hell of a jump, particularly when she's low on fuel and light in weight. It happens like lightning, and if the pilot gets excited he might get out of phase and exaggerate things, and the plane might go out of control."

"We'll watch it," Rigney had said, his eyes twinkling. Lieutenant Colonel Rigney is what is known as a "cool head." He flew the first single-engine military airplane across the Atlantic Ocean, back in World War II—a Republic Thunderbolt—when they were needed in a hurry. Nothing shakes him. He has a secret little room at George, nicely air-conditioned, stocked with a good book or two, and when things get so hectic there seems absolutely no way out, Rigney simply steps into his little room, opens a book and forgets the whole thing. An hour later, he says, he steps out again and the situation seems to have resolved itself. Rigney twinkled at the delivery pilot, "Don't think you are going to scare us into giving this TF back to you, Captain Butterfield, because we ain't."

I was really comforted most, during this discussion of rumbling and leaping, by the fact that the TF-102A was equipped with the Pratt and Whitney J-57 jet engine. Pilots in the Air Force have said that they would rather fly in front of a J-57 than own $10,000 additional life insurance. One line chief—who may have been pulling my leg—said he'd tossed large stove bolts into the screaming maw of a J-57, on a torture test, to see what would happen. Great screechings and grindings took place instantly, the chief said, and a lot of miscellaneous metal came out of the tail pipe, but the J-57 kept right on whistling Dixie. Matter of fact, she only lost a few rpm's.

We hurried out into the sun glare and climbed into the airplanes, and a crew chief crawled up the ladder and leaned in to help me with the buckling-down details. I always hate to go through this routine with a crew chief. I feel the rascals have a streak of sadism where writers are concerned. They always explain the ejection procedure in minute detail and with great relish—also with a touch of sadness, as if they felt that this was probably the last time they would be seeing you about. They point out little items like the fact that there is a solid iron bar directly overhead in the canopy of a TF-102A.

"Too bad you aren't flying in some other jet, sir," the chief says wistfully. "Other jets don't have that bar. In an emergency, if the canopy fails to jettison, you can blow yourself up through the plastic glass with ease. But not in a TF, sir." The chief then looks doubtfully at the heavy tempered forgings which lock the big canopy in place, and you have the feeling that they have jammed already and that once that lid is down, the devil himself will not be able to get it up again.

"Know how to use an oxygen mask?" my boy asked, peering beadily from his perch on the ladder.

"Oh, sure," I said doubtfully.

"Above forty-five thousand feet it gets rough," he said happily. "It works under pressure. The oxygen is punched into your lungs as if by a bicycle pump. You have to force it out again. Very tiring. Like doing pushups." He placed an oily finger on the oxygen regulator beside the seat. "These little bars go from black to white every time you take a breath. Watch 'em good. Up above forty-five thousand you got about one minute if the oxygen system goes ape."

"Thanks very much," I said, stifling an impulse to push the fellow off the ladder. "I'll keep an eye on it."

"Make sure you do, sir," the chief said. He winked. "Give 'em hell!"

Taxiing the TF-102A is a curious sensation. It is somewhat like sitting at a second-story window taxiing your house. The oxygen mask grips your face, the chamois ear pads press gently against your ears, and there is a small pressure point on top of your head, where the crash helmet is bearing down a bit. None of this is bothersome—at the moment—but wait until you have been airborne an hour or so. You can check this with any jet pilot. Your nose feels as if it is being gripped with a pair of pliers; your ears are either numb or folded up like lettuce leaves, or both; and that small pressure point on top has become so sensitive that you have the illusion you are balancing the entire weight of the airplane in the middle of your skull on a red-hot phonograph needle.

"How do you read me, Frank?" Mo Detlie asked over the intercom as we taxied out.

"Five square," I said, in my best USAF delivery.

"Rodge," Mo said. It's considered very corny in a fighter outfit to be formal and say "Roger." "Captain Moore's going off first. He's just pulling up beside us now."

We were lined up on the live runway. Ahead of us, 9100 feet through the wavery blur of the heat, were the dunes. A little way beyond the dunes was one of those power lines which are on high towers, and droop because the wires have to be super-heavy to carry that 8,000,000 volts of electricity. Power lines like this are a part of all airports, it seems, just as sandtraps are a part of all golf courses. There is also a dine-and-dance spot known as Jerry's Oasis, directly off the end of the runway. The pilots call it The Shake, Rattle and Roll, because whenever a plane takes off, Jerry and his clientele cannot hear themselves think. Matter of fact, they have to hold onto their beers to keep them from jiggling off the bar. Jerry is happy, however. He wouldn't think of moving. His crowd likes to live dangerously; and if you like planes, you certainly can get a good look at them through Jerry's front window.

Bill Moore's voice said over the radio, "You ready, Mo?"

"Rodge."

"I'm rolling."

Moore's F-102A rolled sluggishly past, and Bill looked like a black-visored, white-helmeted toy behind that knife-edged windscreen which Convair has placed on their big single-seater. Bill slipped into afterburner and there was a soft sharp jolt as the shock wave bounced off our bay window. Despite the unseemly girth of the F-102A, nobody can ever accuse this plane of being a ground lover. It was (*Continued on Page 52*)

... ...

Fine Fix

By Richard Wheeler

Though tools are made for
fixing things,
A parent finds, when
checking things
Around a dwelling, that a
boy
Considers it a downright joy
To use his tools for wrecking
things.

... ...

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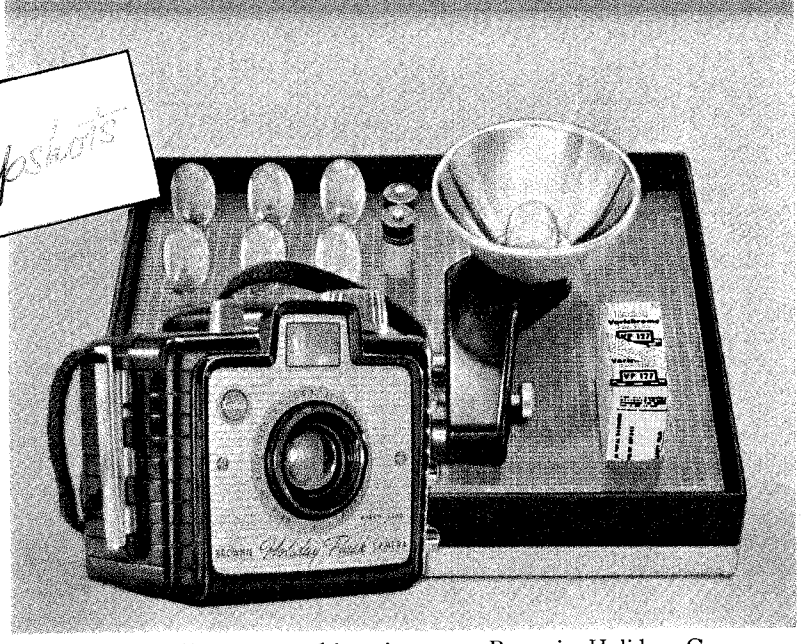

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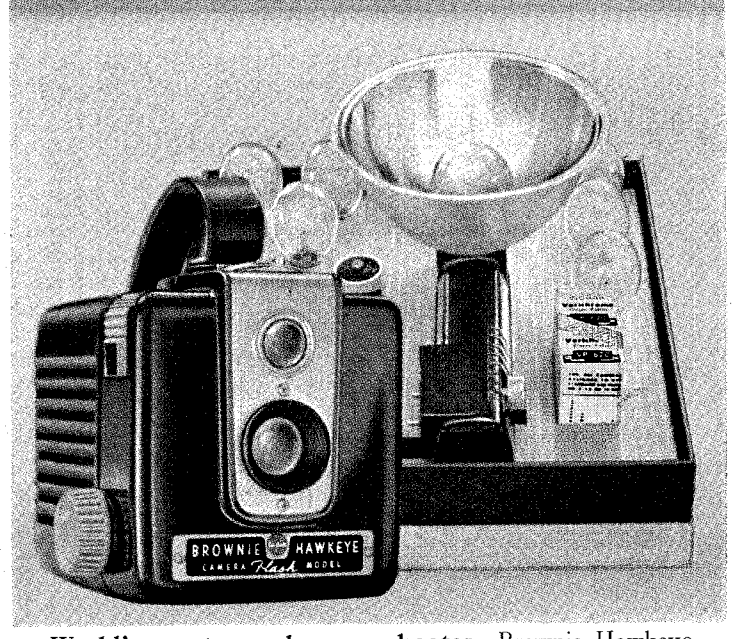

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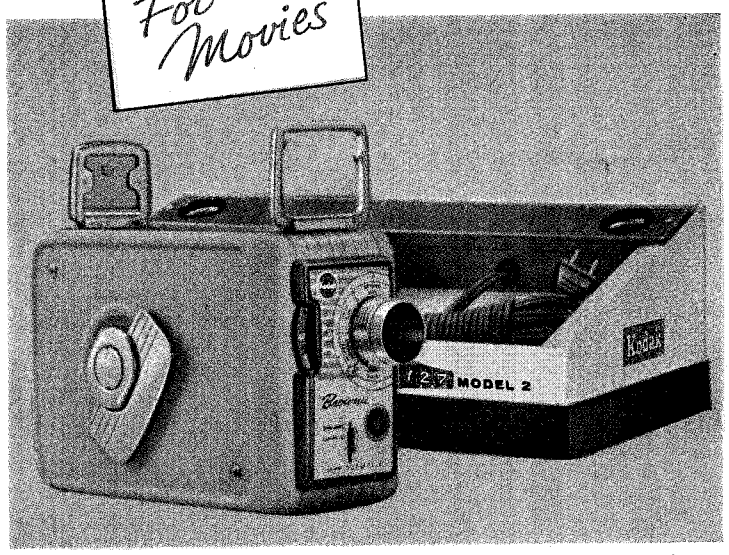

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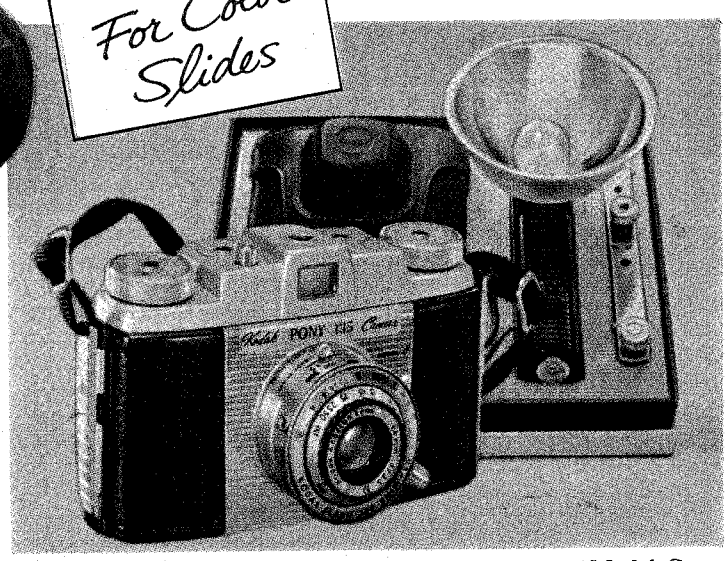

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Kodak Pony 135 Camera Outfit, complete.....$49.65

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you know it's good!

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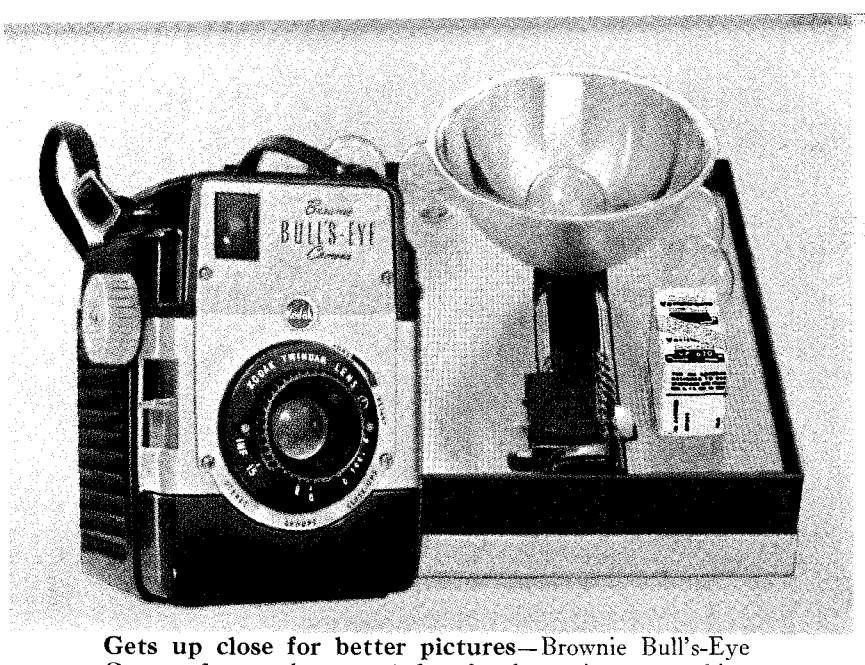

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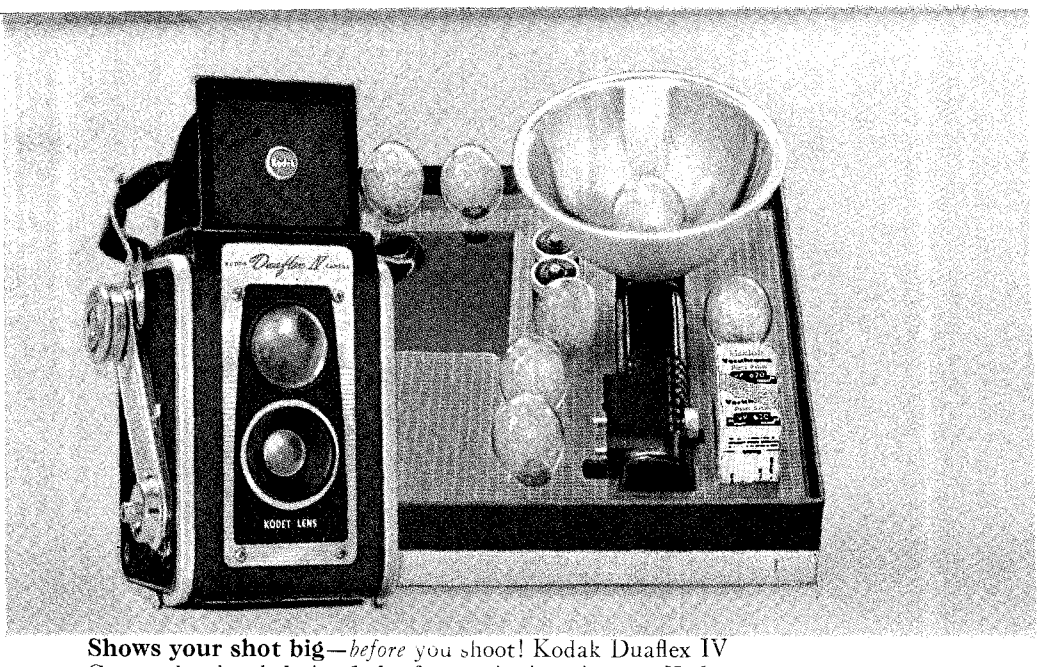

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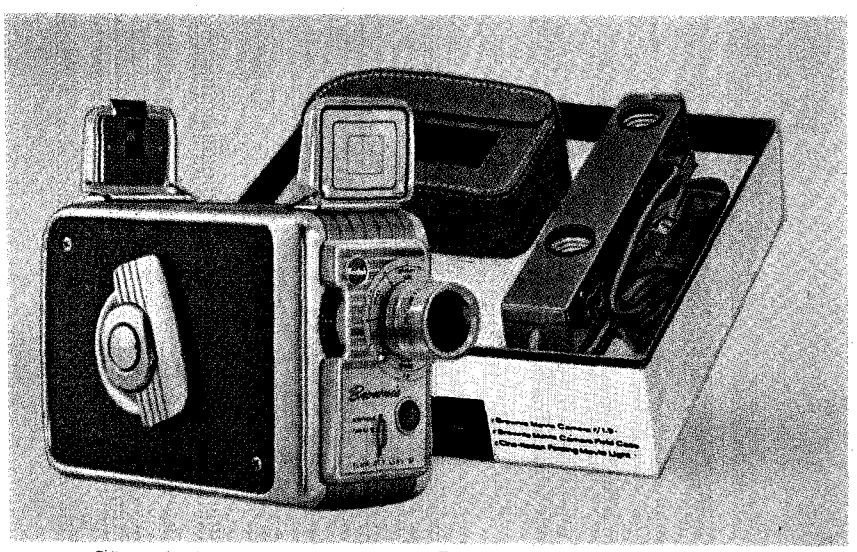

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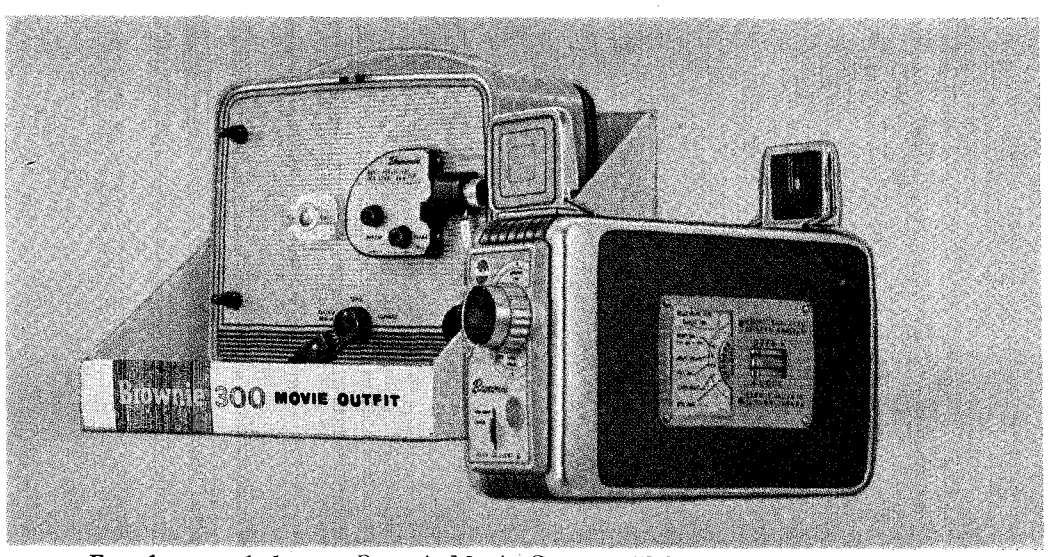

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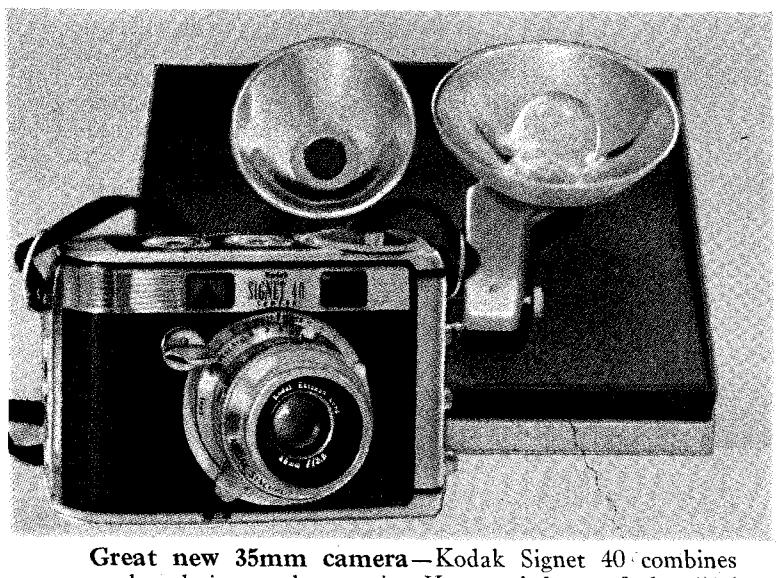

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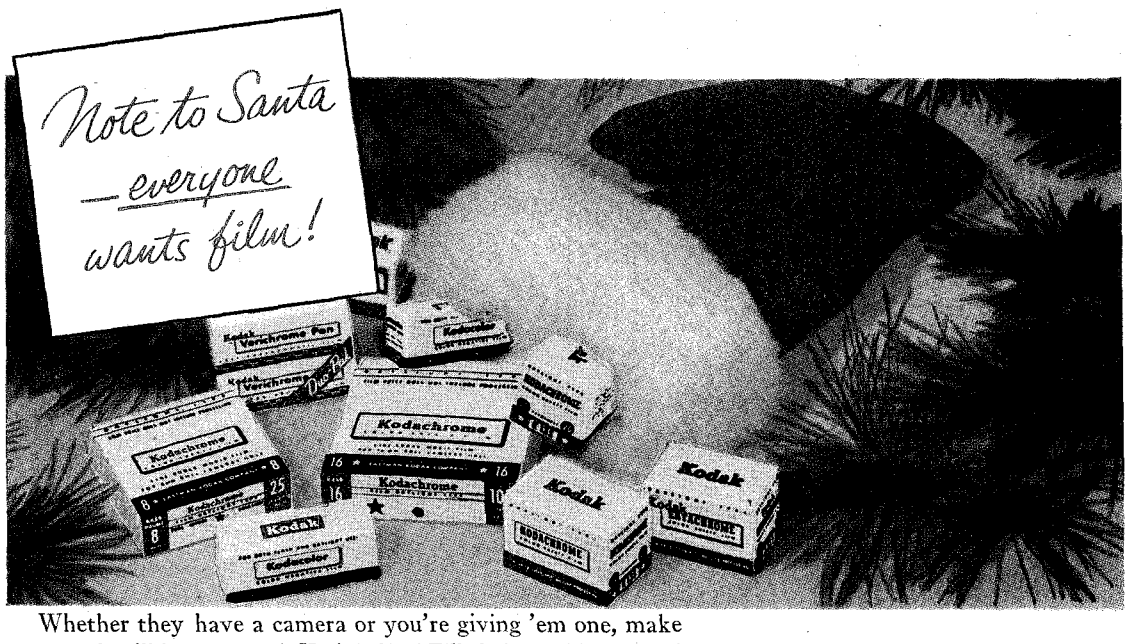

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(*Continued from Page 49*) 100 degrees Fahrenheit on the runway at George, and the field elevation is 2880 feet—enough to make some jets race wide open until they had used every inch of concrete, before lifting off. Convair's big delta wing has more lift than all the elevators in the Empire State Building, and it's eager to fly. Moore broke clear halfway down the strip, tucked in his wheels and climbed at an angle usually reserved for skyrockets.

"All set, Frank?" Mo Detlie said.

"Yes, sir."

"Here we go, then."

Some pilots have said that the big boost of an afterburner is one of the finest thrills in flying, and I'll subscribe. You are mooching along, straining like mad, with your rpm's at 100 per cent, and the runway is showing no signs of departing from the wheels. Then you shift to the afterburner, and "Bang!" you feel like a shell when it departs from the mouth of a cannon. In seconds—after he shifted to afterburner—Mo Detlie was airborne and his wheels were up and he was climbing out after Bill Moore. Moore's voice came on the radio, sounding just the way they sound in the movies, "Hello, Ground Control Intercept. This is Delta One. How do you read me? Over."

GCI tells Bill that they read him five square. Bill then asks for a steer toward the incoming bomber, and they give it to him. All the time the ground is dropping away at an incredible rate, and by the time I glance outside we are passing over the famous test center at Edwards. The Dry Lake is bone-white in the sun. It used to be called Muroc, until somebody decided—for reasons best known to himself—to call it Rogers. Seems to be a lot of that name changing in the Air Force, and there are a lot of people, including the 327th Fighter Interceptor Squadron, who deplore it. The 327th personnel had all belonged to the most famous squadron in the world, the reactivated continuation of Eddie Rickenbacker's old Hat-in-Ring outfit. They like the Iron Mask, but they are a little bitter about having the Hat-in-Ring jerked away from them and bestowed on another fighter outfit in another section of the country, which happened not long ago.

Edwards drops deeply into the bronze pit of the desert outside the right canopy window. Not under the right wing, however. Looking from a TF-102A you see no wings at all. You might be riding on a shell. The enormous metal arrowhead which lifts you so smoothly into the stratosphere is out of sight many feet behind.

Now the gremlins in the TF began to sound off, moaning like some kind of ghostly Morse code: "Weep-wip . . . weeeep . . . wip-wip-wip." An ominous rumbling came from somewhere, and as the plane gathered speed, we could feel buffets nibbling at her body like a fish nibbling at a minnow. Up high, this 31,000 pound monster becomes unbelievably hair-trigger. I'd been told by Lieutenant Colonel Rigney that above 50,000 feet the F-102A paid 100 feet in altitude for every extra pound she lifted. That meant a little man could outclimb a big man at high altitude by as much as 5000 feet—enough to give him a definite edge in a dog fight. Perhaps Colonel Rigney has at last put a stop to the old saying that a good big man can always lick a good little man.

"Ground Control," the radio said. "Target is heading toward Los Angeles. Course, one three zero. He has increased his speed."

Moore acknowledged. Edwards was gone. We were over the mountains which tower between Bakersfield and Los Angeles, but which, at this great height, had flattened out into a burnt-orange plain. To the north crawled the bony ridges of the Sierra Nevada, like purplish sandpiles under the cumulus clouds, which rose to 10,000 feet, but looked to us like bunches of white grapes. The sky through the top of the TF's canopy was now deep purple, and even though Moore was close to us, he was hard to see until he began pulling a white contrail. Then we passed through the con level and the sky got even darker, and I looked at the oxygen warning. This was the thin, deadly air the chief had been talking about. The little bars were faithfully flicking at every breath, however, and the oxygen mask had loosened its pinch a little, due to reduced pressure outside.

"Control to Delta One," GCI said. "Target now forty-eight miles. Speed very high. Same heading. I think he's trying to beat you into town." GCI chuckled slightly.

"We'll hit him before he even gets to Santa Barbara," Moore's voice said. "No sweat."

Mo Detlie said, "I'm having a hard time keeping with you, Bill. Can you throttle back a little?"

"Sorry," Bill Moore said. "We can't let this character sneak past us. Go to the afterburner."

Came again the exhilarating shove from behind, the explosive roar of the afterburner, and our sluggish TF began to walk up on Moore's tail—and then, far out beyond the burnt-orange plain, I saw the blue-black glitter of the Pacific.

"Target twenty-six miles," GCI said.

I began to strain to see this B-52—this shacker of targets, this steep-turning giant which caused puny Sabrejets to spin like collar buttons, this pride of the mighty Strategic Air Command. Moore was pulling ahead of us now, in afterburner, eager for the kill. We crossed the shoreline and came over the ocean, and Moore's voice said sharply, "Tallyho! B-Fifty-two at one o'clock!"

Then, I saw the bomber. It was a long black cigar with a raking tail, crossing ahead of us like a diving fighter, and already he was making us turn, was sucking us flat, even at full afterburner, and we were falling behind. He was beating us! After all our big talk, General Le May's giant bird was passing us by on his way to Los Angeles, and he was getting off scot-free!

Bill Moore's voice said shortly, "I have Judy."

"Bill's locked on now," Detlie said. "Watch!"

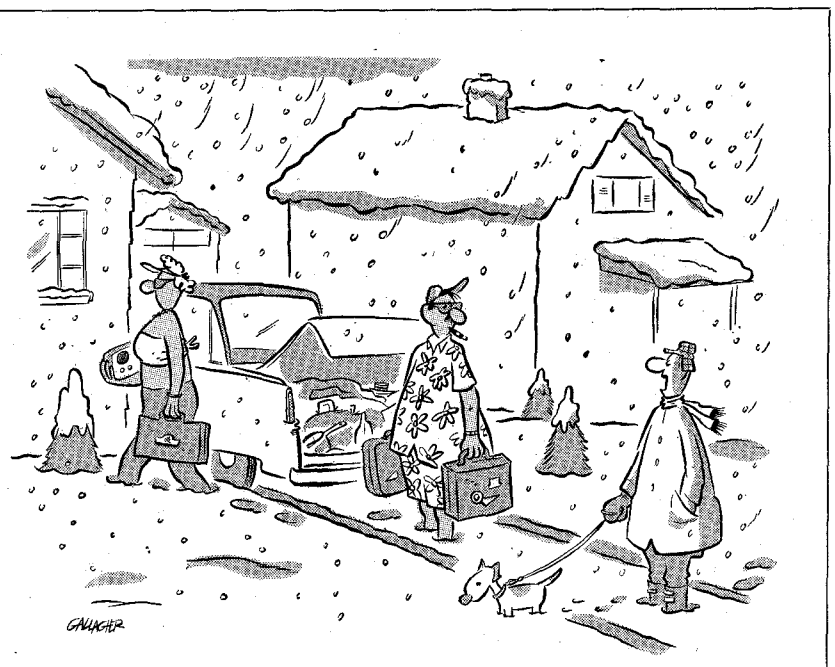
Moore's F-102A banked steeply against a bright undercast of clouds, like a gnat behind a hawk. The delta shape was sharply black and very tiny, and when it leveled, it was almost lost from sight. Moore was about four miles behind the B-52, holding steady.

Seconds ticked past, then Moore's voice said, exultantly, "Splashed him!"

"Bill hit him with the guided missile," Detlie said. "Let's see what he does next."

The tiny delta was climbing, and the B-52 had started a very steep turn—his stock maneuver against fighters at high altitude. His big swept wing thrust up gracefully, and the eight smoke trails from his jets swirled behind him in a tawny curve. The bomber's wing still had a decent grip on the thin air at this extreme height. Maybe Detlie had been right. The bomber pilot thought he was dealing with a stub-winged Sabrejet which he could sucker into a tight turn and cause to spin downward out of the fight. Bill Moore's F-102A was no Sabrejet. Bill matched the bomber's steep turn; outmatched it, still climbing; lifted in the high saddle position and hung there as if he were gloating over his prey. The B-52 guy was desperate. He cranked in every inch of turn he could muster and still not spin. Slugs of smoke whipped from his jets as he socked his throttles to emergency power. He might as well have saved his strength.

Moore tipped his nose and came downhill supersonic in a rocket attack. The delta shot past the 52 so close they seemed to merge for an instant, and there was no doubt any longer as to who drove the buggy with the big whip. The B-52 headed for home. He'd been had twice in less than three minutes, and he knew it. If Moore had actually loosed his Falcons or his rockets, General LeMay's pride and joy would be iron confetti, headed for the distant surface of the sea. But Bill Moore wasn't quite finished. It's little known, but our elite interceptor pilots have a tacit understanding among themselves about how they will deal with a Russian bomber if everything else fails. That bomber may be carrying death enough for 10,000,000 Americans, and our gung-ho jocks aren't about to let him deliver it. "We'll knock his tail off with our belly," Mo Detlie said. "Or we'll try to. And if that doesn't work, we'll dive right through him."



"Been away?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Moore picked up maybe 5000 feet of altitude above and behind the fleeing B-52. He came down like a loosed rocket, screamed under the bomber's belly, and then—out ahead, where the 52 guys could see him plainly—Bill Moore began a series of beautiful, impudent slow rolls.

Short hair prickled on my neck. This was it. This was what I came to see. I'd been told that this new Convair F-102A was the master of any bomber that flies—and now, as the first civilian ever to witness a close-up attack on a B-52, I knew the plane could do the job. It could do the job three ways: with guided missiles, with rockets or, in the last desperate ditch, by ramming. The American public finally had a weapon which could protect them against Russia's Bison—the Soviet Union Strategic Air Command's counterpart of our own B-52. If you live near an American industrial center, big city, atomic project or Strategic Air Command field, you have a personal stake in the Convair F-102A. Some dark and stormy night, if SUSAC comes, that big delta bird may go up into the blackness and the rain and save your life.

Convair is working at top speed to build 2000 F-102A's for the Air Defense Command. Squadron No. 2 is now on duty at Duluth, Minnesota. Lieutenant Colonel Rigney's boys go to the North East Air Command, and will be stationed somewhere in the frozen north to meet any invaders long before they reach our borders.

Convair has a now-famous ad which they have reproduced widely. It shows F-102A interceptors zooming skyward in the dawn, while a milkman watches from a doorstep. "Freedom has a new sound" is the headline of that ad. The F-102A's will make a lot of noise. But it is a sound we must learn to live with if we wish to avoid that most fearsome sound of all: the savage, rocking blasts of hydrogen weapons dropped from planes decorated with the red star.

Finally, Convair is not resting on its laurels. A bigger, tougher bird than the F102A is going to fly its first tests at Edwards very soon. The designation is F-106—"Super Vigilante" if you will—and it is said to climb to 70,000 feet, fly at 1500 miles an hour, stay aloft almost indefinitely, and be able to knock down any bomber that flies.

On the way home from our intercept engagement with the B-52, Capt. Mo Detlie took me through the speed of sound in the TF-102A. He poked the big bird's nose toward the desert from 45,000 feet, gave it a short snort of afterburner, and there it was on the dial: Mach 1.1. The stories you may have heard about popping eyeballs and collapsing lungs as one goes through the speed of sound are bunk. We cracked the barrier without a quiver. Even coming back through the point at which the delivery pilot had predicted a pitchup, we had no problem. Capt. Mo Detlie is quick with a stick. We got a tiny jerk, as if we'd hit a little rough air, but the rest was smooth as glass.

"Well," Mo said, as we turned back toward George Air Force Base, "that about wraps it. What do you think of our new bird? Think she can hack the Bison?"

"Bill Moore proved that," I said. "But you're a pilot, Mo. What do you think of the plane?"

Mo turned toward me. All I could see were his eyes above the oxygen mask. But you can tell when a man is grinning, just by his eyes. "The F-102A," said Mo over the intercom, "is a flat-out, cotton-pickin' dreamboat! And you can quote me."

THE END

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The price? Well, I got a good deal—but on top of that, this car is still right down there in the low-price field!

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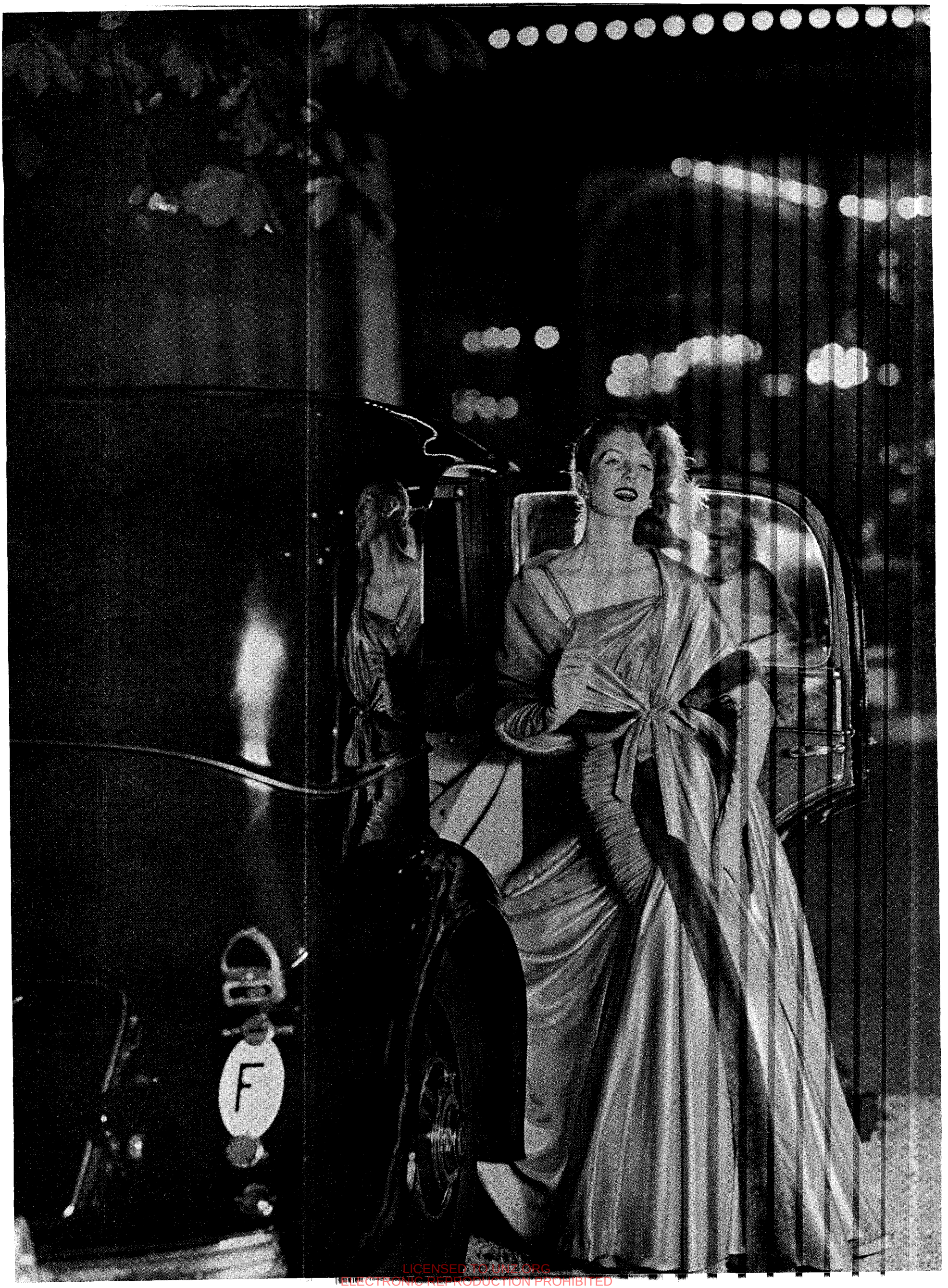
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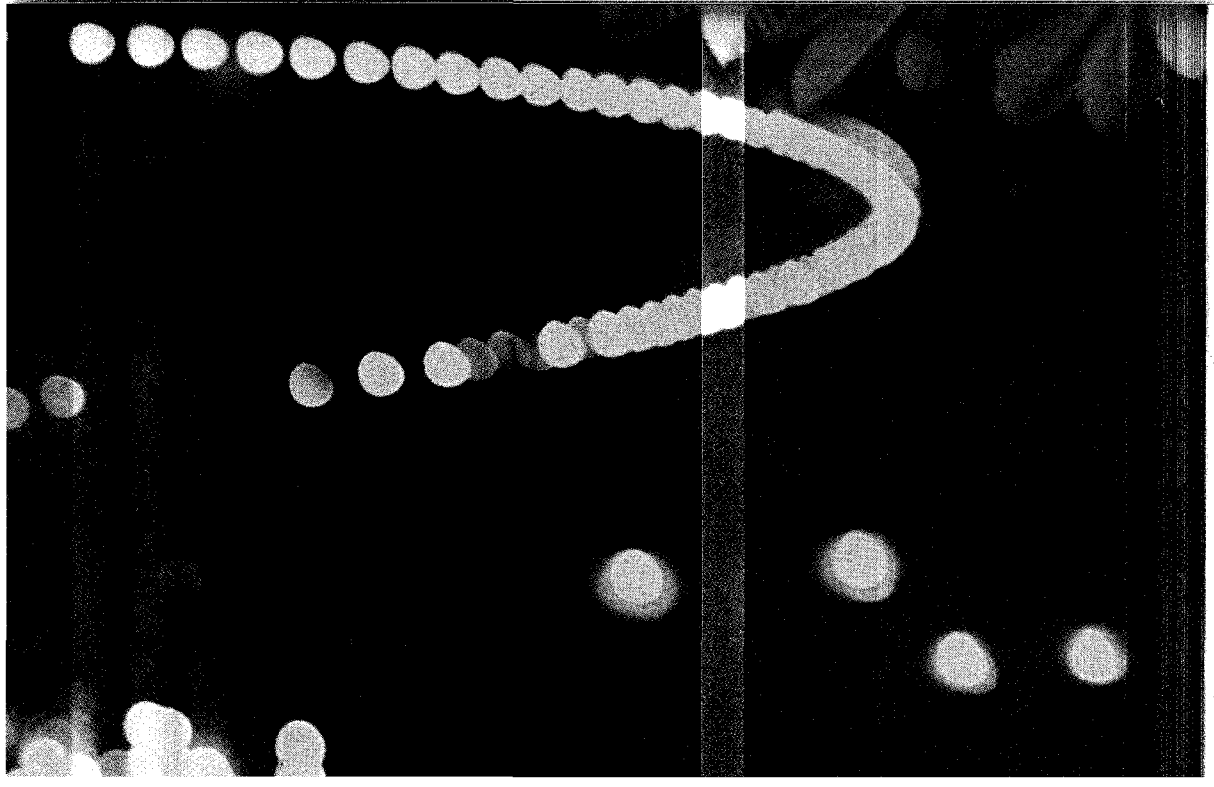

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One Night of Trouble (Continued from Page 31)

around her and kissed her good-by. "I'll be back a little early," he said. "I forgot to tell you—I'm going out again tonight."

"Oh, Walt! Why?"

"Poor old Ruskin's in the hospital. Some of us are driving for him at night and turning the take over to his wife. They need it, believe me."

"Who thought of that? You, I bet."

"'I shall return,'" Walt quoted, pinching her cheek. "'By, sugar!"

Then he went out and caught the subway uptown to where the taxi garage was.

Ten-thirty found him at 70th Street and Central Park West, driving along through the spring sunshine feeling wonderful. And why not? The motor was running nice and smooth, the last passenger had tipped very well, and so far today no cop had even looked sharp at him. It was such a lovely day that he decided to cut through Central Park. Always something to see in the park.

And sure enough, there was. A little kid had wedged his head between two pickets of a tall iron fence that enclosed one of the playgrounds. A bunch of women were trying to help him.

Walt stopped the cab, looked around and saw a portable barrier with POLICE DEPARTMENT. DO NOT CROSS stenciled on it. He took one of the heavy wooden planks from the barrier and ran to the fence with it. The women let him through. He set the plank between the two pickets, up over the boy's head, then slowly and powerfully leaned on the free end of the plank.

The iron rods gave just enough for the little boy to pull his head free. He hugged his mother's knees, and the poor woman, in her relief, yelled at him, "James William, if I ever catch you doing that again I'll spank you so hard ——"

Coming out of the park at 59th and Sixth, Walt picked up a man with a large package wrapped in brown paper.

"Where to?" asked Walt.

"Herald Square."

Walt dropped the meter flag and headed downtown.

The fare was fidgeting around. "Know what I got in here?" he asked. "A cobra! A live cobra! Bet if you'd knew that, you would'n'a' let me get in the cab, would'ja?"

Walt glanced over his shoulder at the package. "Just so you keep it wrapped up," he said pleasantly, and turned back again.

The next passengers were two women he picked up at 34th and Fifth. One of them gave an address on Park Avenue, and they put their feet up on the jump seats and began to talk about draperies.

While Walt was waiting for the light at Forty-sixth and Park to turn, the cabby next to him tapped his horn softly and said, "Hi, Mouse." "Mouse" had been Walt's nickname in the Army. He looked over and it was Rozencrantz, a guy he had known since the war.

"Hi," Walt said. "How's with you, Rosie?"

"Terrible," Rosencrantz said gloomily. Then the light changed and both cabs shot ahead in a race to the next light. Rosie got the breaks and grinned and waved and disappeared.

Coming back down Park, Walt heard a hotel doorman blow his whistle.

A young man, slender and tanned, was standing there with an older man. The younger man got in alone, and Walt saw that he was blind.

The older man looked at Walt and said, "Take him to Number One Wall Street. Someone will meet him there."

Walt nodded, and swung the cab out into traffic.

"I wonder," said the fare, "if you'd mind driving by the United Nations Building."

"Sure," Walt replied, glancing at him. He eased over into the left stream and presently made a left turn. As he waited for the light at Third, a girl in a red dress that fitted her like a coat of paint walked in front of the cab.

"Boy!" said Walt under his breath.

"What is it?" the passenger asked.

"Nothing. Just a girl in a tight red dress. She sure wasn't carrying any concealed weapons." He drove on, wondering why a blind man wanted to ride by the United Nations Building.

"Well, here it is," he said as they passed the United Nations. "Looks nice today. All the flags flying. Funny thing—when I first saw that slab of greenish glass and steel stuck up there against the blue sky, I thought, 'That's crazy. For one thing, it'll blow down.' Now I like it. Clean slate, new world, new start—that sort of thing. I can remember when that property was all slums and river rats."

"So can I," the fare said. "I could see in those days."

"You been blind long?"

"Since Anzio."

"Tough," Walt said.

"Were you in the service?" asked the passenger. "Your voice sounds young."

"Oh, sure," Walt said. "Army. But I'm an old man of twenty-seven now, and I couldn't do the things we did then."

When Walt pulled up at No. 1 Wall Street, a gray-haired man in striped pants and a morning coat was waiting at the curb. He opened the cab door before Walt could reach around for the handle and said, "Good morning, Rupert; it was very good of you to come." Then he helped the young man out and looked at the meter and paid the fare plus ten per cent.

"Good-by," the passenger said to Walt. "Nice talking to you."

"Good-by," said Walt. "Good luck." He entered the trip on his report sheet and drove away.

He thought about Rupert on the way back uptown, wondering who he was. He was certainly somebody, judging by the way those important-looking men had treated him.

On Broadway near City Hall two beefy-looking customers flagged Walt's cab and for the next quarter of an hour he got an earful of politics. He let them out at a restaurant on 14th Street. The thought of food made him hungry, so he parked in front of a beanery he liked on Third Avenue and had a hot pastrami and a glass of milk.

The afternoon was a little slow. He cruised awhile, curbed awhile; one rider wanted to go only six blocks, but gave him a quarter tip. Another rode from Grand Central to the Queen Mary's dock and gave him only a dime. And then it was quarter to four.

Walt took the cab back to the garage and caught the subway home. It had been a better-than-average day—he had clocked nineteen dollars and sixty cents, forty-seven and a half per cent of which belonged to the company. He had taken in three eighty in tips.

Big Lucy was in the kitchen, ironing. She was wearing a sweater, a skirt and slippers. Little Lucy was in blue jeans with playground dirt on the knees and a trace of sand-pile sand in her curly hair. Walt kissed Lucy senior. It was no absent-minded peck on the cheek; it was a full-scale, loving kiss, as always.

Three-year-old Lucy wrapped herself around his leg and hissed up at him like a little snake, "Kiss-kiss-kiss-kiss!" He threw her in the air and caught her, hugged her, kissed her and pretended to let her drop. She screamed her pleasure. When he put her down, she began to dance, twirling in front of him like a midget dervish. Then, of course, she fell down.

Walt played with his daughter awhile, the kind of rough games she liked. Then he sat with his chair tilted back, watching big Lucy work, talking to her while she ironed his shirts, and he felt peaceful and good. Presently he got up and ate a snack out of the icebox. Then he felt sleepy.

"I'm going to take a nap," he said.

At six o'clock Walt awoke, ready for another round of cab driving. He ate a ham sandwich, a piece of apple pie and had two cups of coffee with cream and sugar; then took the subway back up to the garage. They gave him the cab usually assigned to Fred Ruskin. He put his own cab driver's license in the frame inside the cab and started out. The well-known rush hour occupied him until after theater-curtain time, then there was a lull.

About nine-thirty he was hailed by a couple in evening clothes. "MacDougal Street," the man said, slamming the door. Walt could spot the drunk ones a block away, and these were drunk. They quarreled drearily, in an aimless way, as though from long habit, the vituperation coming out of their mouths in quiet, low-pitched tones. Walt drove steadily and tried not to listen. They made him sick. He compared these two in the back with Lucy and himself and he thought, *I'm the luckiest guy in the world.*

Somewhere between 23rd Street and lower Fifth Avenue the woman went to sleep.

At the corner where MacDougal Street leads out of Washington Square South, Walt looked back and asked the man what number on MacDougal he wanted.

"This'll do; pull up."

Walt drew up to the curb and, reaching back, opened the cab door. The man got out and took money out of his trousers and paid him. Then he leaned in and shook the sleeping woman until her jewelry rattled.

"Come on, get out! You wanted to go slumming in the Village, we're going slumming in the Village."

She protested fuzzily, "Wanna go home. Tired."

"Oh, no, you don't!" her companion said, and reaching in, he grabbed her by her feet and began pulling.

"Don't do that," Walt said.

"Don't do what?"

"Yank her out that way."

"She's my wife; I'll get her out any way I want to."

"Not out of my cab," Walt said, opening the door and walking around the side of the car.

The drunk man looked at Walt's build and let go of the woman's feet. "Come on, Cheryl, for Pete's sake," he said wearily. Cheryl said a bad word and lurched out. Walt reached into the dark cab and picked up a handful of fur—a stole—and thrust it at the man. Then he got back into his cab and drove off.

He cruised over to where Greenwich Avenue, Seventh Avenue and 11th Street intersect, and headed for the Sheridan Square section, where there was sure to be something doing.

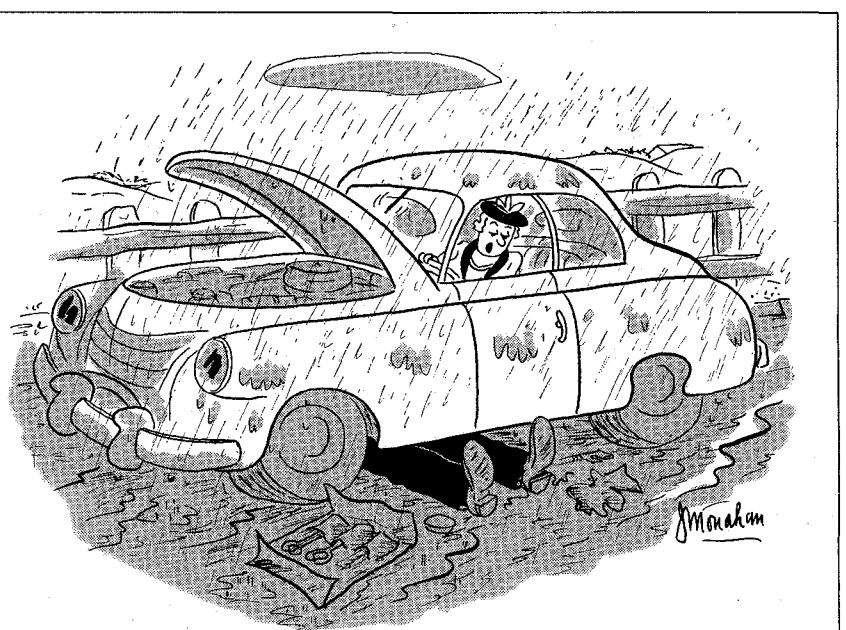
A young man with a girl outside a night club whistled. Walt pulled over and they got in. The man had hard, hot eyes and a thick mop of hair with a carefully tended ripple over the forehead. The girl was young and pretty; she looked kind of like the way Walt thought his little Lucy would look thirteen or fourteen years from now.

The young man gave Walt an address on West 18th Street. Walt knew the block; it was a collection of dreary semi-tenements.

The conversation in the back of the cab was low and strained. Walt paid little attention to it. He had driven too many young couples away from night clubs—most of them were so silly it made his ears flap. Gradually, though, he became aware of something going on back there. The girl had evidently committed herself to a deal she wanted out of.

"I think I had better go on home now I'm sorry," she said all in one breath. She sounded scared. "I know I did, but —— Just drop me out at the subway —— No, please." There was a rustle of movement in the dark cab. "No! No, please! I've changed my mind. . . . Because I don't want to, I'm sorry. . . . I know you could have asked somebody else. Can't you go back and —— Oh, don't!"

Walt half turned his head and the rustling stopped. A cigarette was lighted, smoked briefly and tossed out of the window. Walt looked into his mirror—the one over the dash. The girl was collapsed into her corner with one hand spread over her breast, like a shield.



"Your shoelace is untied."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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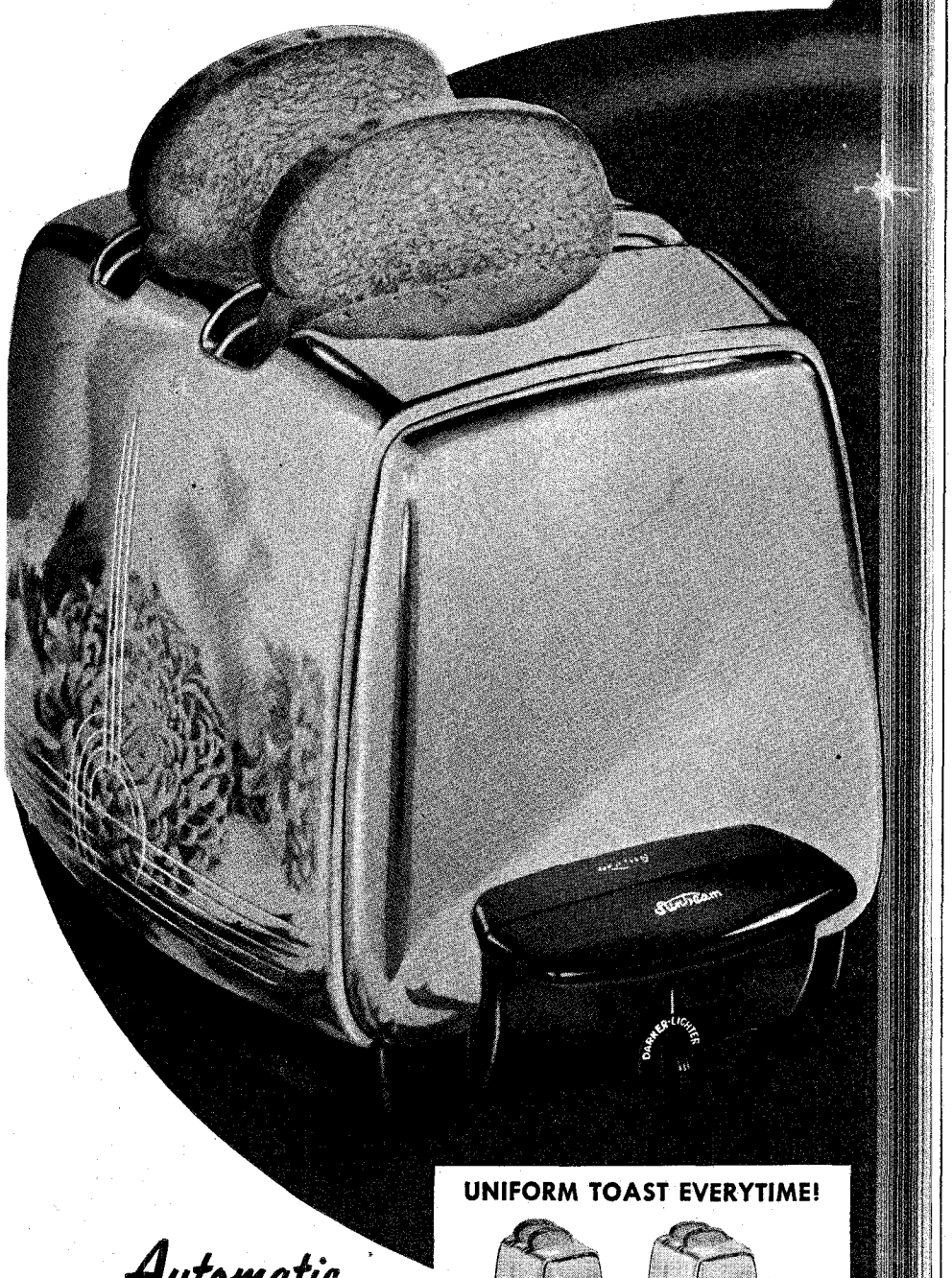

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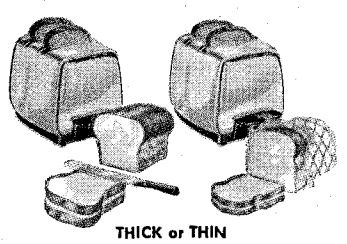

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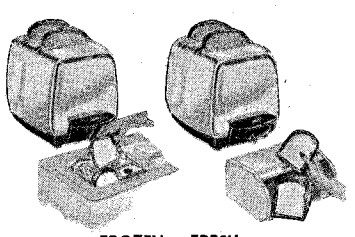

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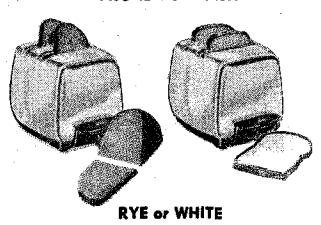

RYE or WHITE

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The punk was saying, "Aw, come on, kid! You've got to now. Don't be chicken."

"I am not chicken, I've purely and simply changed my mind. I don't want to go to your place."

Walt glanced again into his mirror; in it, through the dim light, he saw the man's eyes come up and meet his.

They were in 18th Street now. Walt found the number and stopped the cab. The man got out first.

Most men pay off a cab in the same way, Walt knew—from the outside. Women pay from the inside. He had counted on that. While the young man was fumbling in his pocket for money, Walt reached around and closed the cab door with the girl still inside, and drove off.

When he was clear away and there was no chance of the punk chasing him and catching up with him (he could report him and make a lot of trouble if he'd had sense enough to notice the name and number inside the cab. *But they never do,* Walt thought) he inquired without looking around, "You live uptown or downtown?"

When there was no answer, he turned and gave a quick look. She had her hand over her mouth and was crying.

Walt said, "There's nothing to cry about, is there? I'm taking you home. Where is that?"

"Ninetieth and Lexington," she managed to get out. "Thank you." She produced a handkerchief and blew her nose. "All I hope is, they're not home yet. If they are, daddy'll be asleep, but Connie'll stay up and ask all those questions."

"Who's Connie?"

"My stepmother. She has to know absolutely everything I do. Who I was with and where I went and what did we do—and the worst of it is, she can make me tell her, somehow. You see, she has this psychological thing about me. Subconsciously she must hate me because she's always trying to—to compensate by being very, very kind. She fusses over me as if she were my own mother. Boy, if she knew what nearly happened to me tonight, she'd have a conniption fit!"

"What's wrong with that?" Walt asked. "Even I could have told you that guy was bad news. Girls are bullheaded, though. Especially your age. How old are you?"

"Seventeen. Well, almost."

"Brother!"

They drove up Lexington Avenue in silence for a while. Walt was thinking about what might be happening now to this child if a different kind of cab driver had answered that whistle.

Evidently the girl was thinking about that too. "I honestly do thank you for what you did. I wish I could give you some tremendous reward or something. You know—to show my appreciation. You really saved my life."

"If you want to give a reward, give it to Connie," Walt told her. "She sounds like a woman who needs a break. Try telling her what your plans are, for a change. She sounds to me like she's just trying to be friendly and decent. How would you like to be the stepmother of a seventeen-year-old girl?"

"Gosh! I'd loathe it!" And after a moment, "All right, I will."

"It's a deal," said Walt, and drew up in front of the apartment house on the corner.

She leaned forward on the seat and rummaged in her little bag.

"That's O.K.," said Walt. "You didn't flag me; he did. So this trip's on me."

She insisted on paying him, and added a small tip, and smiled when she said good night and darted into the dimly lit lobby.

The rest of Walt's customers that night were just average. They rode just average distances and they tipped just average. Except for a tall, slim, good-looking man who clambered in wearily and threw himself back against the seat cushion with a sigh. He looked exactly like Jimmy Stewart.

"Carlton House," he said in the well-known nasal drawl.

Walt pulled down his flag. He glanced over his shoulder.

"Aren't you ——" he began.

"Yes," said the passenger. "And step on it, will you? I've had a long, hard day."

Walt was mildly pleased. Not for himself, for he was no great admirer of Jimmy Stewart, but for Lucy, who thought he was wonderful.

At two o'clock Walt turned the cab in and caught the subway. Lucy was up, waiting for him, in bathrobe and slippers.

"Well," she said, "was it a good night's work?"

"Fair," he said. "Not as good as a rainy night, of course. Oh, by the way, guess who I hauled from Eighty-second to Madison and Sixty-first?"

"The Duchess of Windsor?"

"No; Jimmy Stewart."

"Really? What did he say?"

Walt laughed. "He said step on it, he'd had a hard day. Hunh! He's had a hard day! I could sleep till the middle of next week. Come on, honey; let's go to bed."

They started for the bedroom, and at that moment the phone rang.

Lucy answered it.

"It's for you," she said, giving Walt a strange, suspicious look. "It's a woman."

Walt took up the phone. "Mr. Hobson? My name is Constance Grange. You don't know me, but you drove our daughter home tonight, and I—I couldn't go to sleep without thanking you for what you did. Janey told me. It was—it was a fine thing to do, Mr. Hobson. Her father and I are completely in your debt."

"Why, that's nothing," Walt said. "How did you know my name?"

"Oh, Janey read it on that little card inside the cab. I hoped you would be in the telephone book, and you were."

"I'm glad you were home when she got there," Walt said. "She had kind of a rough evening, but she's smart enough to learn, so it's all to the good, I expect. Thanks for calling, Mrs. Grange."

"Thank you again—a thousand times. Good night, Mr. Hobson."

Walt said good night and hung up.

"What in the world was that?" asked Lucy.

Walt told her. Talking, he began unbuttoning his shirt. She sat on the side of the bed and watched him undress and listened.

He ended with, "Imagine that girl having the brains to look at my name on the license and memorize it!"

"Walt"—Lucy got up and came to him and put her hand on his chest—"suppose it had been our little Lucy?"

"I know," he said. "I was thinking of that. Well, thank God she's got fourteen years to go, anyway. They don't get themselves into traps like that much before seventeen, do they?"

"I hope not." She patted him on the chest. "You know what you are, Walter Hobson? You're a good man. And who am I to make a fuss about how you earn our living? I couldn't respect you more if you were the president of a bank."

"Ah, but if I were Jimmy Stewart," asked Walt, "what then?" He struck a melodramatic and romantic pose. "You may kiss me, Mrs. Hobson—and step on it, will you? I've had a long, hard day."

THE END

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The Improbable Blonde (Continued from Page 34)

expected to be called outside and have his block knocked off.

"My strength is going fast," he remarked finally. "Besides, I have a feeling I haven't won a lot of hearts tonight."

"You've won mine, dad," Tommy said. "Why kid around?"

"Why, indeed?" Pete said. "I'll be frank with you too. One or two of those great, big, beefy surfboarders look as if they might be teed off. You want me flattened?"

"You're safe as long as you're with me," Tommy said, and registered open delight. "But I wouldn't advise you to bug out alone. You can take me home."

The Monahans lived in a large bayfront house, and the imposing Monahan yacht was parked out in front. Tommy verified that her parents were upstairs asleep, felt it would be too dangerous for Pete to leave at once, installed him on a *lanai* porch and let him take his shoes off, and brought him a healing Scotch and soda. She had a soft drink, which she drank from the bottle.

"I suppose you drink a lot," she said.

"No, I can't."

"Why? I'd imagine your kind would. Stomach?"

"More or less," Pete said. "Listen, do you have to be so nosy?"

One advantage of air travel is that it enables you to pass motorists at a safe distance.

CY N. PEACE

"When a woman is really attracted to a man," Tommy said, "she never can satisfy her curiosity about him."

He finished the highball, got his shoes on again with difficulty, and arose and thanked his hostess kindly. She insisted on showing him the Street Roadster as he departed.

"In my time," Pete said, "I think dames used to invite you up to see their etchings."

"Things have changed," Tommy said. "Please stop harping on your age, will you? I regard you as experienced, not ancient."

The Monahans had a combination garage and workshop, and in the place of honor was a vintage-year, topless two-seater car which had undergone a complete transformation. It was squat, more than a little ugly, obviously powerful, and chromium-plated in many places. Tommy mentioned the finish had seventeen coats of lacquer. She unbuckled the strap that held down the hood and poked pridefully at the contraption's innards.

"Four pots," she said, "and a three-quarter cam. Ten-to-one compression and she's been ported and relieved. When I'm dragging, I use alky."

"Lay off it," Pete said. "A girl your age should be riding a bicycle to make her legs pretty—not that yours need any help—and getting to bed earlier than this. Stick to pop and brush your teeth three times daily."

She stared at him. "Look, I'm not a juvenile delinquent. Dragging is racing against time on a measured mile, on special strips at airports which they let us use. It's perfectly safe and sane. Alky is short for the alcohol you use as fuel. The best I've been able to do so far is a hundred and six."

"A hundred and six miles an hour?"

"Yes. Does that scare you?"

"Out of my wits," Pete said. He often traveled himself at somewhere around Mach 2, but it wasn't in an article held together by straps and coats of lacquer. "You're crazy. You ought to be married before long and raising children, not trying to bust a hundred and six. What is the younger generation coming to?"

"Don't race your engine," Tommy said. "Weren't you ever active in bygone days?"

"Well, I remember I played tennis and went to night clubs in New York with kids in long dresses and tried to build up my physique with bar bells, but I wasn't ported and relieved and burning alky. You could kill yourself!"

"I could now. I was counting on you not being a square. Now it's all over."

"You're a girl. Completely a girl. They're supposed to be silky and easy on the eyes and without bulging biceps or greasy. Try to remember that."

Tommy patted his shoulder. "O.K. You've told me my place. Not that I'll keep it. . . . Shall we bid each other good night in the conventional way?"

"Eh?"

"One for the road, so to speak?"

"Oh," Pete said. "Uh—yes. One for the road."

He kissed her lightly. She kissed him, not lightly. It took a little while. Now, he thought dazedly, he knew what the younger generation was coming to; no wonder they had to keep opening new schools and more assembly lines for bassinets.

"Well!" Tommy said, rather breathlessly. "This makes you realize there's no point to being kissed except by experts. . . . Well, we won't go into that. Why don't you pay a formal call on me soon and meet my aged parents?"

"No, thank you," Pete said. "This has been a plenty. I'll need a day or two in bed to recover. Good night."

"Good night," Tommy said. "Look who's using alky!"

Pete had no intention of again delving into the substratum of the kindergarten set, but the Sea Horse, as his baby was called, threw a turbine blade and had to have the engine pulled and he developed into a problem around the plant for Mr. Groves, the pear-shaped, intense West Coast director for Amalgamated.

"Listen, stop walking up and down and trying to play with the electronic brain," he said. "You've probably got a couple of weeks to goof off and I don't want you getting jumpy. Take the twin-engine job and go fishing in Mexico or spend time in San Francisco. Do you ever think of girls? Are you normal?"

"I'm normal," Pete said, "so these days I think of women. Oh, I'll find something ——"

Instead, something found him. He was telephoned at his apartment by, the switchboard operator said, a Miss Teresa Monahan. His heart sank an inch or two as he ordered her put on.

"I've checked on you," Tommy said. "Good heavens, I had no idea you were a famous test pilot. This is incredibly romantic. Come on over and meet mother and daddy—I've told them everything."

"Everything?"

"Even how you were on alky that night."

"I can't," Pete said desperately. "I'm busy. I have a sick headache. My corset is off and I'm lying down."

"Please," Tommy said. "Just this once, a family dinner. If you don't like my folks, I'll leave them."

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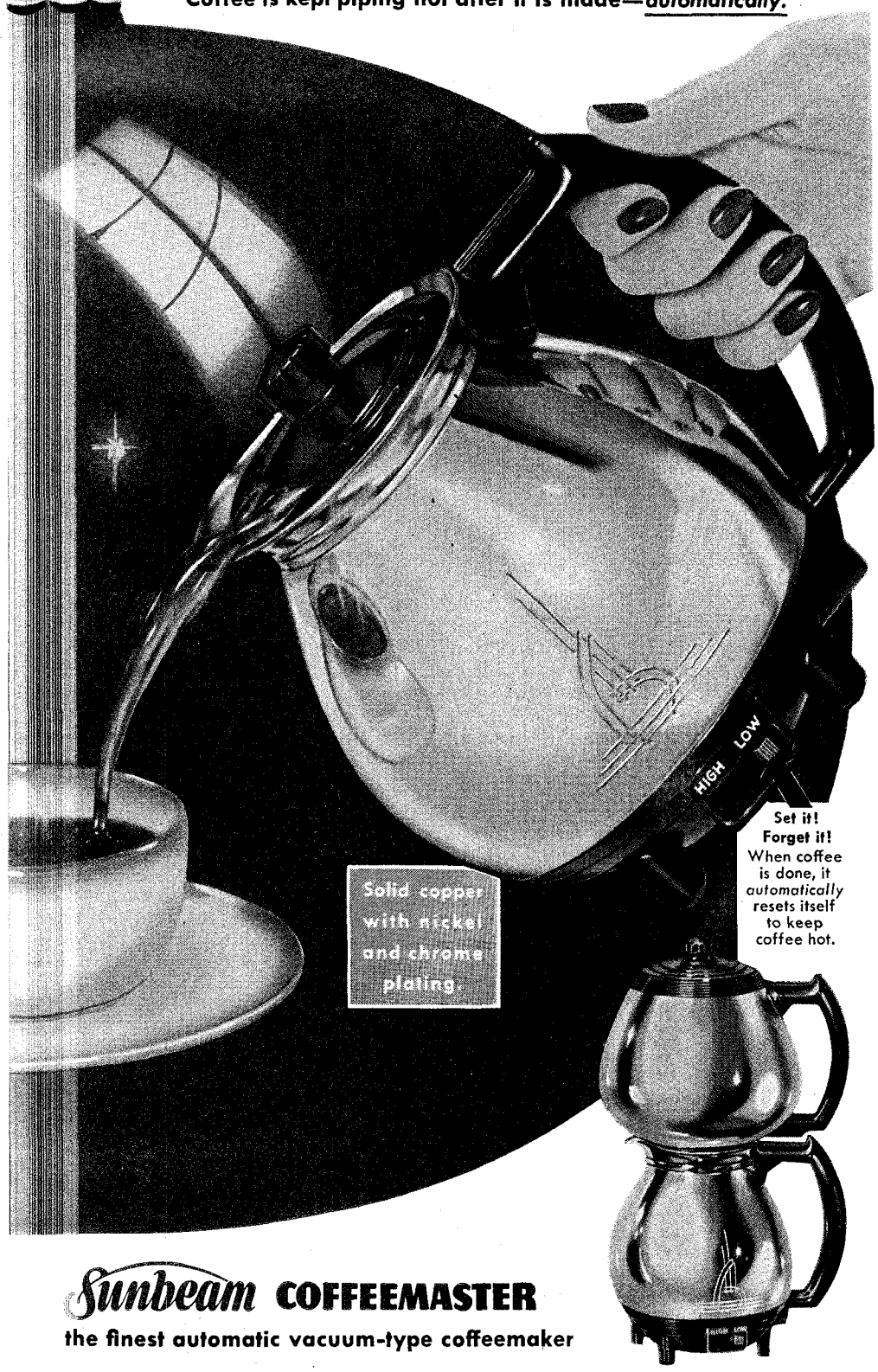
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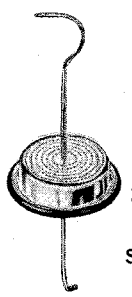

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Pete bought flowers and candy and put on a light summer suit. He actually wore a hat and found himself wishing he needed glasses.

The senior Monahans awaited him in their broad-windowed living room, which gave a nice view of assorted swimmers, catboats, power cruisers, sloops and tanned young creatures in terribly tight bathing suits. Mrs. Monahan was charming and comfortably rounded and reddened by the sun; her husband was a big man, also ruddy, in the contracting line in Pasadena, and had an engagingly blunt way of speaking. They both looked alert and hopeful. Obviously a blue suit bearing gifts moved them emotionally. Tommy wasn't present.

"You're the nicest sight I've seen in years," Mr. Monahan stated, and crushed Pete's right hand in his. "I figured you to turn up in dungarees and a Hawaiian shirt and carrying an uncleaned carburetor."

Mrs. Monahan rang for cocktails. "Please sit down, dear Mr. Lomax," she said. "I understand you're unmarried and solvent. You look so gentlemanly! How could our monster be intrigued by a prize like you? Have you ever been married?"

"No, but a couple of times I had to hit the panic button," Pete said. "Let's not knock the child, except in her presence. Where is she?"

"In the garage," Mrs. Monahan said, "and she's very unpunctual. She's always in the garage, often with boys as messy as she is. Do you know you're the first suitor we've ever seen with flowers and candy?"

"I'm not a suitor," Pete said. "I'm too old."

"She can't set a table," Mrs. Monahan said, "or order from the grocery, or sew on a button. But she can certainly adjust valve clearances. Why am I telling you this? I suppose I ought to be encouraging you, in the wild hope that ——"

"It was an accident," Pete said. "I'd lost the beam and just happened to wander into that dance. I'm thirty-one. In three months I'll be thirty-two."

"Why not knock her?" Mr. Monahan said. "What do you see in her, Mr. Lomax? She's got almost as much of a crew-cut as you have, and from the back she resembles a boy. Most days she's pretty soiled. All she wants to do is water-ski and burn alky and spear fish. When our only child turned out a girl, I consoled myself with dreams of silks and lace and parties and maybe grandchildren, not a bunch of spare parts. I must have been nuts."

"I don't see anything in her," Pete said. "I'll soon have twelve years on her. I'm gaining."

"She always was a tomboy," Mrs. Monahan said; "that's how she got her nickname. First it was climbing trees and trying to pitch left-handed. Now it's dragging and skin diving. How's it going to end for her—as Tarzan's mate?"

"Maybe an older man with an iron will ——" Mr. Monahan began.

"I'm weak," Pete said, "and my back hurts. Forget it."

"You could take your drink and go out to the garage."

"I don't like garages," Pete said, "and I never chase dames. They rarely chase me and I'm alone quite a lot, except for husky kids, but I like it that way."

The Monahans gazed at each other. Their eyebrows went up and they seemed hopeful and alert again. As Pete attempted to disillusion them, Tommy came in, wearing a sweat shirt with "Pavement Sluggers" imprinted upon it, and shorts. Her feet were bare and she had a smear of grease on one cheek. She kissed Pete's forehead.

"Isn't he perfect?" she said. "Why, flowers and candy! It's sort of like a Victorian post card. He sends me."

"Go take a bath," Mr. Monahan growled.

"I like to be informal and modern," Tommy replied. "Maybe if I wait, he'll kiss my hand."

"Don't hold your breath," Pete said. "I've never enjoyed the taste of oil. And take a bath or I'll eat with somebody else."

Tommy stared at him, her lower lip protruding. He eyed her steadily. She looked down at her shapely, dirty feet.

"Don't get sore," she said. "All right.... You all look depressed. What's the matter?"

"We were discussing you before you arrived," Mr. Monahan said. "Can you think of a better reason for being depressed?"

Shrugging under her sweat shirt, Tommy left them. Mrs. Monahan smiled confidently at her husband.

"He made her take a bath," she said.

"That's nothing," Pete said hastily. "At that age they go through phases. When she is forty, I'll be fifty-five."

"Fifty-two," Mr. Monahan said. "That's nothing either. I'm fifty-two and sound as a Coolidge dollar."

The dinner went off extremely well, mainly because Tommy appeared in a delightful white dress and stockings and slippers, and sat up straight and pleased her parents. Pete discussed engineering, aircraft flight characteristics and contracting with a beaming Mr. Monahan, who remarked that this was the first occasion they'd had one of Tommy's boy friends to eat when he hadn't found himself in a fouled-up discussion of rock climbing, water polo and rock-'n'-roll.

"I'm a man friend," Pete said, with emphasis. "You notice I only talk to you, don't you? Your daughter and I have absolutely nothing in common."

After the meal, he and Mr. Monahan had coffee and brandy together, and Pete drew tentatively on a good cigar. Presently they joined the ladies on the *lanai*. Although Tommy was a lousy player, they indulged in two rubbers of bridge. During the whole time, other than when holding cards, her spine remained erect and her hands in her lap. From time to time she smiled glassily. As they retired, the elder Monahans said this was the nicest evening they'd had since Tommy was born. Tommy got Pete a Scotch and soda, and they sat looking at the harbor lights.

"I'm growing to like my parents," she said. "They're antiquated but nice. Are you fond of them, dad? Is this a family you'd be willing to marry into?"

"Yes," Pete said. "Love 'em. . . . No, I wouldn't. Let's change the subject."

"Let's change the scene," Tommy suggested. "Why don't we go for a ride in my car? I haven't had a traffic citation lately."

"Sorry," Pete said. "I'm quite lawabiding, and it makes me nervous to think cops are watching me. We can go out and study your heap, though, if you want."

"Wonderful," she said. "This dress is beginning to close in on me."

When she had changed to dungarees, they went to the garage. Despite being advanced far beyond the age of reciprocating engines, Pete had a good look at what Tommy called the "mill" of the roadster. To humor the child, he suggested fuel injection—it could add another thirty miles an hour to the contraption. Wondering slightly at himself, he mentioned he had a few days off and might have some drawings made and pick up the necessary parts from Amalgamated's junk pile.

"Would you?" Tommy said, and grabbed his lapels. "Oh, please! I don't care so much about the car, but it would give us a chance to work together and share mutual interests. You know, I plan to convert you to my type."

"Oh?" Pete said. "Experts have tried that and failed. I'm so out of date I have the notion a guy should run his own life as he chooses, with such dames as he has assisting him and taking orders."

"That'll wear off," she assured him. "I can cure you, dad." She smiled. "You know, you told mamma and daddy we had nothing in common. We have. It's spelled S-E-X. Works wonders."

"Good night," he said. "You've been youthful and nearly adequate."

He attempted to shake hands with her, but her footwork was more than adequate and she kissed him on the mouth. His breath was stopped, although not his racing pulse. Another flight surgeon's checkup appeared in order as he retreated from her.

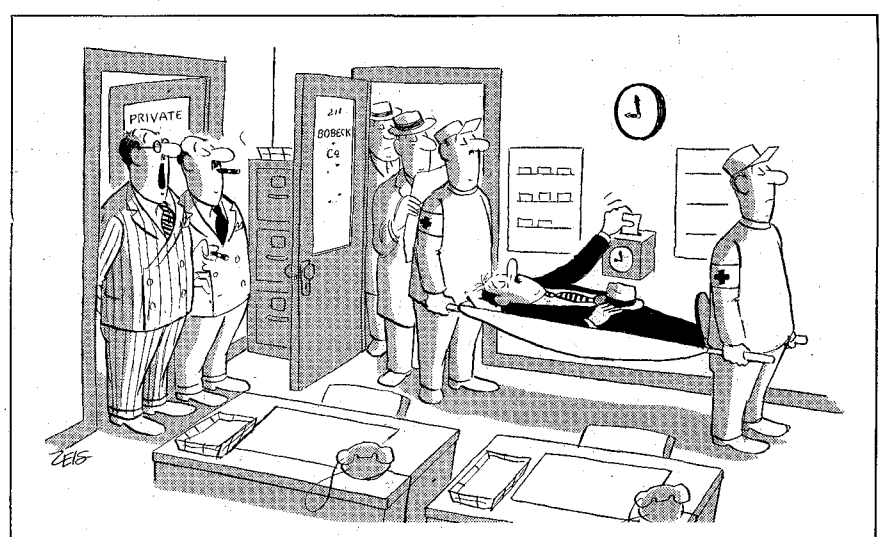
"What we have in common," he said, "is far too common. Fuel injections, yes. More kissing, no. Is that clear?"

She nodded happily. "As soon as I've got you tamed, I intend to see how you are without a mustache."

For several days Pete walked around the plant clutching furtively at his upper lip. In due course he fell afoul of Mr. Groves.

"Listen," the executive said, "I hear you're bothering the drafting department and swiping pressurizing pumps and bending copper tubing. What've you got in mind?"

"What I've got in mind," Pete said, "you wouldn't believe. I don't, myself. I don't even dare think about it—the consequences, I mean."



"Good man, Dickson — hasn't missed a day in twenty years."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Mr. Groves patted his shoulder. "O.K., go ahead. You may revolutionize things for yourself. The ideas you don't dare think about are what have kept us ahead in the Air Age, boy."

"Stop calling me 'boy'!" Pete snapped.

Thereafter he got in a good deal of garage time with the loveliest of the Pavement Sluggers. Some of the other club members came by to lend advice or wrenches, and Pete found safety in numbers; fuel injection, yes, but more kissing, no. Fond glances, however, from his greasy associate were bestowed on him, even in the presence of others. Becoming rather popular, he heard himself put up for honorary membership in the Sluggers. He declined that, together with invitations to more dances.

Some of the devotees of racing tires and torsion bars said he was real quick for his years.

They put the car on a dynamometer and Pete's frammis worked. The mill was putting out thirty per cent more horsepower, and from the rear wheels, where it counted. He took a certain melancholy satisfaction in the glow of his kid friend's eyes, as well as pride in his handiwork, but the edge was dulled by the hurt, reproachful faces of the other Monahans, who had written him off. They finally came out with the words when the horsepower announcement was triumphantly made by their monster.

"I'm going to Mirage Dry Lake on the twenty-fifth," she said, "and murder those time trials. And dad's going with me. What we've always needed in the family was an engineer!"

"Yeah," Mr. Monahan said. "With a chain riveted around his neck."

"The second-childhood variety," Mrs. Monahan said bitterly.

In a desperate effort to pull himself together, Pete hired a temporary cook and had a party at his apartment. People from Amalgamated were invited, together with the Monahans and offspring. Everything was charming for three hours, especially Tommy, who came in a sophisticated black dress and white gloves, and forbore asking for rum in cola. She won every heart and her parents seemed to relax. There was a stimulating discussion of astrophysics during dinner, a university professor described his work in semantics, Pete played Beethoven on his portable hi-fi, and afterward they played word games. And then, Tommy, in response to an incautious question, described her active daily life and gave full details on how her bucket of bolts had been souped by the no longer genial host.

Mr. Groves lingered on after the others. Pete picked at his cuticle.

"So this is the idea you had," the boss said. "I ordered you to relax, not fall apart. This is normal—taking kids out of cradles and then hopping the cradles so they're dangerous?"

"She's so pretty," Pete replied, in a feeble voice, "and her muscles don't show. Neither does her mind when her mouth's shut. . . . All right, I'm through. I was never serious. The minute I'm up in the Sea Horse again and on oxygen, my head'll clear. That damn rotor blade is to blame!"

Fate was against him. The Sea Horse's engine went together all right, but they couldn't get enough thrust from it on the test stand. It was taken apart again, and the devil found work for idle hands. Upon a reluctant invitation from Mrs. Monahan, Pete became a weekend guest on the yacht for a cruise to Catalina Island. They were scarcely anchored in Avalon Bay when a bronzed group of boys and girls boarded them and suggested water skiing, skin diving and surfboarding. (*Continued on Page 63*)

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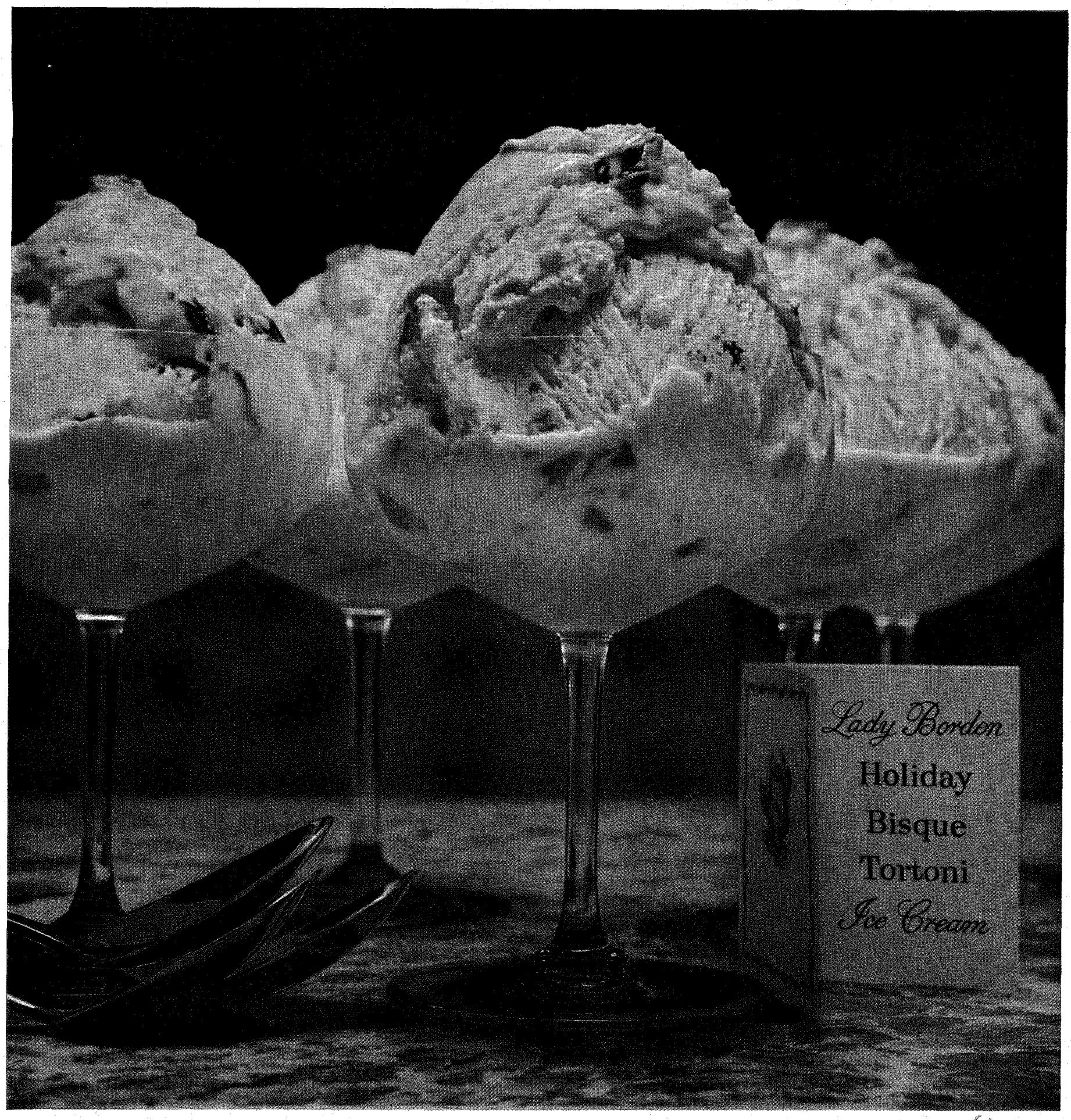

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(*Continued from Page 60*) Led by the chief Amazon, Miss Monahan, Pete was caught in a whirlpool. After he had bruised his knees on a surfboard, cut his feet in a rocky cove, nearly suffocated when his line fouled while skin diving, and wrenched his back in a tumble off water skis, sanity returned to him—just before he incurred severe sunburn. He retired to the fantail of the yacht, sat down, ordered a Scotch and soda from the cook, and closed his tired eyes. Mr. Monahan joined him.

"I knew it'd happen," he said. "You lost control."

"I'm going to hit the ejection seat," Pete said. "The main trouble is, your brain never gets along in years."

Later he came to grips with the girl he now suddenly regarded as nothing more than his protégée. A dance was slated for Avalon and she wanted to go.

"Look, kid," he said, with a new resolution, "and I use that name for you advisedly—I have no further desire to be bruised and bleeding, or go underwater and bother squid that are not bothering me, or dance in a group where the girls have been pinned by the adolescents who are with them. I'm all grown up, but stupid, and it took me a little while to realize you never can go back. Tonight I'm playing cards with your worthy parents, and in the process I might get quietly loaded. Beat it."

She stood on one bare leg, rubbing it with the instep of her other bare foot, eyes wide. "You don't mean that, Pete."

"Yes, I do. I'm being kidded by the other grownups. I'm a man—that's hard to explain to you. Not a boy."

"I don't understand." She was growing pale under her tan.

"Well, you will in a few years. That's the whole trouble. A man doesn't mind being an idiot, but he can't stand being an elderly idiot. Now, can't you get off the boat and play with the other kiddies and stop worrying me?"

"Yes, sir," she said.

That evening, by virtue of recruiting a crusty old gentleman off a neighboring yacht for a fourth, he played some good bridge with the Monahans. It was a quiet, almost satisfying evening, and although he was a bit blue and disgusted with himself, he had a pretty good time. Tommy was picked up in a dinghy before dinner by a bronzed young giant, and didn't return from the island until after he had gone to bed. His host and hostess made no mention of the changed routine during the card game, but as he prepared to retire, Mrs. Monahan stopped him below deck.

"It's not your fault, Pete," she said. "I'm sorry—we both are—because we were sort of hoping ——"

"I have a large hole in my head," Pete said. "But it's been nice knowing you."

"I've been around longer than you have," Mrs. Monahan said, "so I know even more than you. It's not that you're older or that the difference in age matters intrinsically when real love and trust are involved, but she's so young. Defiantly young. Women have to learn to be men's ages, and Tommy is too spoiled to make the effort. She insists on your coming back to her, which is silly. That's our fault, and we're sorry. Good night, Pete."

He spent a miserable night, and following breakfast in the morning he got a book from the boat's library—it happened to be War and Peace—and lounged under the awning in the cockpit trying to whisper the pronunciation of Russian names to himself. Except for a gay "Good morning," Tommy ignored him. Wearing a helmet, a rubber diving suit, an oxygen bottle strapped on her back, flippers on her feet, and carrying a wicked looking trident, she left early for a day of spear fishing. He kept on reading Tolstoy and the Monahans let him be.

In the late afternoon, Tommy having returned, they sailed back to the mainland. Pete spent a couple of hours down in the engine room, watching the twin diesels. Thanking everybody, he started to go. Tommy followed him to his car.

"So this is good-by," she said.

"Don't be childish."

"I was a little simple. I thought you'd be jealous and miss me."

"I was," Pete said, "and I did miss you. The funny part is, I think I'll miss you all the rest of my life. But War and Peace will help. At the rate I'm going, I'll be reading that right up until they plant me."

"Which could be fairly soon, long before you find how it comes out. I've thought of that a lot."

"Well, don't. I don't. I get paid for running risks."

"My idea was if you'd do what I wanted, you might even listen to my pitch about being a nice engineer on the ground. I had plans for you."

"Tear 'em up, kid," Pete said. "And if you want to do me any last favors, stay out of that crumby roadster. I nearly had plans for you once."

He didn't see her for ten days, and gradually the feeling of a freshly extracted tooth dulled. Still, his temper was uncertain. Mr. Groves tentatively asked him how his little niece was, and he told the boss to shut up. The boss indignantly mentioned he was the boss. Pete explained that that meant nothing to him and he was only waiting until Monday, when the Sea Horse would be ready. Mr. Groves said he didn't like test pilots' going up in blow jobs when they were emotionally disturbed and if Pete didn't settle his kindergarten problems he was going to catch a fast transfer back to New York. They parted something less than friends.

Then a Miss Teresa Monahan telephoned Pete. He was disposed not to take the call, but hearing her voice on the horn was better than nothing, and his will was pretty watery.

"This isn't anything really personal, dad," she said. "I scarcely remember you, and in another month I'll bet I'll be eating again. Sunday morning early I'm going to the dry lake and burn off some rubber, and my parents are going, too, worriers that they are. They'd like to have you along, and so would I, to check over my heap and make sure the fuel injection and the driver are all right. You could go in the car with them. No bother from me, no obligation."

Pete waited, struggling with himself. "O.K.," he said. "And I think you're crazy."

The Monahans came for him at four-thirty in the morning. Hunched over the wheel, his jaws clamped down on a cigar, Mr. Monahan merely said Tommy was starting late in the roadster, as usual. Mrs. Monahan was knitting and she seemed to drop many stitches.

"If I hadn't thought of fuel injection ——" Pete started to say.

"Somebody else would have," Mrs. Monahan said. "The Pavement Sluggers are going in force and they wanted her to let a boy drive the car. She wouldn't agree, darn her!"

Mirage was a great, white, shining, dusty salt bed, ringed by hot brown mountains. In a morning heat that was approaching a hundred degrees were desperate youths in amazing cars, officials, an electrical timing stand, spectators who had come early and brought the kiddies, guys selling pop and beer and hot dogs, and an ambulance and a small fire engine. The course down the center of the lake was marked with bits of cloth fastened to sticks. Dragsters, lakesters, full race and street types were already thundering back and forth, spewing gritty dust. A man was bellowing on the public-address system. There was a smell of burned alky in the air.

Tommy arrived in due course, quite late, and driving alone. The other Pavement Sluggers surrounded her like reverent disciples. While she drank a soft drink, Pete checked over the car, ruining his suit in the process. Contest numbers were put on the side in poster paint.

"Look," Pete said. "This thing will wind up now, so don't push it too hard. Tires give in this kind of heat. Don't push it too hard, even for glory. Better yet, let one of the boys drive. You're the only dame entered—why be conspicuous?"

"Are you getting over it?" Tommy said. "I'm not."

"Yes. Look, you might blow a head or throw a connecting rod. There's sense to risking your life for a purpose, but here you're kidding. All you prove is you've got a hot bucket of bolts."

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"You'll get married someday, won't you?"

Pete sighed. "I suppose, unless you've tired me out too much. It'll be to a dame as old as I am, who likes cards and music and staying out of the sun. Why don't you go over and sit in the sedan with your folks?"

"I'm never going to get married," Tommy said. "No matter what age you are, either you get what you want or you bow out."

"Please," Pete said. "You think this is a movie? A long time ago I used to worry about my getting it. I cured myself. Now I'm worrying about you. Go sit down. Is it fair to start me all over again?"

He was startled to see tears cutting rivulets through the dust on her cheeks. She turned away from him and got into the car. He wanted to tell her there simply was no solution to a difference in years, that his tastes were already formed, that she was only a kid, and kids forgot easily. His headache was back, with interest.

The man on the p.a. called her number. She drove to the far end of the course and awaited the flag from the fellow in white coveralls. This was a flying-start event, the first run being more for a warm-up than trying for the record, but the manner in which Tommy spun the wheels when she took off proved she was serious. The roadster was a blur as it passed Pete, and his ears flinched from the wild howl of high rpm's. Long ago he had got over those intimations of disaster when he or somebody he liked tried something tough, but now he felt his heart pounding with the premonition that rarely came true, and the heat alone wasn't making him sweat.

Away from him, in the glare of the sun and the sparkling haze of salt earth, things went wrong—a tire, lateral stability, a tie rod, anything at that clip. Pete began running. The roadster slewed, screamed sidewise, spun and turned over slowly twice—so slowly that it couldn't be harmful. Then dust blanketed it, followed by sudden ugly black smoke, and he heard the sound he'd heard often enough and dreaded in the marrow of his bones—the wail of the meat wagon and the fire truck.

Pete was there ahead of everybody. The car was smoking, but not really burning yet. She was knocked out and apparently unmarked; her safety belt and shoulder harness and the roll bar had protected her that much anyhow. Ripping loose the harness with hands trained to work like lightning, he dragged her clear. Flames spread up from the crazily twisted rear of the car, but there was no explosion, as he had expected when he hit the ground and covered her body with his.

In seconds the ambulance and the fire truck slammed up to him, the fire was out, and forty bystanders crowded around to watch the doctor and first-aid men check Tommy. The man on the p.a. howled for everyone else to stay off the course. Mrs. Monahan sat down and held Tommy's head in her lap.

"Severely shaken up," the doctor said. "No internal injuries, I think. Shock and maybe a slight concussion. Get a stretcher. She'd better go to the hospital for twenty-four hours."

Tommy's eyes were open. Mr. Monahan, his hat jammed over his ears, was identifying himself as her father and begging her to speak to him. But she was only looking at Pete, in a fashion that stabbed him. He knelt beside her and she gripped his hand.

"It's all right," he said. "You'll just have a headache. . . . Honey, the years don't matter, the outside, the sunburn, those poor squid. I'll do what you want. You're the boss. Put me down for a refresher course in kindergarten. We'll even rebuild that crumby heap and go again, but with me at the wheel. Is it a deal?"

It was plain she didn't hear him. She shook her head, coming out of it. Mrs. Monahan looked at Pete and wept. The doctor watched Tommy closely, a hypodermic needle in his fingers. The men with the stretcher were waiting.

"Pete," Tommy said, "please give me another chance. You won't be grounded by me. I'll grow up by tomorrow. I'll stay inside and resign from the Sluggers and wear a corset and play long-haif music and take bridge lessons. I'll always be on time and you can keep your mustache. You can be head man in everything. I'll drive your stock car, never out of second gear. Please? Will you?"

Pete bent and kissed her. She began to smile. The ambulance men rolled her gently onto the stretcher, and Pete helped Mrs. Monahan to rise. She kissed him.

"I'll go with her in the wagon," Pete said. "I guess she's mine now. . . . It's a mess. I'm sorry."

"You raise her," Mr. Monahan said. "We've done all we can. Sometimes one older head is better than two young ones."

"Roger," Pete said. "But I'm taking the assignment on the condition she never hears my opening remarks at this wreck. Raise your right hands and solemnly swear ——"

The Monahans raised their right hands. He had to leave them to climb into the ambulance with his kid. THE END

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I'm Glad I Bought a Toupee

(Continued from Page 33)

man, a holder of the Bronze Star. A skin ailment killed his hair when he was fifteen, and he has worn toupees ever since. "Only time I got fouled up," he said, "was in basic training. The drill instructor ordered me to get a haircut and I had to request leave to buy a close-cropped model."

It took five years to turn me into a man in a gray flannel toupee. After several false starts, I finally slunk into a New York wigmaking shop run by Ira Senz. On the walls were signed photographs of satisfied customers, including a prominent businessman with a silver-gray pompadour who wrote: "You made me what I am today."

Senz, whose father was wigmaker to the Metropolitan Opera Company for forty-five years, showed me different styles. It was like trying on hats. I selected a $150 model. An attendant took measurements and snipped off a lock of my sideburns for matching. I was getting a toupee, known in trade slang as a "rug." Men who are entirely bald—"egg-heads"—are given "ear-to-ear carpeting."

One month after my visit, the toupee was finished and the wigmaker gave it a haircut to even the strands. I fastened it to my scalp with thumb-long strips of sticking plaster, five on either side. It combed over my remaining live hair in a perfect blend.

At first I repeatedly checked the toupee in every mirror I saw. I carried an emergency kit with a comb, brush, pocket mirror, extra adhesive tapes and a small bottle of spirit gum for maximum security. I feared high winds, and would rather walk than ride in a convertible with the top down. I had a recurring dream in which my toupee blew off and I chased it down a crowded boulevard.

My toupee is actually quite secure. I can sleep in it, wear it while playing tennis, and in foul weather, including Hurricane Helen. It will stay in place six or seven days without mechanical failure. (Swimming is not advised.) When I take it off, I pin it to a plastic, head-shaped form. Once a week I wash it in cleaning fluid, since water would misshape it. It should last five years; of course, I have a spare as insurance against theft or accident.

I have derived more personal satisfaction from my toupee than anything else I have ever bought. Looking forty years old instead of fifty has a good psychological effect on me—as well as on people who meet me. I feel better; I've dieted off a few pounds and resumed sports long neglected. I am a bachelor, and I find the rug helps in competing for the attention of attractive ladies.

I now divide people into BT's, those who knew me Before Toupee, and AT's, those whom I have met After Toupee. If I'm with an AT, there's always the risk of meeting a BT whom I have not seen since I bought my toupee. There have been minor crises. My maid, an AT, arrived one morning before I had plastered on my hairpiece. Shocked, she said, "What's wrong? I better call the doctor. You look so white."

Certain adjustments were necessary. When I tried to cash a check in a Pittsburgh bank the teller requested credentials. I produced a Defense Department identification card carrying my photograph. The teller looked at the snapshot, then at me, then back and forth. Suddenly I realized the card pictured me hairless. An embarrassing explanation followed.

Because a toupee isn't essential, as eyeglasses are, I sometimes forget to put it on. Late for an appointment, I rushed out in my natural bald state one morning.

The elevator operator said, "I see you're staying in Mr. Sparks' apartment. Is he away?"

On the other hand, I must remember to leave it off at the barbershop. (One wearer forgot to remove his toupee and the barber mowed along until his scissors snagged the foundation.)

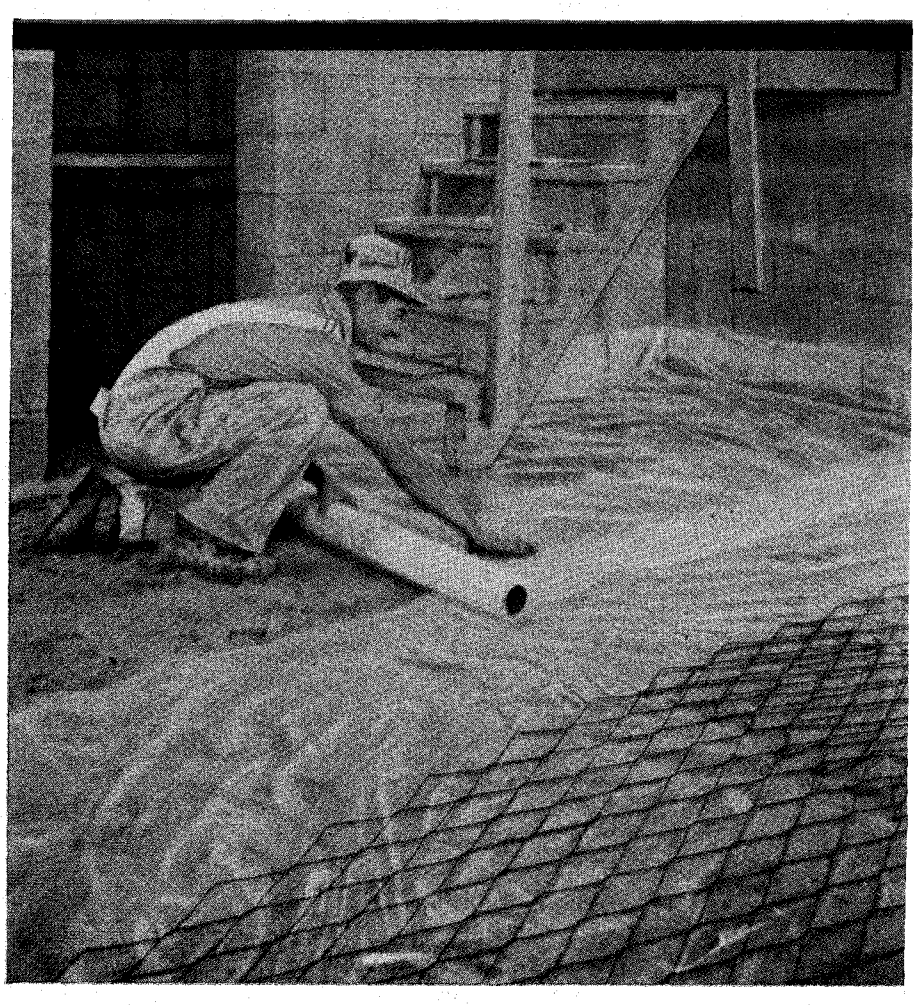
Detached, the toupee is unattractive. In Washington I once left mine on the desk in my hotel room. I was shaving when the waiter let himself in with a passkey. He was putting down the breakfast tray when he shouted, "There's some kind of an animal in here—a rabbit or a cat!"

I certainly am worried when a lady tries to run her fingers through my hair. If I ever contemplate marriage I'm sure BT's will wonder, "Is he going to tell her now or after the wedding?" There could be a joint confession. More than 1,000,000 American women wear wigs or small hairpieces called "divots."

Apart from vanity, most of the 50,000 male toupee wearers in the United States consider their hairpieces excellent investments. An athletic friend who operates a gym told me, "I sell exercise to retain youthful figures. I am a better advertisement with hair than without."

The sales director of a household-appliance company said, "Take two home demonstrators with equal intelligence, personality and physique, one

The berries . . . the basement . . . and



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with good hair, one bald. The man with hair will sell more. I bought toupees for two of my salesmen."

A hotel clerk, bald at twenty-nine, was passed over for a desirable opening in the banquet department. With his wife, he sought to analyze his strong and weak points. His work had been commended; the manager liked him. Then they discussed his appearance, and agreed his head gave strangers a Scrooge-like impression. The banquet department caters primarily to people out for fun. He purchased a toupee and called on the manager.

"What an improvement!" the manager exclaimed. "You'll get the next opening. Before, you weren't cast for a glad-hander's role."

Many girls are disinclined to start married life with a husband already bald. A toupee can mean acceptance. One girl marched her sweetheart to the toupee shop before exhibiting him to mother, who had a violent dislike of baldness. And many toupees are bought with the wife present to help choose the model.

The wigmaker's most important contribution involves medical and mental patients. Psychiatrists recognize the masculine distaste for premature baldness as a source of inferiority complexes, and, in extreme cases, depressive mania. Some bald young men have been known to isolate themselves from all social contacts. Wigmakers are not surprised when a client says, "My doctor sent me." One was a seven-year-old boy whose head was scalded by boiling water. The child was shy and sensitive before the accident and his physician knew that baldness would bring merciless ribbing all through his boyhood.

Insurance companies have bought wigs for workers who lost their hair in industrial accidents or sickness, and for others already bald whose scalps were badly scarred in automobile crashes.

The hairpiece industry is having its greatest boom since wigs went out of fashion in colonial days. Current sales are partly due to publicity given movie toupee wearers like Jack Benny, Bing Crosby and Charles Boyer, and to TV actors, announcers and newscasters who find powerful lights too revealing. A recent Hollywood survey indicated that one out of every ten male actors over thirty-five wore some kind of toupee, wig or divot.

Recently developed skid-proof adhesives and flesh-colored foundations of nylon have improved quality to an almost spy-proof level. But production still depends on hand work. There are 40,000 to 60,000 hairs in a toupee, and 140,000 in a wig. All are individually crocheted onto the foundation. It takes precision work to create a toupee like mine, with a dark brown crown gradually merging into gray temples. One wigmaker keeps 200 shades in stock. A solid-color job is easier, and one shop was delighted when identical bald twins became clients. Like plastic surgeons, wigmakers check suspicious applicants, having no desire to disguise a man sought by the police.

Contrary to rumor, wigmakers' hair is human, not animal, and it is not supplied by undertakers. Fifteen tons of hair were imported from Europe last year. Mainland China was a large exporter until it went communist. There is a shortage at the moment—human hair is bringing one dollar an ounce in New York.

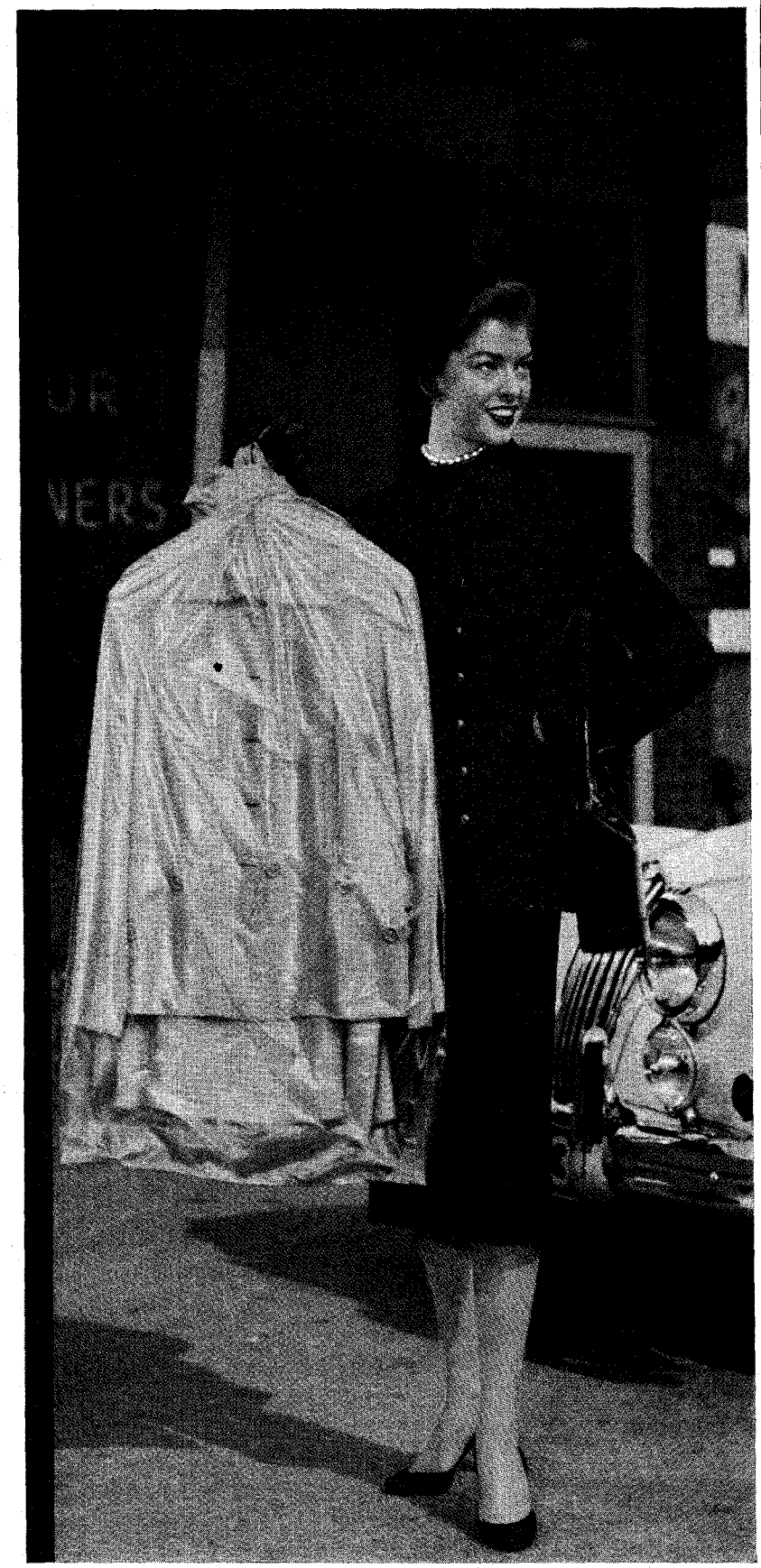
With prices so high, clients are advised to keep their toupees in safe, closed places. Careless smokers who leave their hairpieces on tables sometimes burn holes in them. Cats are a menace; they love to get their claws in the soft hair. One man dropped his toupee on the lawn while napping in his garden hammock. When he woke, it was gone. Search revealed that the toupee was up a tree. A large bird had stolen it for nest making.

Most toupee wearers are as secretive as opium smokers, but a few extroverts enjoy playing jokes. Bawled out by a truck driver while motoring, the joker slips off his toupee, cups it behind his ear, and shouts, "Sorry, I didn't hear you." He orders a drink at a bar, gulps it down, rips off his toupee and says, "Wow! That was strong!" He hands his toupee to a hat-check girl; he removes it when a woman enters an elevator.

Such characters are largely to blame for the fact that wearing a toupee seems ridiculous to many people. This is a strange attitude in a youth-conscious country where men spend billions on deodorants, shampoos, after-shave lotions and suntan lamps. As they age, men go thin on top and thick in the middle. But most of them say, "I'd rather be caught dead than wearing a toupee."

Their trouble is that they feel wearing a hairpiece is sort of sneaky. But I'm glad that I bought one. I don't even mind revealing my secret. Perhaps my frankness will help to make toupees accepted items of male dress, like two-tone sport coats and Ivy League caps. I wouldn't be caught dead in a cap. THE END

A wife is a person who can look in the top drawer and find her husband's socks that aren't there. DAN BENNETT



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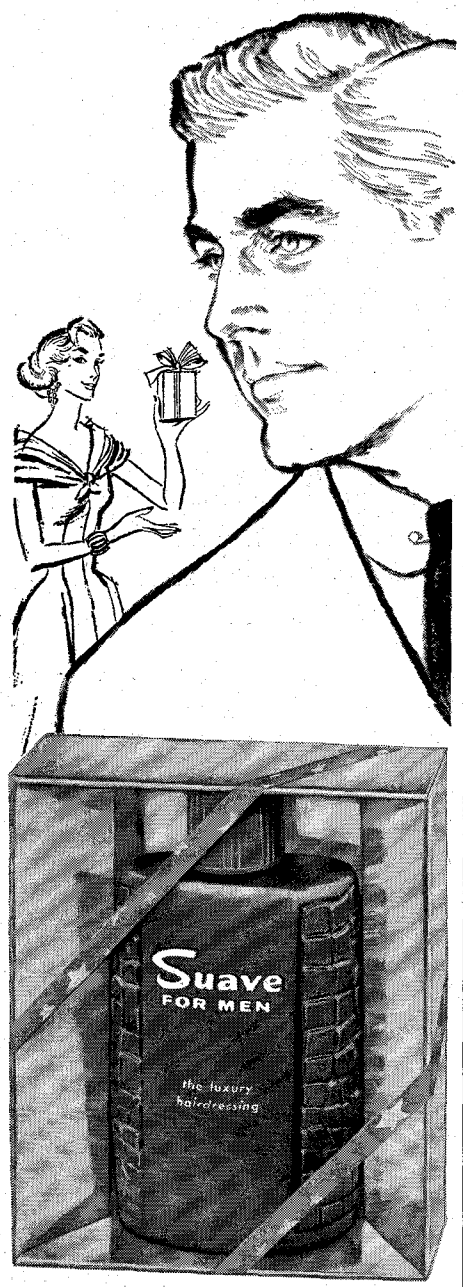

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The Nervous Thief (Continued from Page 28)

lumber, and tenements. Jake stopped in front of an apple-box house and killed the motor. Detective Sergeant Fred Taggart wanted to know who lived here.

"A kid named Potter," Jake said. "If you can call living here living."

"Potter!" Detective Sergeant Fred Taggart was onto it like a major-league shortstop. "Potter is the man Collins is going to meet—right?"

"Right," Jake said tiredly.

"What are we doing here? A stake-out?"

Jake shoved his hat to the back of his head. With enormous patience, he said, "It ain't what you would call my habit to stake out a place by sitting in front of it in a car which it has 'cops' written all over it."

"Why are we here then?"

Jake jerked his hat down on his forehead. "I'm goin' in."

He got out of the car and walked around the front of it. The detective sergeant said, "Hey! Wait a minute!" and jumped out of the car to move between Jake and the house. "You can't take Potter now! You haven't got a case! That tape ——"

"I ain't a detective sergeant," Jake said, "but I been a cop more years than I like to remember, an' I don't need nobody to tell me when I got a case an' when I ain't." He shoved his heavy jaw at Taggart. "You want to come with me? I got orders that says I can't stop you."

Taggart's jaw went out to meet Jake's. "I'm coming."

"So do it," Jake said. "But I want you should keep your mouth shut. You're a dummy, see? I don't want to hear peep-one!"

"I'll be a dummy, but I'll watch and I'll listen and I'll remember." Taggart's chin almost touched Jake's. "And what I see and hear will be on my report."

"Well, hoorah for you!" Jake said.

He went up to the front door and pushed the bell. The bell didn't work. He hit the door with his fist, lightly, because a hard fist would have gone through it. "Sellin' a house like this is pickin' pockets," he growled. The door was opened by a young man wearing jeans and a turtle-neck sweater—twenty-two, five-eight, one sixty-five, dark eyes, dark curly hair, ears small and tight against his head—Thomas Allen Potter. He showed Jake Sloan a tight, tough face.

"Yeah? Whaddayuh want?"

"In," Jake said.

He walked into Thomas Potter, his hard bulk shoving the young man aside. Potter didn't like it. He grabbed Jake by the arm and tried to jerk him around. It wasn't possible.

"Get outa here!" he said. "Get outa here before I ——"

Jake shoved his hat up. "Before you what?"

With the hat up, with Jake's pale blue eyes staring at him steadily, Potter remembered something. He remembered how Jake had caught him with his hand in a candy-store cash register, long ago, when he was a sixteen-year-old kid. He lost color and most of his toughness. His eyes went to Taggart and back to Jake. He jerked his head at Taggart.

"He a cop, too?"

"A dee-tective sergeant," Jake said.

Potter wet his lips. He put his hands in his pockets, took them out and put them in again. His eyes went to the door of another room and came back.

"O.K.," he said. "What d'you guys want?"

"A place to sit down," Jake said.

He looked around the small, boxlike room. The house was what they called modern, but the furniture was as old as Potter—secondhand-store stuff, cheap and battered. A davenport, a couple of chairs, a table, a lamp. Jake sat down on the davenport, and the springs almost drew blood. He stared at Potter and didn't say a word.

A sleepy voice called from the other room, "Tommy, who's out there? Did somebody come in?"

Potter started nervously. He was scared now. Scared, he wasn't a bad-looking kid. Jake decided he should stay scared all the time. Then he could fool people into believing he wouldn't open a safe.

Over his shoulder, Potter said, "A couple of guys, hon. One I used to know." He looked at Jake, pleading. "She's my old lady."

Jake nodded.

"The beer's gone," Potter's old lady said. "But I got coffee today. And there's that pie, if they'd eat it."

"They ain't hungry," Potter said.

Jake said, "I'm always hungry."

There was an immediate thump of feet on the floor of the other room. "I'll get it, Tommy," Potter's old lady said.

"Never mind!" Potter said. "I can!"

"Don't be silly. What's a wife for?"

Potter had begun to sweat. He wiped his face. He looked at Jake, but Jake's agate-hard eyes told him nothing. Detective Sergeant Taggart was sitting in a straight-backed chair, holding his hat. His mouth was shut, his face blank. Potter's old lady came to the doorway wearing a worn chenille robe.

"I hope you don't mind the way I look," she said.

She was an old lady of eighteen, maybe nineteen. She had dark-blue eyes and straight, dark-blond hair. A good-looking kid, Jake decided. Not any movie queen, not with that button nose, but she'd do. She was built to carry a hundred pounds and she was carrying one-fifty now. Most of it in front.

Potter said, "This's Jake Sloan, hon."

Jake nodded. "And he's Fred Taggart."

"Pleased to meet you, I'm sure," Potter's old lady said. "I'm Hazel. I'll make some coffee right away."

When she'd gone into the kitchen, Jake took his cigar out of his mouth and looked at it. "Didn't know you were married," he said. "Didn't know you were havin' a family. When's it due?"

Potter looked helpless. "A week ago."

From the kitchen, his old lady said, "Every time I get a backache he takes me to the hospital. You'd think it was a big deal or something, having a baby. The doctor told him there was nothing to worry about."

"Them doctors are nuts!" Potter said.

Jake stared at his grayed cigar stub, scowling, saying nothing. Detective Sergeant Fred Taggart turned his hat in his hands, looking straight ahead. Potter looked at both of them. He went here and there in the room; he wiped his

You be the Judge

By WILLIAM DONALDSON

Mamie's Beauty Salon enjoyed great popularity because its customers got, in addition to good permanent waves and hot gossip, a free horse-race-betting service. Mamie, in fact, encouraged them to use her phone to call her friend, Sad Sam, a notorious bookie. One day, however, her phone was abruptly yanked out on orders of a phone-company executive whose wife had blabbed to him about the betting. Mamie sued to get it back.

"My beauty-salon business requires a phone," she protested. "As long as I pay my phone bill, the company has no right to dictate what my customers and I say over the phone. The company can't censor public morals."

"We aren't censoring morals," the company lawyer replied, "but we cannot permit our telephones to be used for illegal purposes. Mamie's phone was used not only for her business but to build up Sad Sam's illegal bookie business."

If you were the judge, would you order the company to restore Mamie's phone?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Mamie lost. The court ruled that a telephone company is obligated under the law to discontinue service when it knows that a subscriber is using its equipment for an illegal purpose.

Based upon a 1949 New York decision.

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hands on his hips and he wiped his forehead with his arm. A couple of times he started to say something, then changed his mind. Jake was no help, a lump of a man, cold-faced, silent.

"You're not very sociable in there," Potter's old lady said. . . . "You could tell them one of your lousy jokes, Tommy."

"They don't like jokes," Potter said.

His old lady came in with a tray. "Everybody kids Tommy," she said. "His jokes are the least. I think he tells them on purpose to make people laugh at how lousy they are."

There were mugs of coffee and three pieces of pie on the tray. Jake's stomach growled at that pie. It was lemon pie, with meringue three inches high. This kid could cook!

"Just coffee," Jake said.

She was hurt. "But why? I ——"

"Because I already weigh a ton!" Jake shoved his chin at Detective Sergeant Taggart. "Give mine to him."

Taggart said, "No, thanks."

With a waist line like a toe dancer, he could say no to this kid's pie? Jake snarled at him, "What's the matter with you? You want to hurt her feelings? Eat it!"

Flustered, Potter's old lady said, "He doesn't have to."

"I say he does!" Jake said.

Taggart had the rank, but this was Jake's case. Taggart took both pieces of pie. Jake couldn't watch. He gnawed at his cigar and sipped noisily at his coffee. When the pie and the coffee were gone, the room became quiet again. Potter's old lady began to worry.

"Shall I leave so you can talk?"

"No," Jake said. "We got nuthin' to say."

"Tommy," Potter's old lady said, "wouldn't it be all right to give Mr. Sloan a new cigar? I mean now? The one he's got is all worn out." She smiled at Jake and Taggart. "Tommy's been saving them—you know, for when the baby comes."

"Y'want a cigar?" Potter asked.

"This one'll do," Jake said.

A half hour went by. Jake would have said it was impossible for four people to sit that long, saying nothing, but they did it. Potter sweated himself wringing wet. His old lady was scared and worried, but she kept her mouth shut, as a good wife should. Taggart began to stare angrily at Jake, and Jake, his face like a rock, stared at his cigar. At one-thirty the telephone rang. Potter jumped, his eyes going wild. His old lady started to answer the call.

"Leave it!" Potter said. "Wrong number!"

"But—how do you know. I haven't even ——"

"I said leave it!" Potter looked desperately at Jake and Taggart. "It's a wrong number!" Potter told his old lady. "Nobody calls us this time o' night."

"But, Tommy, I ——"

"Relax," Potter said.

The girl sat back. She clenched her small hands into fists and held them together on what lap she had left. Potter dug his fingers into his hair and held his head. The telephone rang five, six times, then stopped. The silence after that hurt the ears. Potter's old lady kept her mouth shut, as a good wife should, for another fifteen minutes. Then it got too big for her.

She looked at Jake. "You're a policeman, aren't you?"

"Yeah," Jake said. "Both of us."

That was all until two o'clock. At two on the dot, Jake picked up his hat and heaved himself out of the chair. He looked at Taggart and jerked his head toward the door. He looked at Potter's old lady, his pale eyes almost angry.

"Pleased to meetcha," he said.

She whispered ". . . I'm sure," and her eyes squeezed shut.

Jake and Taggart went out of the house and got into the police car. Jake started the motor, but not the car. He sat scowling at the windshield.

"All right," Taggart said. "Now are you going to tell me what we were doing there?"

Stubbornly Jake said, "No, I ain't gonna tell you what we were doin'."

"I'm supposed to figure it out?"

"Go ahead! Figure!"

Taggart's voice turned sarcastic. "It was Collins on the telephone, wondering where the kid was. You thought he'd come around and knock on the door. Or thought the kid would crack and copout. Or maybe you wanted to drive the kid's pregnant wife crazy. Any way I figure it, you goofed!"

Jake took his frayed cigar out of his mouth, looked at it and slammed it back. "Any way you figure it, don't matter a whisker to me." He started the car moving toward headquarters. "And if that girl don't like cops around, she shouldn't marry up to a guy which he wants to rob safes!"

Taggart reached for the radio microphone and reported in. The dispatcher had a message for Jake. "Subject's car eluded the officers at one-thirty-five, near Westgate Ramp." Jake rolled his window down and threw his cigar stub into the night. The sergeant made a loud sound of disgust.

"A loose tail!" he said. "Great! They only lost him!"

"So they lost him," Jake said. "Where would he go without Potter? He'd go home!"

They were on the Market Street Bridge when radio called them again, "Safe job, Westgate Supermarket." Jake shoved his hat up and rubbed his face. The dispatcher said the building had been entered by way of a hole cut in the roof. The thief had used margarine to seal the safe and nitro to blow it. Red Collins was a roof man, Red Collins used margarine. Taggart knew it too.

"Maybe Collins lives in supermarkets," Taggart said.

"All right," Jake said. "I booted it. Collins is a man which he likes company when he works, only I forget Lazy Boy runs dead last today at Santa Anita. I forget Collins is into his bookie for a couple of G's. Tonight Collins has to go alone."

Taggart snorted. "It looks like the best has twenty-twenty vision—hindsight!"

Jake turned right at the bridge end, pointing the police car into the hills west of the city. White-collar guys and skilled workmen lived out this way. Red Collins was both. Jake let the car drift down a side street. Collins' house was dark. The garage was open and empty. Jake parked a little way from Collins' drive.

"Now what?" Taggart said.

"We wait for Collins. We put the sneeze on him."

"What for?"

"On account of he knocked over that supermarket," Jake said. "What else? You want him to run loose?"

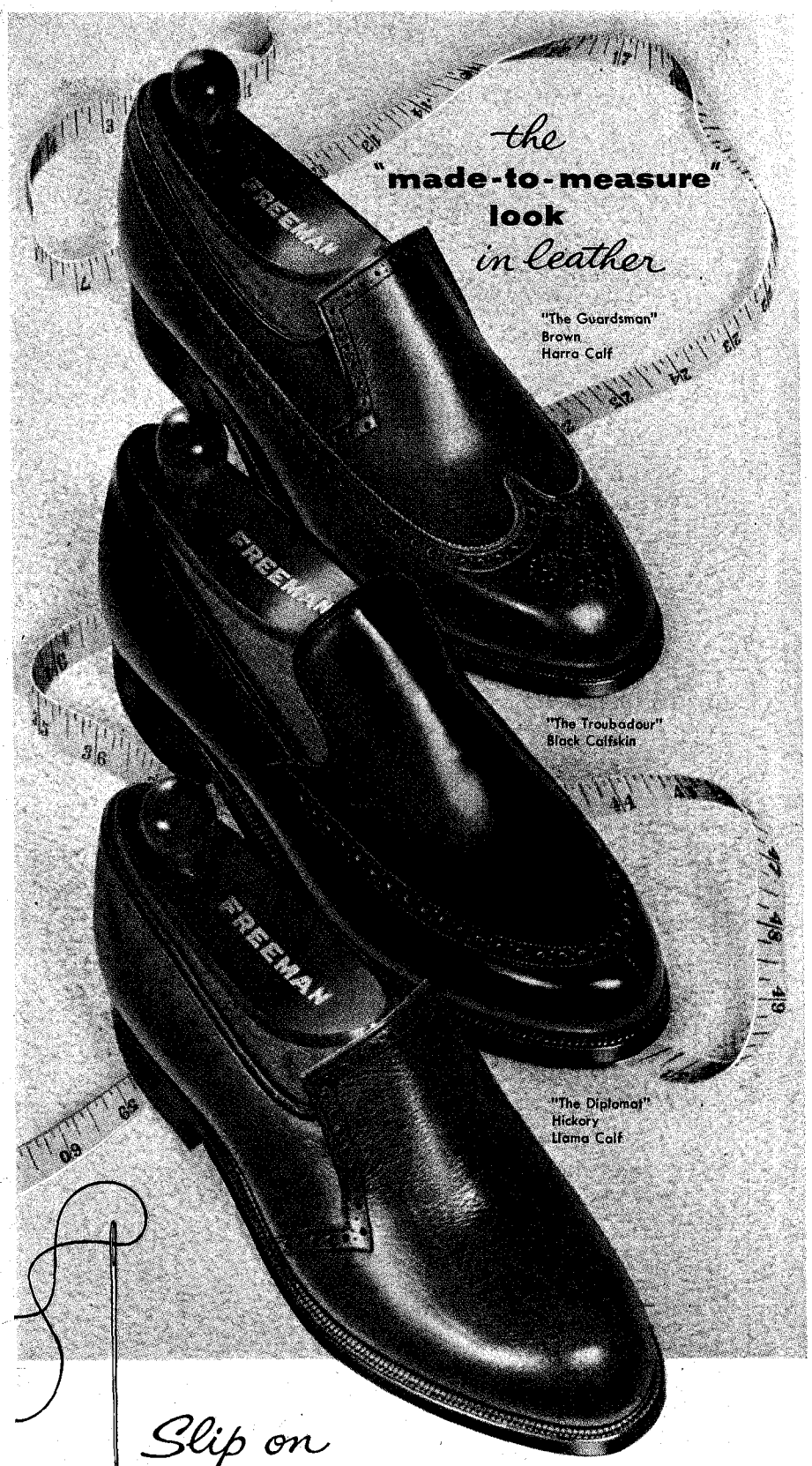
"At the risk of seeming to criticize my betters," Taggart said, "I would like to point out a couple of things. Collins won't bring home what he took. Even if he does, you'll have no right to search for it or to take it from him. You haven't got a warrant."

"He blew a safe," Jake said. "I'll search him."

"Legally, you can't!"

"So he can sue me," Jake said.

(*Continued on Page 70*)



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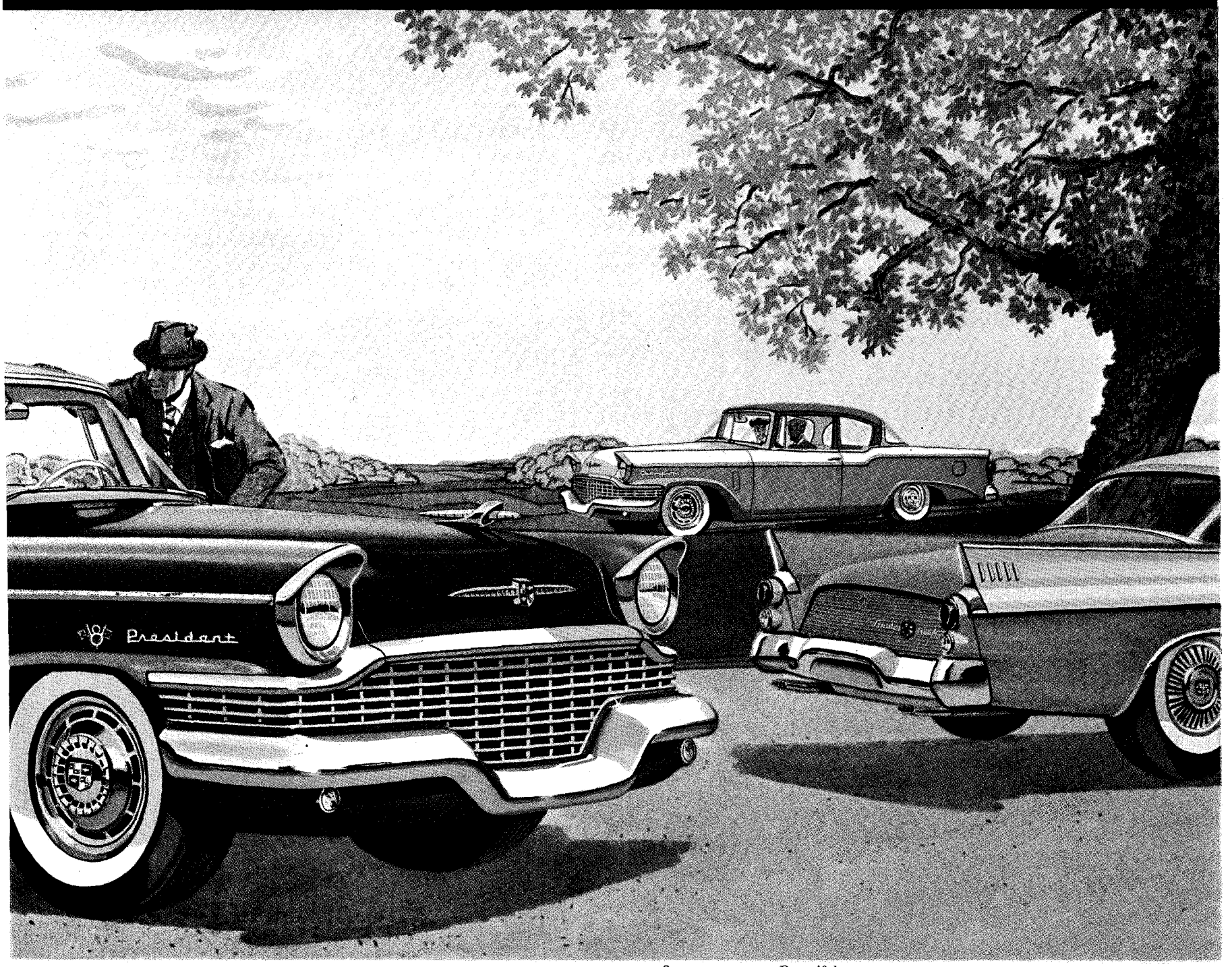

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(*Continued from Page 67*) Headlights came around the corner a block away. Jake kicked the police car's motor into life. He waited until the approaching headlights swung wide; then shot the police car forward to block the drive. He and Taggart got out quickly, but Red Collins made no effort to get away. He sat behind the wheel of his car, a thin and wiry redhead with a tough face and a big smile.

"Well, Jake," Collins said. "How are yuh?"

"Sore," Jake said. "C'mon. Get out!"

Collins got out of his car and put his hands on the side of it and stood there, feet spread and braced. Jake fanned him and found no weapon. Then Collins emptied his pockets—coins, keys, cigarettes and matches, billfold, handkerchief, comb.

"Open the trunk," Jake said.

The luggage compartment of the car held enough tools to stock a machine shop. "I'm a mechanic," Collins said, grinning. "I need 'em in my work."

That wasn't funny; his lawyer could prove it. The glove compartment held only a map of the city and a wadded rag. Jake looked under the front seat and found an envelope containing forty-six dollars in currency and several sheets of three-cent stamps.

"Where'd you get this?" Jake asked.

"The money I earn fixin' a car," Collins said. "The stamps I buy at a post office, like anybody else."

Jake looked at Taggart. There was enough light from the headlights to see Taggart's smirk. *Well, fathead!* the smirk said. *How are you going to prove he's lying—if he's lying! Anybody can have forty-six dollars, anybody can buy stamps.* Jake turned back to Red Collins, opened Collins' coat and tucked the envelope into his breast pocket.

"I wouldn't want you to lose that," he said. "I'll move my heap so's you can park in the driveway. Then you're goin' downtown."

"Oh?" Red Collins said. "For what?"

"I'll think of something," Jake said.

Taggart left them as soon as they reached headquarters, looking for something to write his report on and somebody to give it to. Jake took Collins upstairs and booked him in. "After hours," he said. "Vag-investigate." Collins emptied his pockets on the jailer's desk. "Red," Jake said, "you could save me a lot of trouble if you copped a plea."

"On what?"

"On that Westgate Supermarket."

Collins grinned at him. "Jake! You're kidding!"

"It's got your name written all over it."

Collins laughed out loud. "Forgery, that's what it is! Some dirty crum-bum's usin' my style!"

The jailer put everything from Collins' pockets into a Manila envelope and filed it. Then he took Collins to a cell. Jake sighed tiredly and looked at his watch. Three-fifteen. Nothing to eat until eight o'clock, and his stomach was growling like a cageful of bears. On radishes, how could a man live?

He spent most of the rest of the night in his office, tipped back in his chair, hat over his face, his feet on the desk. He had a coddled egg, black coffee and dry toast when he went off duty at eight o'clock, but he didn't go home. There was never anybody home where he lived but himself, when he got there—what was to go home for? He went back to headquarters and the lumps he knew would be waiting for him.

Lieutenant Bramwell, in charge of the second night relief, had stayed on, knowing Jake would be back. He was short and thick-necked, a good cop, but a driver. He asked Jake if what Taggart had written in his report was true.

"He's no liar," Jake said.

"Any alibis?" Bramwell asked. "Any excuses?"

"What's to alibi? I goofed."

And then, bellowing like a bayful of bullfrogs, Bramwell agreed with him. Jake was an ape in sheep's clothing, a license to steal for any thief on the loose; he should retire or drop dead—at least that was the message Jake got out of it. And he took it, shoulders bunched, jaw shoved out stubbornly, saying not a word.

Chief of Detectives George McClure also had a copy of Taggart's report. McClure was a tall, thin man with a sharp face, a sharp mind and a sharp tongue; he didn't yell at a man, he cut him to ribbons. He whittled on Jake for a good fifteen minutes. Jake had had two thieves right in the palm of his hand, and he'd let both get away. Not alone that, Collins had made a score—fourteen hundred dollars. Jake went out of there feeling he was a bloody shambles.

Back in his office, he found his telephone ringing. It was the lab. Good news. He hung up and the telephone rang again.

... ...

Epitaph

She always had a pleasant face
And cheerful voice on Sunday,
But heaven has reserved her place
Because she smiled on Monday.

By Norma Smith

... ...

It was the chief. Bad news. Taggart's report had gone clear to the top.

"Jake," the chief said, "come into my office."

Jake bit through his cigar. He threw the cigar in the wastebasket and yelled into the telephone, "Nothin' doin'! I been sneered at by Taggart! I been hollered at by Bramwell! I been cut to ribbons by McClure! I ain't about to be tramped to death by you! You want my badge, you come and get it!" He slammed the telephone back in the cradle.

"Mr. Sloan," a voice said from behind him.

Jake knew the voice. He rubbed his face and he worried his hat sideways before he turned. Tom Potter and his pregnant wife were standing in the doorway. These two, Jake could see, hadn't slept a wink all night.

"Well, whaddayuh want?" he asked.

They came in and closed the door. Potter got a couple of chairs and they sat down. It was almost a minute before Potter could find a way to say what he had to say.

"You maybe won't believe this," he said finally. "But since that time when I was sixteen and you caught me with my hand in that cash register, I ain't done a wrong thing. Y'believe that?"

"I know that," Jake said. "I looked it up."

"And you knew I was going with Collins last night." Potter wiped sweat from his hands. "How, I don't know, but you did." He looked at Jake. "I been out of a job for six weeks. We ain't got a dime, we owe everybody, an' the kid's overdue. Collins makes me this deal. Well ——" His face was (*Continued on Page 72*)

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The nation's first jet transport-tanker is in the air

First production model of the Boeing KC-135 jet transport-tanker is shown above on one of its routine test flights. The Air Force has announced that production will be stepped up to a rate of 20 per month earlier than originally planned.

The KC-135 is a sleek, swept-wing craft capable of speeds in the 500-mile-an-hour range. It will refuel jet bombers and fighters while flying eight miles or more above the earth—at speeds best suited to jet flight. It is a versatile aircraft, convertible in a matter of hours from tanker into a military transport. As a transport it offers the full potential of jet-age operation for carrying personnel and critical cargo.

Design of the KC-135 is based on that of a prototype model which already has behind it more than two years of intensive flight testing. The KC-135 incorporates many design advances that could come only from such a flight test program. This experience background enabled Boeing to cut production time on the first KC-135 by 20 per cent under normal estimates for a first production model.

The new Boeing transport-tanker also benefits from the knowledge Boeing has gained through developing and producing more than 1400 B-47 and B-52 multi-jet bombers, the backbone of the Strategic Air Command's nuclear weapons carrier forces. In the not too distant future, this team of revolutionary Boeing bombers will be joined by the newest Boeing jet, the KC-135 transport-tanker.

BOEING

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(*Continued from Page 70*) pleading. "I just went nuts, I guess. Crazy!"

"Look," Jake said. "Why don't you and your old lady ——"

"No! I'm gonna finish!" He looked at his wife, then back to Jake. "I told her the whole thing last night. She made me promise to come down here and say this. And I'm gonna say it! I want to say it!"

Jake twisted his hat impatiently. "Will you go ——"

"I'm not goin' crazy again!" Potter said. "I swore it to my old lady, an' I swear it to you. You don't have to believe me—I'll prove it. Now we want to thank you for what you did."

"What'd I do?" Jake said. "All I done was ——"

"All you done was keep me from meeting Collins. I never heard of a cop doin' a thing like that. It's a big thing to do."

"What's big about it? I ——"

Potter got up and shoved his face at Jake. "All you did was hand me—what? It's at least fifteen years for robbery with explosives, isn't it? That's what you handed me. Fifteen years outa my life. Fifteen years free!"

Jake's face was red. "I didn't hand it to you," he said. "I handed it to your old lady."

"You didn't know I was married."

"So it was for your kid."

"You didn't know we was goin' to have one."

Jake took a deep breath, then hit the desk with the flat of his hand. "It was for your kid. A birthday present. Birthday one! Now will you take your old lady and get outa here?"

Potter grinned at his old lady, she smiled back. She got up and pulled her coat tight around her. "We'll go," she said. . . . "But tell him the rest, Tommy. Go on, tell him."

Potter pointed a finger at Jake. "If it's a boy, his name's gonna be Jake. Even if it's a girl, you're gonna be godfather. You're gonna be, if I have to handcuff you!"

"You won't need handcuffs," Jake said. "Beat it."

They went away. Then the chief of police, John Wagstaff, and Detective Sergeant Fred Taggart came in. Jake threw up his hands—he didn't have an office, he had a subway station. The chief was a big, black-haired, black-browed man, built like a fullback and young for his job. The smartest cop in the force—Jake should know, he'd broken him in. The chief didn't want Jake's badge. He was grinning. Taggart looked lost.

"Jake," the chief said, "that was a good job you did on Collins. Will you tell us about it?"

Jake stared at him. "You already know."

The chief nodded. "The lab called me. But Taggart doesn't know. All he knows is what he wrote in his report."

Jake found a new cigar and took his time lighting it. Why not? He'd taken enough lumps, he had a right to wallow in a little high living. He blew a large cloud of smoke.

"So," he said, "when Collins checks out of his cell today—and he was held on a legal charge—he'll pick up his stuff at the jailer's desk. Then I'll show him a warrant that says I can search him—and that's legal, too. Then, back he goes for possession of stolen goods." He drew deeply on his cigar. "Goods he stole from the Westgate Supermarket."

"The money? The stamps?" Taggart was angry. "How can you prove where they came from?"

"Whilst the jailer was tucking him in last night," Jake said, "I snitched the money and the stamps. That ain't legal, but who's gonna know, if we don't tell 'em? And I put 'em back. But before I put 'em back, I run 'em through the lab and we found fingerprints on the stamps."

"Wouldn't you?" Taggart asked. "If they belonged to Collins, they'd have Collins' prints on them."

Jake and the chief grinned at each other.

"Only Collins' prints weren't on 'em," Jake said. "The prints on these stamps belongs to the guy which he owns the supermarket."

Engagement Party (Continued from Page 24)

driveway, a garden in front which was a brilliant jungle of flowers, and a daughter, who, in a full, bright-colored skirt, was squatting down among the flowers, digging vigorously with a trowel in the rich, dark 'dobe soil. She looked up as Andy leaned on the gate. She had dark eyes wide apart; high, Slavic cheekbones; a lovely mouth, and a wide, enchanting smile.

Andy gazed, transfixed. At the heart of his surprise and his astonishment at her beauty, there was a sudden throbbing conviction that he had known her forever and must know her forevermore. It was for this, then, that he had left his Midwestern home and got himself a job in California; for this that Pinky Bartlett had so carelessly thrown that slip of paper on his desk—just for this!

"You are from the newspaper," she said, filling in his helpless silence. She still smiled because Andy was pleasant to look at, slightly happy-go-lucky, but with steady blue eyes and a firm mouth. "My father is in the house. My mother will open the door for you."

Her deep voice invested the most trivial statement with drama. *How wonderful*, thought Andy vaguely; *her father is in the house, her mother will open the door*. He pulled himself together sharply.

"Thank you."

He started to turn away, but at once he had an awful thought that he might never see her again and she would never know. So he turned back.

"They say it's partly chemical," he said to her. "What do you think?"

She frowned at him, puzzled. "I don't know what you're talking about."

"Oh, come now, be honest." He leaned toward her earnestly across the gate. "This thing could not have happened to me alone."

The color came up into her face as she understood what he meant, but she looked at him levelly. "Perhaps you had better go in and find out why you are here," she said.

"I know why I'm here," he said with intensity. "Believe me." And he had the satisfaction of seeing her perturbed, unable to hold his gaze.

But she replied, "Believe me, you don't know." She looked up briefly with what could have been only a gleam of amusement in her dark eyes.

Intrigued, he unlatched the gate and stepped on to the porch. Mrs. Surovsky opened the door for him—a little woman, overweight, overdressed, ungirdled, with stony, suspicious eyes. She spoke in Russian over her shoulder.

Then she said coldly to Andy, "Come in, come in, pliss."

The prince came from a dark, inner room. He was impressive, no doubt—a tall man, mostly stooped skeleton topped by a wide-domed skull from which deep-set, heavy-lidded eyes brooded upon the injustices of a lifetime. He jerked his head silently at Andy and immediately went back into the inner room.

Once inside, Surovsky shook hands with him formally and offered him a seat at a table littered with papers.

"Now," he said, "first of all, my cr-reedentials."

This was old stuff to Andy, a certificate, awards, title, medals and the commission of major in the Imperial Russian Army. First generation clings to its roots, to its homeland, to its past glories. Andy was slightly bored, slightly superior, and refused to find it touching.

"Let us be clear about this, Meester Lowell," said the prince, fixing Andy with burning eyes. "I khate communism!" He repeated it with greater emphasis, "I khate communism!"

In the ringing silence that followed, Andy became conscious of women's voices talking softly in Russian, and laughter mixed with kitchen noises. Was she telling her mother what he had said to her? His mind wandered out toward them.

"I tell you this, Meester Lowell: I came to this country a fugitive. I came with my dear wife and my infant daughter and this country gave me khaven. I became a citizen and my wife became a citizen, and our daughter had her education here. From that time I work, work, work, as a gardener, as a painter, now in a factory, to make money to bring relatives and friends into this country. Why? Because thus I give them life instead of living death. And because the happiness I bring gives meaning to my life!"

"Seven dollars and fifty cents!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Yes, I see," said Andy, nodding vaguely.

"Now today I have my reward, Meester Lowell. There is one man I have great privilege to bring to this country some time ago—a great man, a general, my superior in the army, General Yascha Revchek. You perhaps hear of him? No? He does me the honor to wish to marry my daughter. A great romance. She is princess. He is general. A great romance, Meester Lowell."

Andy's mind was shocked back to attention. "One daughter?" he asked, grasping at a straw.

"One daughter, the Princess Marya Surovskaya. For her engagement we will give big party Saturday night for all our friends, the Russian colony. You come, eh, Meester Lowell? Rejoice with us. And we give you the story for your paper."

Andy was silent, frowning, refusing it, denying it.

"Marya!" called Surovsky suddenly. "Breeng me a tseegar-rette! If you please!"

She was at the door, like a brilliant apparition, and her dark eyes laughed teasingly at Andy, looking to see if he had already heard the news. Andy rose slowly to his feet. He was realizing again, with awe, that it had actually happened to him—one of those instantaneous things that he didn't believe ever had happened or ever could. Something of this in his expression sobered her.

"You smoke?" she asked, looking up at him, offering him a cigarette.

She was appraising him gravely. Andy's heart beat hard, but he kept his eyes steady, and he had the satisfaction of seeing her hand tremble as she lighted the match for him. He put his hand around it briefly, to steady it. And in the next moment she was gone. Andy sat down again and looked over at the prince.

Surovsky's eyes were on the table, but he said quietly, "My daughter is betrothed, Meester Lowell."

"I know. The general must be—somewhat older than the princess."

"He is mature," said Surovsky dryly. "And Marya is a handful."

Andy felt a rising excitement which he controlled with difficulty. "I must be honest with you, sir," he said. "Perhaps it would be better if I did not come Saturday night."

Surovsky's deep-set eyes were suddenly upon him, with the same gleam of humor that he had seen in Marya's.

"Now I will tell you, Meester Lowell, to Yascha I (*Continued on Page 75*)

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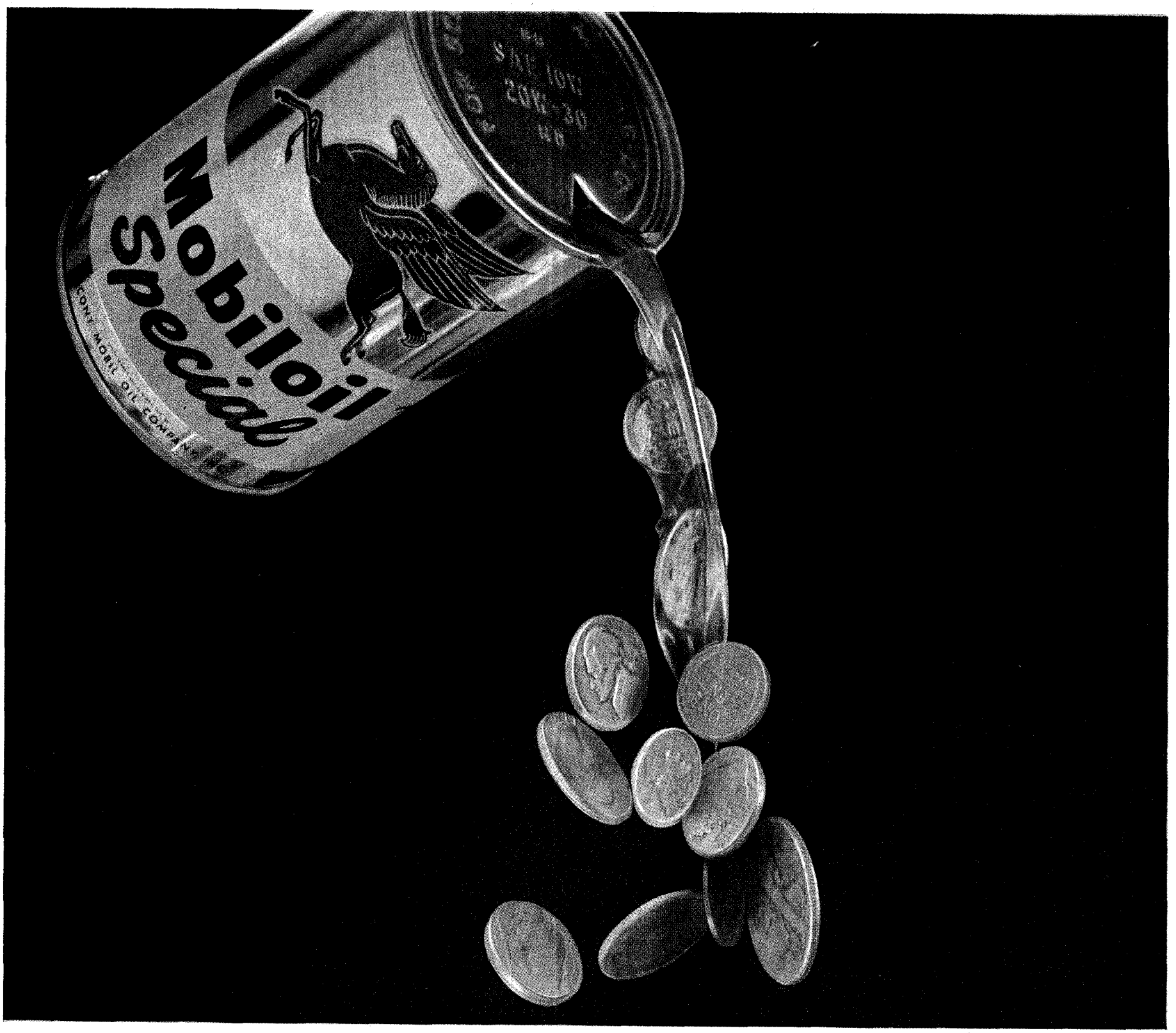

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(*Continued from Page 72*) owe more than I can ever repay. I owe my life, my escape from Russia, sometimes I think my very sanity. All this Marya knows from childhood. But this marriage was not arranged by me, Meester Lowell—only as much as Marya feels for him as I do—undying gratitude."

"Is that enough?" asked Andy.

The prince did not answer. But after a minute he rose—Andy with him—and put his hand on the younger man's shoulder.

"I like you," he said. "Come Saturday night and meet the general. You have a misconception about Yascha."

There was that funny little gleam, and a humorous twist to his grim mouth that sent Andy away thoughtful and unsure of himself.

On Saturday night he dressed with great care, and remembering that the general would be there in all his medals, he considered putting his military-service button in his lapel.

He heard the party half a block away. Someone was playing the piano, some others singing, and everyone else, it seemed, was laughing. The house was brilliantly lighted. He hesitated on the porch, gathering courage to ring the bell. But before he did, the door was opened by Marya.

"I saw your car come up," she said, and pulled him inside by both hands.

She was watching for me, thought Andy, and had a small moment of triumph.

It was Mrs. Surovsky at the piano. She wore a bulging yellow satin evening dress. Her face was not unfriendly now, rather worried and anxious as she played vigorously on an instrument of which at least a quarter of the notes didn't sound. A large blond man was bawling out a Russian song in a minor key. And the television set in the corner had the fights.

To think of himself stepping in and being part of this threw Andy into near panic. "What shall I say?" he asked Marya nervously.

She gave him a vivid, reassuring smile and, leaning close so that he could hear her, said, "Say, '*Rush to Monrovia.*' And when they say it back at you, you say, '*Spasiva.*' You'll get along all right."

"*Rush to Monrovia*," he repeated. "What does it mean?"

"It means *Prosit*, *Skoal*, *Saludos*. And *Spasiva* is 'Thank you.'"

Mr. Surovsky appeared with his queer, reluctant smile and handed Andy a glass of vodka. Then Marya took him around the room. He told everyone to *rush to Monrovia*, and everyone laughed heartily and seemed delighted with him. But she had to leave him, and he was alone and adrift in the crowded, bright room. He noticed that all the newcomers kissed the others and were kissed by them. He was astonished to see men kissing men, and the spectacle was so jarring to his nerves that he found himself sidling toward the front door and a quick exit, if it became necessary.

While he stood there uneasily, there was a short, sharp rap on the door. It was just a concession to manners, that knock. For, almost at the same instant—like rifle-brandishing Cossack riders out of the snowy night; like leaping saber dancers, in a burst of music, from the wings; like the breath-snatching rush of north wind when the door is opened—the general exploded into the room. Andy knew him immediately. He was an enormous man, tall, broad-shouldered, handsomely ruddy, with iron-gray hair, and full of vigor and fun. He had come in a taxi—driving it, as a matter of fact—and instead of his military medals, he wore a chauffeur's cap and badge.

"Hi! Hi! Hi! My friend!" he boomed at Andy, and stepped forward to give him a hearty Russian kiss.

Andy backed off in panic. Loudly, desperately, he told the general to *rush to Monrovia.*

"*Kha!*" The general's eyes were immediately unfriendly.

Mrs. Surovsky left the piano and came hurrying up. "He is American, Yascha," she explained. "Mr. Andy Lowell from the newspaper."

"Ah!" said the general. "He is American!" He put one huge arm around Andy's shoulders and gripped him hard. "These Americans do not show off with their emotions. You know who I am, eh? Boom-boom-boom-boom!" He swept the room with an imaginary rifle. "General Revchek!"

"I knew you immediately," replied Andy, laughing.

"Ha! I like Americans, Mr. Lowell. Half their life they spend making themselves malted-millionaires. Other half they spend going to clinic for complete physical shake-up. Am I right?" he roared.

But before Andy could answer, the general had caught sight of the prince, and with a large gesture and a bellowed greeting, he stepped forward, took Mr. Surovsky into his great embrace and gave him a vigorous kiss on the lips. Andy swallowed hard. But he couldn't help grinning, for he liked the man enormously. Yes, certainly he had had a misconception about the general. He had very greatly underrated him.

Then when Marya came into the room, Andy's heart was sharply twisted with jealousy. She was so beautiful, graceful and vivid in a poppy-colored dress with a full skirt that stood out all around. And the general was tremendously compelling, with the looks and vigor of a man twenty years younger. Andy thought that if the general took her in his arms, he would not be able to stand it. But he didn't. Instead—and maybe this was worse—he took both her slim hands, bent low over them and kissed them rapidly, many times. It seemed to Andy, watching briefly, that her expression, as she looked down at the general, was compassionate. But he could not bear it long. He turned away in agony to look with tortured, unseeing eyes into the television set.

I've got it bad, he told himself grimly, *and I thought I was immune.*

Suddenly Mrs. Surovsky was at his side, fixing him with her cold, hard look. "You will come and eat now, pliss."

Mrs. Surovsky heaped his plate. The vodka was warm in his stomach, and the food was unsurpassed.

People came and went with their plates. Andy found a safe corner and ate standing up.

"Are you doing all right, Andy?" It was Marya, and, for the moment, they were alone in the dining room.

Andy was now a young man with but one thought in his mind, one yearning in his heart. He could think of nothing else, he could speak of nothing else.

He put his plate down and said, "He's as old as your father, Marya! You can't love him!"

"But I do, Andy," she said, looking at him sadly.

"Not as you love me!" His voice was low, almost a whisper. "You know it!"

She looked down, breathing a little faster. She had not denied it! Andy pursued his advantage. He stepped up close, looking down on her shining hair.

"What kind of a hostess are you? I'm your guest and you haven't kissed me."

With a quick move, she put the dining-room table between them. "What's more, I don't intend to," she said, laughing.

"You kissed everybody else. Why not me?" The question was not casual. It was important, and she knew it. "Why not me, Marya?" Then he answered it himself, "Because you're afraid."

He, too, made a sudden move, reaching for her over the end of the table. But she was too quick for him. He chased her, laughing, around the table and out into the dim hallway, where he caught her and pinned her against the wall.

"You haven't the right to refuse," he said breathlessly, "on any count." And he kissed her. He kissed her until he felt her surrender. Then he pulled her away from the wall and put his arms around her, holding her close, her face hidden against his shoulder. Thus Surovsky came upon them.

"Marya," he said dryly, "go to your-r guests."

With his head he beckoned to Andy and led the way into the little back room, where he closed the door. Andy stood with his back against it, his knees slightly weak.

"I love her," he said.

"She is engaged to be married, Meester Lowell. You knew that from the beginning."

"I told you I shouldn't have come," said Andy, still short of breath. "But now I'm glad I did, for I believe she loves me."

"Who are you, Meester Lowell? A newspaper reporter. He is a general. She is a princess."

Andy's democratic jaw tightened. "That might have been fine in Russia, some years ago. This is America. He drives a taxi. She washes dishes. Why don't you wake up?"

Surovsky's eyes brooded upon him. "How many generations have you been American, Meester Lowell?"

Andy thought a minute. "Five."

"You do not understand. You are like a young man born to wealth who cannot understand the problems of the poor. We have been deprived, but our roots are still deep in tradition."

"Marya is as American as I am, princess or not!" retorted Andy. Then he threw all discretion to the winds and demanded hotly, "Why did you come to this country if you're so stuck in your tradition?"

He knew that it was an unfair question. He was even sorry for the sudden pain in Surovsky's eyes, but his indignation carried him on bitterly, "Why don't you marry the general yourself?"

Surovsky had been sitting. He now rose to the full height of his tall, emaciated figure.

"You are a very rude young man," he said quietly. "But it is not on that account, but on Yascha's account that I shall have to ask you not to come back here. I think I made it plain to you, Meester Lowell, the man has been a savior to us. He, too, has suffered greatly, partly on our account. That we should be the cause of more pain to him is unthinkable." The prince's voice rose, "Unthinkable, Meester Lowell! I am sorry! I liked you!"

He opened the door and went out. There was something regal and superior in his manner that infuriated Andy. He was about to follow, when Mrs. Surovsky entered.

"Excuse me," he said, and started out.

"You will wait, pliss." He was surprised by the tone of command in her voice.

"I have been told to go," he said bitterly.

"You are as domb as he," she commented in her cold voice, with her hard eyes upon him. "He is Russian-proud. You are American-proud."

"So?" Andy turned away from her into the room.

After a moment, she said softly, "She loves you. She told me so." Andy whirled in time to catch just a fleeting softness in her eyes. But before he could speak, she went on coldly, "But it may be that she loves her father more."

"That's ridiculous."

"What you don't understand, you dislike, because you are young. You are angry with my husband because you don't understand him."

"He doesn't understand me either."

Mrs. Surovsky raised her eyebrows and there was just a gleam of humor in her cold eyes. "He (*Continued on Page 78*)

"Now there's something you don't see every day."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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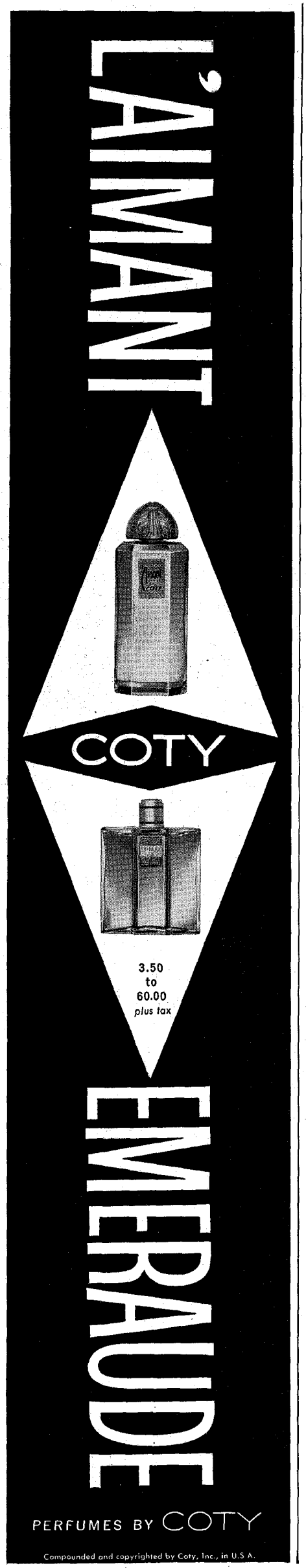

(*Continued from Page 75*) doesn't have to," she said. "He isn't trying to marry your daughter."

Andy was struck by the shrewdness of her remark.

"Andy"—he was surprised that she used his name, surprised by the unexpected tremble of her voice—"at night, in bed, after twenty-five years, he still talks of going back to Russia, to our farm, to our town house in Petrograd. If men do not learn to compromise, they sometimes make a wreck of their lives. There is so much pain, Andy, because men will not compromise. Now good night, pliss. Someone is waiting outside for you. I came to tell you."

That someone was not Marya, as he had hoped, but the general. He stood by the open door of his taxi. "We take a little ride, Mr. Lowell. We have a little talk, eh? I know very nice quiet place."

It wasn't until he had sat back in the taxi, until they had crossed Sunset Boulevard and were climbing up into the hills above the Sunset Plaza, that Andy began to realize what a foolhardy thing he had done.

With no little apprehension, he sized up the man sitting in front of him—his rival. The general was half a foot taller than he, ten pounds heavier, and in top condition. Andy was younger—that was his only advantage.

After climbing steeply, they came out on a natural balcony overlooking the city lights. The general stopped the taxi, turned out the headlights and got out.

He opened the back door and said, "Now, young man, we clear the decks, eh?"

Andy's eyes narrowed. He straightened his shoulders. He was probably in for a thorough beating, but he would give as good accounting of himself as he could.

When he started to get out, however, the general said, "No, no, sit still. I sit right here on the step." Then all at once he realized what Andy had had in mind and burst into a great shout of laughter.

"Oh, no, Mr. Lowell—Andy—you don't understand what's all about it. I lof you like a son. And Marya like a daughter. My little daughter!"

"You mean ——"

"Quiet! In life you must use horse-common-sense, Andy. So I say to the prince, 'Yes, Leo, my best friend, I am honored to marry Marya, so lovely, so pure, so royal a princess! Yes, certainly!' Then I wait—for someone like you. I am not such an old Rawshan fool like you think. Marya is young—oof! how young. She knows nothing of love. Is she to be taught by a man more than twice her age? What happen in ten or twenty years when she is still a young woman and I am toddling along the brink of the grave? Oof!" The general pushed back his chauffeur's cap and wiped his forehead with his handkerchief.

"You mean you're giving her to me?"

"Ha! More easier to say than done." The general laughed a little. "No one gives Marya to anyone. Marya belongs to her heart, and her heart is all pity. And pity, my son, is a kind of passion, too, sometimes more strong than love." He laughed again, ruefully. "Andy, Andy, we Rawshans know how to suffer and enjoy it!"

Andy felt suddenly tired, depressed, hopeless. The general looked at him kindly.

"Americans are funny—when they should laugh, they feel sad. Sometimes, when they feel most deep, they laugh. Not like us. Now, Andy, don't worry. We straighten this thing out. Everything will be topsy-turvy, I guarantee."

Andy had to laugh, then, in spite of his depression.

"Let us see what we have here." The general began counting points on his fingers. "First, you love her?" Andy closed his eyes and swallowed hard. "O.K., you love her. Second, you want to marry her?" Andy opened his eyes and looked directly at the other man. "O.K., O.K., you want to marry her. Don't burn me up! You see, we don't even need words. Three, they like you, Andy." Andy shrugged his shoulders skeptically. "Oh, yes, they do. Who told me what I know already? Anna Surovsky. Who told her? Leo Surovsky. All by the grapeline to me, Andy. Then what is wrong? Why isn't everything straight and easy?"

Andy began to feel a rising hope. He looked out over the city lights, not seeing them. Something was just within his reach, something that was the solution of it all.

"You want to know why, Andy? I tell you. It is because we have all suffered too much. You Americans can afford to take chances, make great big gestures and great big mistakes, maybe. We have seen too much pain. We are always cautious, anxious, watching, sparing each other. So we make big, sentimental mess of everything. My friend Leo, he is a saint, Andy. He gives his life away. His wife, she cannot stand to have him prick his finger. She used to be concert pianist, but he will not fix the piano for her; he cannot bear to have her play. He is afraid she is hurting inside. Marya always always looking for a way to make them feel happy. Her own happiness does not matter to her. And even I, Yascha Revchek, old hard-shell crocodile, am planning to make great big sentimental mistake to save them pain." He paused, then added, grinning up at Andy, "Unless you prevent me in time, eh? Mr. Lowell? Andy?"

Andy, full of a new emotion, frowned hard at the floor of the cab. The responsibility was his, then. It was more, much more than just asking a girl to marry him. For the first time, deliberately, he would take human lives and emotions into his inept hands. He had to have time to think.

"Now," said the general, "we must go back to the party. After all, it is my engagement party, Andy." He looked with raised eyebrows straight into Andy's tortured eyes and laughed. . . .

He parked the cab across the street from the party.

"I'll just sit here," said Andy, "if you don't mind." And he remembered all the rest of his life that his first, real, grown-up thinking was done in the back of the general's cab.

It grew late. The party began to break up. People came out, talking and laughing, got into their cars and drove away. Soon there was only his car down the block a ways in the quiet street, and the general's taxi in which he sat. Finally he got out, not at all the same angry young man that had stepped in a couple of hours ago, but a sobered, uncertain young man, not even hopeful. He crossed the street to the house and found the front door open. He entered, still not knowing what he was going to say.

They were in the dining room having a final cup of coffee. They looked up, astonished at his drawn-faced, disheveled appearance. *I must look terrible*, he thought, and made a halfhearted attempt to smooth his hair. Mrs. Surovsky began to bustle around to get him a cup of coffee. He shook his head. The prince rose with courteous solicitation and offered him a chair. He refused that too. The general sat gazing at the table, his expression hidden. Marya looked at her hands, which were twisting nervously in her lap. Suddenly, in a moment of illumination, Andy loved them all, loved them and pitied them and understood them. And that was the beginning of wisdom and the fount of his words.

He began hesitantly, "You were kind enough to invite me here to give me a story for my paper. As a newspaperman it is my job to investigate statements made to me and check them against the facts I find. I have come back to tell you that I cannot write this story tomorrow."

He had intended it to sound light, a little humorous, but he found himself struggling with an embarrassing tremor in his voice. *I'm making a complete fool of myself*, he thought, and was about to lose courage when he caught sight of the general's eyes upon him. There was in that man's face so much affection and humor and encouragement that Andy took heart, and soon he forgot himself in the earnestness of what he wanted so urgently to say.

"This is what I see, not as Andy Lowell with an ——" He couldn't help a glance at Marya's bent head. "—— with an interest in the matter, but, believe me, as a newspaper reporter trying to do his job conscientiously, and I beg you not to be offended. The general is marrying the princess because he doesn't want to hurt his friend, the prince. The prince gives his consent because he doesn't want to hurt the man to whom he owes his life, his freedom, his sanity. The princess has a double reason—she doesn't want to hurt either her father or the general. The mother is torn between them all. I ask you, can I write a story like that for tomorrow's paper? Yet those are the facts."

There was dead silence. Andy took a breath. He could not leave until he had appealed his own case.

"You say we Americans can never understand until we have suffered. It is true. But a man doesn't have to be in exile to suffer. I tell you a man can suffer alone in the back seat of a parked taxicab. And what results from that suffering is just as important. The man who stepped into that cab tonight, angry, childish and self-centered, does not matter any more. Because the man who stepped out just now is wiser, more adult, changed forever. For this I am endlessly grateful to all of you." He nodded. "Good night."

But before he could turn away, Marya rose, swiftly came around the table and laid her head on his chest. Andy caught a deep breath and put one arm around her. But at the same time he looked over her head at the others, and his eyes were wise and resolved.

"One is not enough. In this close alliance, I know it has to be all or none."

It was only the prince, of course, and he himself knew it very well. He glanced at his wife, who smiled back at him noncommittally. He turned his deep eyes on the general, who was looking at him from the corner of his eye like an embarrassed schoolboy, found out. Then slowly the prince got up, went to the sideboard and poured three tiny glasses of vodka. It was like a ritual, and the others did not move.

He handed one to the general, who took it, rising from the table to his tremendous height. And they looked long and affectionately at each other, the two friends. Then he turned to Andy with a glass outstretched in his hand. For one brief, awful moment, Andy had the fear that the prince was going to kiss him. But that moment passed safely.

Instead, shaking his head reassuringly, and with a humorous twist of his tragic mouth, Surovsky said, "*Rush to Monrovia*, my son."

"*Spasiva*, sir."

The general had regained his buoyancy. "I will tell you what, my friends!" he boomed. "We will all elope somewhere together in my taxi! Without the meter! It is a real brainstroke, eh?"

THE END

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Pro Football Comes Down to Earth

(Continued from Page 27)

But this hasn't been true at all. The change has come about for practical rather than philosophical reasons. Few NFL coaches show real enthusiasm over the revival of the running game. On offense, many seem to regard their new stress on ball carrying as something that circumstances forced upon them. On defense, their main preoccupation continues to be the forward pass.

Take Ray Richards, whose Chicago Cardinals this year became the first professional team to install the split T as its basic offense. Primarily a running attack, the split T has been adopted by a great many of the leading college teams, but the pros have felt that it would never work as a steady proposition against the huge linemen of the National Football League.

This year the Cardinals decided to give the split T a real trial. "We knew we had some good ball carriers, and our passing hadn't been too good last year," the mild-spoken Richards explains deprecatingly. "We experimented with the split T during the last half of the 1955 season, and we found that it was giving us ball control."

So, after concealing their intentions during the exhibition schedule, the Cards swung into the split T on opening day this fall. Advancing the ball chiefly via the ground route, they were an early sensation, winning five of their first six games. At this stage Ray Richards was modest about the initial success of his new offense, possibly anticipating some of the troubles that later came his way.

When the conversation switched to defense, though, Richards' thoughts centered on passing, and he spoke with much greater intensity than he had when discussing his own rushing attack. "There's nothing that takes the heart out of your team more than having the other team throw a pass for an easy touchdown, instead of having to grind it out," Richards declared.

This attitude is prevalent among the league's coaches, and the explanation of the running revival starts right there. Somewhat like the atomic scientists and their bomb, the football pros over the years have sharpened the forward pass into a weapon so devastating that they're terrified of it themselves. They've concentrated to such a degree on stopping the pass that they've opened new opportunities for the run.

Once upon a time the general idea in pass defense simply was to have a man covering each receiver. As the throwing game stepped up, this no longer was enough. So the pros began putting two men on the best receivers. The next stage was to try for double-teaming on *all* the receivers—which is where things stand right now.

In pro games today, as many as seven men may fall back to defend against a forward pass. Defensive teams frequently operate with what amounts to a four-man line. At the start of a play they may have seven men on or near the line of scrimmage, but only the interior four—all of whom have the size and capabilities of tackles—are reasonably sure to function as linemen. If it's a pass play, three linebackers may drop off to help out the four men in the secondary on covering receivers.

They vary their tactics from play to play, of course. Sometimes only two linebackers will drop off for pass coverage, or only one. Periodically nobody will drop back, and they'll put on a seven-man rush—"red dog," or "blitz," as it variously is called. When you see a passer buried under a surge of tacklers before he can throw the ball, this generally is what has happened.

The blitz technique can be very effective, but it also is very risky. If the passer does get the ball away, his receivers have all sorts of running room. Every team does some blitzing to keep the other side guessing, but the most-favored approach is to drape those seven-man nets around the receivers.

"In some situations they'll even drop an extra man deep on you," says Wilbur (Weeb) Ewbank, coach of the Baltimore Colts. "Say it's near the end of the first half and you have the ball in your own territory with time for just a couple of plays. They'll figure that you're going to shoot for a long touchdown pass before the clock runs out. So they'll put a fifth man deep in the secondary. They'll say, 'Let 'em run with the ball if they want to. We'll give them ten yards.' They're playing for an interception. If they can get the ball that way and run it back far enough, they'll at least have time for a field goal before the half ends."

This very situation arose when the Green Bay Packers played at Baltimore this year. With about thirty seconds to go until halftime, the Colts had the ball on their own twenty-eight-yard line. The Packers sent an extra man back deep. Sometimes the offensive team will counter by sending out the maximum five receivers. But the Colts didn't go for the long pass on this occasion. Instead, they ran Lennie Moore on a reverse, and the swift rookie halfback from Penn State didn't settle for any ten-yard gain. He went all the way for a touchdown.

Later in the game Moore took a pitchout and traveled seventy-nine yards for another score. These two running plays made the difference in a 28–21 Baltimore victory. This is indicative of how the whole ball-carrying trend has come about, for, although the Colts have been rushing more in the last two years—they ran for 305 yards and passed for just five while beating Cleveland last month, 21–7—coach Weeb Ewbank has not deliberately emphasized the ground game. He places a high value on the passing potential of his young T quarterback, George Shaw, who has been disabled part of this season. Like virtually all pro coaches, Ewbank says his goal is to have a balanced offense.

On any given play, a variety of factors determines whether you should run or throw. More and more often these days, the pros are finding that the situation calls for carrying the ball. In the phrase of coach Buddy Parker, whose Detroit Lions this year have jacked up both their rushing yardage and their league standing, "The defenses today invite the run."

Paul Brown, of the Cleveland Browns, who has never before failed to win at least the division title in ten years, first in the All-America Conference and then in the National Football League, puts it this way: "There was a time when you passed so you could run. Now you have to run to establish your passing."

Brown feels that the caliber of pro passers is changing—and he isn't just talking about the loss he suffered with the retirement of Otto Graham. "There aren't many 'pure' passers left. I mean fellows like Otto, who step back and throw from out of a pocket. There are more roll-out passers today. That's the way they're being trained in the colleges, where they've really gone overboard on the running game. Most of the newer passers have to be given the run in order to throw. George Shaw, of the Colts, is a runner. Then you have wee fellows like Marchibroda, of the Steelers, and McHan, of the Cardinals, and LeBaron, of the Redskins. They like to roll out. They're so short they have trouble throwing from out of a pocket.

"Of the old-timers, Bobby Layne, on the Lions, has always done a lot of running. On the Rams, Bill Wade, a roll-out passer, seems to be taking over from Van Brocklin, a pocket passer. That's the trend all over the league."

Not everybody agrees entirely with Brown's analysis. In the case of such passers as the Cards' Lamar McHan—whose team fined and suspended him for "insubordination" last month—and the Colts' George Shaw, their coaches say that the opposing defenses often keep them from rolling wide and force them to pass from a pocket.

Coach Jim Lee Howell, of the New York Giants, points out another reason why more passing is being done on the run. Often the object is to make the defense think you're going to run with the ball. The Giants, who have one of the best ground attacks in the league, have scored some of their key touchdowns this season on what Howell terms the "play pass." This simply means a passing play that starts out like a running play.

All this sometimes leads to "what you might call firehouse football," says Hugh Devore, coach of the Philadelphia Eagles. "Take a fellow like that little Marchibroda, of Pittsburgh. He can drive you crazy when he rolls out. He'll start forward as if he's going to run. Then he'll drop back as if he's going to throw. Then he'll start forward again.

"You don't know what he's going to do. Sometimes his own team doesn't know either. The patterns on both sides get completely disorganized. In our first game with them this year, there was one time when he finally threw the ball to a man in the clear. But the man wasn't even expecting it, and he didn't catch it."

So much for the current array of T quarterbacks, who are still indispensable cogs in any pro-football machine. What about the ball carriers? The consensus is that although the best runners today are no greater than the stars of the past, there are more of them. It isn't only for tactical reasons that the rushing game has been picking up. There are also plenty of fellows around who can make a running attack go.

It takes a lot of man to carry the ball in pro competition. Naturally he must be utterly fearless about hurling himself against mammoth defenders. He must also have exceptional speed and drive. His speed must be of the quick-accelerating variety, so that he is going full tilt almost from the moment he takes off.

Many of the best runners are essentially the straight-ahead, battering-ram type, like the Bears' Rick Casares and the Giants' Alex Webster. Elusiveness alone isn't enough for a pro ball carrier, although there are some comparatively small scatbacks who operate successfully on a spot basis, such as Ron Waller, of

The Golden Instant

By Norman R. Jaffray

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the Los Angeles Rams; Billy Wells, of the Washington Redskins, and Perry Jeter, of the Bears. A few runners combine speed, power and shiftiness, including Hugh McElhenny, of the San Francisco Forty Niners, and Frank Gifford, of the New York Giants.

The increase in the number of high-grade ball carriers is in line with the ever-expanding supply of good football material from the high schools and colleges. It probably also reflects the recent dominance of the running game in the colleges. Another factor could be the restoration of the one-platoon system in collegiate football. A back who survives this is likely to have the durability it takes to stand up under the violent contact in professional ball.

The man who runs with the ball is back in the limelight, but it's still not like the early years of the National Football League. Then the rushing attack was virtually the whole show. Through the 1920's and well into the 1930's, most of the big names were ball carriers, such as Red Grange, Bronko Nagurski and Beattie Feathers, of the Chicago Bears; Cliff Battles, of the Washington Redskins; Dutch Clark, of the Detroit Lions; Clark Hinkle, of the Green Bay Packers; and numerous others.

Steve Owen, long-time coach of the New York Giants, who now works with Hugh Devore on the Philadelphia Eagles, recalls vividly how things were. Owen first came into the league as a tackle in 1926, and was joined the next year at the other tackle position by Cal Hubbard, an all-time great pro lineman, and currently supervisor of American League baseball umpires.

Hubbard was six-five and weighed 265 pounds. This would be almost commonplace for a pro tackle today, but at that time it was truly awesome. "We could pass even then, but we didn't do it, because we didn't have to," Steve Owen reminisces. "I remember Cal used to say that anybody who threw the ball instead of running with it was a sissy."

A couple of years later, though, the Giants got Benny Friedman, of Friedman-to-Oosterbaan passing fame at the University of Michigan. They found that there was something to this throwing game after all. The next season, 1930, Arnie Herber began tossing the ball around for the Green Bay Packers.

It didn't take league officials long to realize that the forward pass was making pro football a more spectacular and crowd-pleasing attraction. In 1933, long before the colleges took similar action, the pros repealed the old rule-book restrictions on the forward pass, and made it legal for a team to throw as often as it liked, from anywhere behind the line of scrimmage. By 1935 the pros were getting 40 per cent of their yardage through the air.

That was the year when Don Hutson, who was to catch more passes than any pro receiver before or since, started his long career at end for Green Bay. In 1937 Slingin' Sammy Baugh broke in with the Washington Redskins; and in 1939 Sid Luckman came to the Chicago Bears. The game was opened up still further around that time as the Bears evolved the modern T formation, featuring the use of a man in motion and wide pitchouts to spread the defenses.

By the start of World War II, the passing game was accounting for half the yardage in the pro league. After the war the ratio continued to climb. For a while the championship still went occasionally to a team which emphasized the running game, like the Philadelphia Eagles with Steve Van Buren in 1948 and 1949. But the over-all trend was the other way. In 1950 the Los Angeles Rams won their division title—and nearly beat Cleveland in the championship playoff—with an offense which produced a record 3709 yards by passing and only 1711 by rushing.

When the countertrend finally set in last season, the team which led the way was the Chicago Bears. Veteran owner George Halas, who was also his team's head coach until he handed the job over to Paddy Driscoll this year, says that with the Bears, the running change-over was strictly intentional.

"In 1954," he relates, "we led the league in passing, but we hardly gained anything running." (The actual figures were 3104 passing yards and 1142 rushing yards.) "Although we finished in second place, we weren't satisfied. Our offense was way out of balance. Last year we set out to get more running. We wound up leading the league in rushing, and we were just a half a game and a couple of breaks away from getting into the playoff."

The Bears this season have been ahead again not only in rushing but also in total offense. They were hitting for good passing yardage, too, with exceptional receivers like Harlon Hill and Gene Schroeder to catch the tosses of Ed Brown. The Bears were showing the kind of offensive balance every pro coach dreams of.

Professional teams prepare for their games so intensively nowadays that it's a wonder anybody is able to move the ball at all. In addition to sending scouts to the enemy ball parks, they freely exchange the latest movies of one another's games. In its planning each week, a team generally will have studied and completely charted the films of the coming opponent's last two or three games.

Since everything they do is so well known to the other fellows, teams make it a point to change things. The Bears, for example, put on their greatest running show of the season in their first game with the San Francisco Forty Niners this year. They rolled nearly 400 yards along the ground and passed for only eighty-six yards in recording a 31–7 victory. But in a return engagement two weeks later, with the Forty Niners presumably primed to check that running game, the Bears did a greater amount of throwing. While their rushing was going down to 233, their passing yardage went up to 207. The score this time was Bears 38, Forty Niners 21.

The teams that do the least passing sometimes are the most effective at it, since the opposition is paying more attention to the running attack. The National Football League ranks passers according to average yards gained per passes thrown. Going into this month the No. 1 passer in the averages was Ed Brown, of the hard-running Bears. No. 2 until he began getting into difficulties last month was Lamar McHan, of the Chicago Cardinals, who, with their split T, had been throwing fewer passes than any other team in the league.

The Bears and the Cards both stepped up their ball-carrying on purpose, but on many of the teams, it seems to have happened as much by chance as by design. The Detroit Lions have had good offensive balance this season, after several years of being primarily a passing team. However, coach Buddy Parker says one big reason is that he has much more ball-carrying talent this year. Then there was the comeback of Bobby Layne, who last year was hampered by a stiff shoulder.

The San Francisco Forty Niners have also been dividing pretty evenly between passing and running yardage this season, but if anything, they are going counter to the trend. The point is that for years the Forty Niners were the league's big running team. They were No. 1 in ball carrying from 1952 through 1954. They were usually in contention for the division title, but they always fell short. So the feeling grew in San Francisco that they weren't doing enough throwing. Last season and this, a greater proportion of their yardage has come from the passing of Y. A. Tittle and others. And coincidentally or not, they have been having less success than ever.

The new San Francisco coach, Frankie Albert, was one of the great T quarterbacks and passers. However, he fully recognizes the present importance of the ground game. But Albert adds, "Any club that can come up with another passing artist who can thread the needle like Otto Graham will still be able to dominate most games. When it's a third-and-five situation, a Graham can get you those yards with a short pass, where a runner might be held to three or four."

In any event, during much of this season the teams with the highest passing ratios have been getting beaten consistently—the Los Angeles Rams, the Pittsburgh Steelers, the Green Bay Packers. When the Rams finally came up with a good win over San Francisco, after losing five straight, they did it primarily with a rushing attack. It should be mentioned, though, that with losing teams, high passing figures sometimes are misleading.

For instance, in going down to defeat at Baltimore this year, Green Bay threw the ball thirty-eight times—and gained nearly 300 passing yards—while rushing for the paltry total of only twenty yards. Baltimore's Weeb Ewbank relates, "After the game some of the sports writers were asking Lisle Blackbourn, the Green Bay coach, why they'd done so much passing. He said, 'We should have passed more!' And he was right. They were behind almost the entire ball game. When you're behind, you have to keep passing to try and catch up."

Jim Lee Howell, of the New York Giants, speaks of good pass-defense men as the rarest jewels in the league today. "If I had my choice right now between getting a good running halfback and a good defensive halfback," Howell declares, "I'd take the defensive halfback."

Hugh Devore, of the Philadelphia Eagles, makes another point about the passing game. Says Devore, "It takes a long time to build up good passer-receiver relationships. A passer can throw much better to a man when he knows his style and can tell exactly what he's likely to do. It hurt us on the Eagles this year when Pete Pihos retired. Both our passers had a good relationship with him. That left Walston as the only receiver they were really familiar with."

Last season the Eagles were top-heavy on the passing side. Upon taking charge at Philadelphia this year, Devore undertook to develop more running while preserving the aerial weapon. He seemed to be succeeding in the early games, but by midseason forward-passing problems were holding down his entire offense.

The Washington Redskins, who for so long relied chiefly upon the slinging of Sammy Baugh, have been basically a running team for several seasons now. It was with a ground attack featuring Leo Elter and Billy Wells that the surprising Redskins broke the six-game winning streak of the Detroit Lions this year in a thriller, 18–17. Paul Brown has been restoring rushing balance to the Cleveland attack since 1954, although this year he has been dissatisfied with both branches of the Browns' offense. However, the running of Preston Carpenter and the now-sidelined Ed Modzelewski has been a bright spot.

The general trend is clear. For the first time in ten seasons, more touchdowns have been scored by running than by passing in the National Football League this year. The pro teams are averaging only a little more than twenty passes per game, compared to the peak of thirty they reached three years ago. The proportion of rushing yardage has gone up from a 1954 low of 41 per cent to well over 50 per cent.

The ball carrier is a big man again in the pro league, but he hasn't pushed the forward passer out of the picture. The pros won't revert to the old era when two teams just plugged away along the ground. They won't get as conservative as today's "possession football" college teams, who keep five-yarding the opposition to death in efficient but often monotonous fashion.

However, professional football had been going too far in the other direction. Now things are back in proportion. For the tacticians, it is a better-rounded game. For the average football fan it is a more satisfying spectacle. THE END

"How come we never got a ticket before when we went through a red light?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Personal . . . From Budapest

(Continued from Page 25)

my newspaper, the London Daily Mail, had arranged for a hired car to be ready for me at Vienna Airport. For three days now no real news had come out of Budapest. The telephones were cut, the cables were dead. I was determined to get to Budapest that night, see the extent of the carnage, and then drive to the frontier the following day and hand over my dispatch to a waiting colleague. Then I would return to battle-stained Budapest.

The drive in was not too bad. I was searched eleven times, mostly by Russians, but the only big holdup was at the industrial town of Györ, sixty-six miles from Budapest. Half a dozen Russians scrambled out of the darkness, stripped the car bare and examined everything. An officer who spoke fair German opened my suitcase and gasped, "What is this?"

"This" was two dozen diapers, a baby's pajamas embroidered with animals, bibs, and a tiny dressing gown. That morning in London—was it only that morning?—I had been buying things for our newborn baby, and I hadn't had time to unpack them.

The Russians let me go, but then, only 200 yards farther on, the main road was blocked by at least thirty tanks. Russian troops crouched round a campfire, drinking and smoking—one was even warming his bare toes. Again they stopped the car and again I was searched. It took me half an hour more to get through Györ, and it was nearly one A.M. before I reached Budapest. Suddenly I heard for the first time the rolling thunder of heavy guns. It was a sound that for days and nights was going to be the background music to the awful drama in which I became involved.

I wanted to reach the Duna Hotel in Pest, but the road from Vienna takes you first to Buda, and then you must cross the river.

In the outskirts of Buda, my headlights shone on wet, foggy streets and the stark evidence of war—smashed windows, electric poles torn down, skeletons of burned-out cars and trucks littering the skiddy roads. As I drove on, I ran into a curtain of trailing electric-street-car wires. Freedom fighters had cut them so that they dangled from their supports. These tangles of wire were antitank traps; time and again they became entangled in my wheels or fenders.

Near the square facing the Chain Bridge over the Danube, the front wheels dropped into a hole where fighters had torn up the paving stones to build barricades. The whole square was a mass of wreckage. The famous café at the corner was a ruin and the terrace was littered with a thousand smashed chairs. In one corner four burned-out trucks made a barricade behind which men could fight. Half a dozen big trees had been uprooted and dropped across the road. The trailing electric cables festooned the whole square.

The gunfire did not seem too close, but I switched off my headlights. When I had got the car out of the hole, I tried to drive without lights. It was impossible; I immediately dented one fender against a tree trunk. Then my front bumper became entangled in electric cables, and it took me a quarter of an hour to get free.

I switched on my lights again and went slowly forward. On the left, the Chain Bridge came into view, shadowy and ghostly. In front were half a dozen barricades. There was a sudden crack of automatic fire from one barricade, and then an enormous roar from a tank halfway across the bridge. I heard a shell whistle across the car. The Russians had seen my lights and opened up.

I switched off the motor and the lights and dived underneath the car. Three more shells came tearing across the dark night. Then the barricade—obviously manned by freedom fighters—opened a counter-attack. A dozen machine guns roared out, and by peeping round the front of the car I could see men dropping on the center of the bridge.

I had been crouched half under the car for ten minutes when a small figure ran across the square and dived onto the ground beside me. It was a girl. She wore a dirty green raincoat, and had an automatic slung over her shoulder. In bad German she asked who I was. When I said I was British, she started whispering in passable English.

"Are you hurt?" she asked.

"No, I'm fine."

"They fire on you, the Russkies. They always fire on automobile lights."

The firing had died down. She told me to get into the car; she would lead me across the square. I was guided through tank traps to a side street, where we left the car. Two freedom fighters came to see who we were.

"Ah," I heard one say. "Ilona."

It was the first time I heard her name.

"The fighters will look after the car," she said. "Nobody will steal anything. Now I must return to the barricade. Do you like to come?"

I pushed a bottle of whisky into the deep pocket of my overcoat and we walked back down the little side street to the square. On an impulse I stopped at

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the corner and shook hands and thanked her.

She was tall and straight and twenty-two. She told me later she had been married, but was now divorced. She had very black hair in funny tight curls, and large gray eyes, and she wore a cheap scarf knotted round her throat. Her face was black with grime, but I could see she had fine bones. She was wearing slacks and bright blue ballerina shoes, of the sort so popular in America.

I said, "Your feet must be very cold."

"They are." Her gray eyes smiled. "Let us go back to the barricade."

This was Ilona. I took her arm and we walked on, our feet crunching on a carpet of broken glass. We were not twenty yards from the barricade when the whole heaven around us seemed to burst with an enormous clap as the firing started again. The roar of the heavy guns was answered by the blast of fifty automatics from all parts of the square. We dived on the ground, crawled on all fours for the shelter, and hurled ourselves in.

Here I stayed four hours, sharing the battle with the nine people who manned the post. With the exception of Ilona and one man, all were under twenty. One other was a girl, with a red smear seeping through a rough bandage on her leg. Around the square were ranged half a dozen other strongpoints manned by freedom fighters.

We were in the center of the square and here the fighters had somehow dragged three railway passenger carriages across the streets from a nearby railway siding. Once these enormous vehicles were in the square, hundreds of people had upturned them so they lay with the steel undersides of the coaches facing the bridge. They gave some protection against shelling.

By two A.M. the moon had brightened and the fog started to lift; I could see for the first time the faces in the barricade. The firing would suddenly die down at intervals, and then we would crouch down and pass the bottle round and try to talk. One man spoke excellent English. He was twenty-eight, the oldest fighter there. The next morning, after a fierce argument, I persuaded him to leave the fighters and do an even more important job for Hungary—help tell his country's story by staying with me as guide and interpreter. His name was Denes. He was an economist, and he knew Imre Nagy, who was temporarily in power. Within a couple of days all the foreign correspondents in Budapest were to know Denes and seek his help. He was very neat, like a clerk, and wore rimless glasses. With his submachine gun, he looked like an elderly student mixing with the juniors at a campus rifle range.

One of the other fighters was only fifteen. He was wearing overalls and a bandoleer of ammunition. It was incredible. Fifteen! A schoolboy. He was called Janos. He had a funny little upturned nose and hair that no brush could ever control.

The moment he saw me, he chuckled and held his gun up over the parapet and screamed across to the bridge, "*Russki mata!*" (Russians, go home!) Fifteen! Amidst all the dirt and noise, Janos touched me more than any of the others—the grinning face of a freckled kid, seen in a sudden burst of moonlight.

The other girl was young, too, but she was not smiling. She took a drink, then stood with the boys at the corner, her gun at the ready. Her body was taut and terrified.

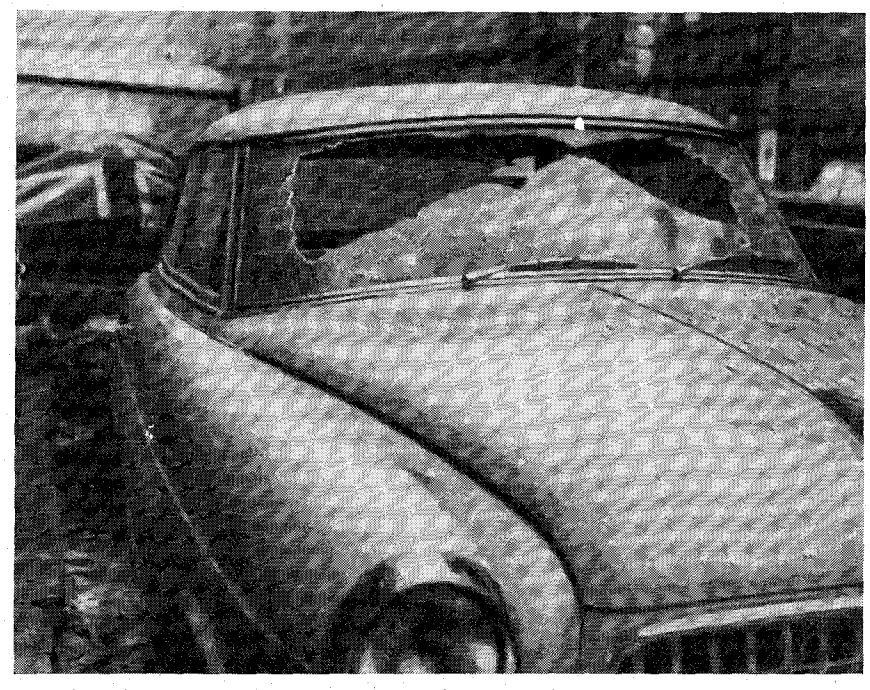
When the firing started again, Ilona crept into the center upturned carriage and lay down to fire on the bridge through slits in the steel chassis. I lay by her side. About 3:30 A.M. one of the other barricades got a direct hit from a Soviet tank. In an instant the square was lit by a great sheet of flame.

"Some of our Molotov cocktails burning," said Ilona bitterly.

Before the flames petered out, we could see survivors from the barricade running the twenty yards or so to the shelter of buildings on the edge of the square. Not one of them made it. Soviet machine guns raked the corner until every one was killed.

Denes was lying by the next slit. There was nothing to fire at. All the Russians were inside the tanks. Denes said nothing. I saw him take out his handkerchief and carefully wipe his rimless glasses.

Ten minutes later, our turn came. Most of us were in the center coach, but two fighters, including the fifteen-year-old boy, were firing from the right-hand coach. A shell tore it to splinters. There was a terrifying roar and whistle as the shell landed, and a tearing sound as though a giant were crushing matchwood into splinters. It was all over in seconds.



Noel Barber's bullet-riddled car as he abandoned it on the streets of Budapest.

The whole barricade opened blind machine-gun fire.

Ilona clutched my arm. "I daren't move. Can you go and see if they need help?"

I scrambled backwards out of the coach and groped my way to the right-hand corner of the barricade. The whole coach had been wrenched apart. One of the fighters lay there without any head. I heard a cry and tore away at the wreckage until I reached Janos. He was still alive. I lifted him up as carefully as I could. He was trying to smile. He gasped, "*Russki mata!*" I got his head and shoulders pillowed in my right arm. I gave him a drink, then lit a cigarette and put it in his mouth. He took a few puffs. His life was going quickly, but he clung to his gun and kept trying to give me that naughty-boy grin. I stroked his hair back until his head dropped into the crook of my arm. He was dead.

At 5:30, as dawn chased away the night, the Russian tanks moved back along the Chain Bridge toward Pest. An enormous cheer went up from the people. The battle was over, for the time being. Denes, Ilona and I walked back to her apartment and I lay down on the sofa and slept. So ended my first night in Budapest.

Friday, October 26.

I felt a gentle hand touch me, and there was Ilona with a steaming cup.

"I know," she said in the pedantic voice of one who has learned English from books, "that British people cannot start the day without a cup of tea."

I looked at my watch. I had slept like a dead man—for exactly forty minutes. That morning Denes and I managed to drive into Pest. The two main bridges—the Chain Bridge and the Margaret Bridge—were crawling with Russian troops, but we made a detour way back to the Stalin Bridge, where the few Hungarian soldiers on sentry-go let us through. In the cold sunlight, as I drove round the city, I saw for myself the whole great tragedy. Beautiful Budapest was slowly dying. Enormous flags of black crepe hung from almost every window, flanked by Hungarian flags with holes in the center where the hated red star had been cut out. All the streets and the beautiful squares were littered with broken glass, burned-out cars and tanks, and rubble. From all parts of the city came the heavy, rolling thunder of gunfire. I drove around one corner, and at the end of the street I saw desperate hand-to-hand fighting. I turned another and saw tanks firing point-blank into houses and shops. At the corner of Stalin Avenue two T-34 tanks lumbered past, dragging bodies behind them, as a warning to the Hungarians.

There had been some talk of looting, and at one corner Denes saw two kids trying to force open a shop window.

"We stop the car," said Denes, "and I give the boys a good thrash!"

But they weren't looting at all. Both were under ten. One held some dry black crusts, the other a cigarette tin full of water. They were trying to feed a puppy imprisoned in the shop.

In the next street, where three Russian tanks stood disabled, I counted the bodies of fifteen teen-agers who had been killed. Just around the corner stood a long, patient queue of old women, waiting for the chance to buy bread.

At the Duna Hotel I found chaos. Food was running out, and from all around the building came the crackle of machine-gun fire. In front, where the road almost laps the river, a long column of Russian tanks was rumbling past. Across the Danube I could see a small fire blazing.

It was on this day that I was able to piece together the enormity of the wicked crime the Russians had perpetrated, so often against women and children. And it was now, too, that I was able to realize the foulness of the AVH—the dreaded Hungarian secret police.

The fighters had already demanded that Nagy get rid of the Russians, but even more insistent were their demands that every single member of the AVH should be shot or imprisoned. These had been the henchmen of the hated Stalinist dictator, Matyas Rakosi, before he was kicked out. They had sent thousands of innocent Hungarians to the slave camps.

I saw many of them killed that day. Halfway through the morning Denes and I were walking back from the British Legation. Nothing was happening, but we stood in a doorway as machine-gun fire opened up nearby. A man in a small car came slowly round the corner. A knot of men stood there.

Suddenly there was a cry. "Death to the Avo!" (AVH in Hungarian is pronounced "Avo" as in "Bravo.") The men swooped on the car. In thirty seconds it had been overturned. In two minutes the crowd around the car had swollen to over 100. They dragged the AVH man out of the driving seat. Somebody fired a shot into the gas tank and the car went up in flames. Then the crowd set on the man. He tried to run, but as I watched they beat him to death. They left him a twisted heap, lying in a sea of broken glass. I did not move until everyone else in the square had vanished. Then Denes and I ran back to the safety of my hotel.

What I found so terrible was the completely merciless brutality of the Russians and the AVH. They knew they could never win a street war with tanks, so they slaughtered the innocent. Most of the Hungarian troops had joined the insurgents—and this the Russians could never forgive, especially as the soldiers were supplying the fighters with arms. Already there were 10,000 dead and 40,000 injured, and the figure was to be doubled before the end of the blood bath. Yet the teen-age army fought on, and the Russians couldn't stop them. That morning I saw Russian tanks lumbering up a broad avenue, only to be trapped by the ever-present festoon of hanging electric cables. Behind them, armed with submachine guns and gasoline bottles, hundreds of fighters were advancing. As soon as a tank turret opened, they rushed forward with one combined surge, laughing at death. Time after time, they disabled a tank and killed the crew.

The only way the Russians could combat this, and the only way the terrified AVH could strike back, was by murder. That was no doubt the reason for the massacre in Parliament Square on the morning of the day I arrived. Unarmed civilians, among them many women, spontaneously organized a quiet, orderly demonstration. They marched to Parliament Square. In the square, a dozen Soviet tanks were ranged. The crowd sang patriotic songs. There was no demand for the crowd to disperse. The commander gave the order and the tanks opened fire.

It was cold-blooded murder. Hundreds were mowed down. So grisly was the massacre that they were still carting away the dead the next morning. Denes and I saw them take away the last twelve truckloads of bodies.

There was another massacre on Friday afternoon, and this I saw with my own eyes. Here is how it happened:

I had decided to drive for the frontier to send a news story and photographs to the London Daily Mail, returning to Budapest the same night. I had some difficulty leaving. The Chain Bridge was packed with troops, so Denes and I drove to the Margaret Bridge. The Russians fired at us. Eventually we managed to cross the Stalin Bridge, and so I came to the terrible scene of death that struck the little country town of Magyarovar.

It was a pleasant town of pink and white houses, a bare ten miles from the

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Austrian frontier. The fields around it were yellow with shocks of wheat. It had a number of factories and an academy for agricultural students. Denes and I were driving through the main street when the still autumn air was broken by heavy bursts of machine-gun fire. I was surprised. In Budapest the guns never ceased, but out in the country there was no serious fighting. Then I heard grenades exploding.

I swung the car around toward a sort of village green facing the town hall. It was not five minutes away, but before we reached it the firing had stopped.

As we came upon the scene I saw the tears well up in Denes' eyes. I banged my foot down on the brake of the car. I did everything I could to stop vomiting. I had come face to face with a scene so terrible that I can only pray to God I shall never see the like of it again.

The whole field was alive and moving with dying bodies, their limbs wriggling. I was reminded of freshly caught fish flopping in the bottom of a boat. I will not attempt to describe the screams and the crying of the wounded and the dying. In one corner of the field a bunch of AVH men were nonchalantly walking back to their barracks with two machine guns.

While I was there eighty-two people died. I know the figure exactly, for the next day I counted all the bodies myself. More than 200 more were wounded. More than half of them were school children. Right in front of me was a young mother and a baby. Both were dead. When doctors and nurses had cleared the bodies away, the whole field was dyed red. It looked just like the fields where Hungarian peasants lay red peppers out to dry. Before I left I saw in one corner something I hope never to see again—a pile of arms and legs that no longer belonged to people dead or alive.

But why did it have to happen? Why this incredible, senseless butchery? It all started—just as the demonstration in Parliament Square started—with an orderly, unarmed demonstration. Eighty per cent of the marchers were students from the school. Passers-by joined in. They made their way to the park in front of the town hall and asked to present the students' demands to the local mayor.

The boys were in the front. At each corner of the park were semicircular trenches, each housing a machine-gun nest manned by the AVH. A song started. The music swelled from the crowd of several hundred—and then it happened. Machine-gun bullets swept across the front of the crowd—mostly boys from the school. Hundreds of people, those who were still alive, ducked to the ground. The machine guns stopped. Three members of the AVH ran out and hurled hand grenades into the crowd. When the people jumped up to escape, the machine guns started up again.

That is what happened on this mild autumn afternoon in Magyarovar.

While we stayed and helped the wounded, a stunned town started its swift retribution. From the nearest town came six small scout cars with freedom fighters. Even as the doctors were clearing away the dead, the freedom fighters surrounded the AVH headquarters. About twenty secret police were inside. Those who came out were taken prisoner. The commandant escaped in an ambulance. All but two of the rest were shot in the fighting. These two were the men who had actually fired the machine guns. They were given to the crowd and dispatched by hand.

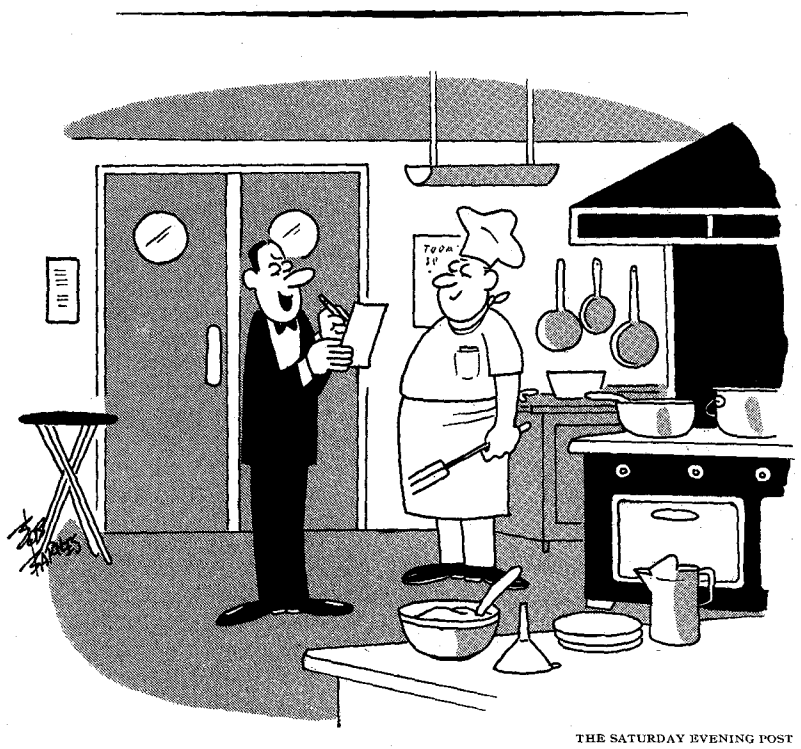
Denes and I got into the car again, and went to the frontier, where I handed over my story and photographs. Then, as dark fell, I started back for the guns of Budapest.

Sunday, October 28.

This was the day the Russians shot me. In all, by now, they had shot at my car about a dozen times.

On Saturday and Sunday, Denes and I again raced to the frontier and back to Budapest. By Sunday the Soviet circle of steel was slowly crushing the dying city. It was already dark when I returned from the frontier. There was a big Soviet tank astride the main road ten miles outside the city. This time there was no going through. Two soldiers—they were Mongolians, the first time I had seen these latest reinforcements—advanced with machine guns. We were ordered back. All routes into Budapest were blocked. It took us three hours, but we managed to reach the city by making a detour from the town of Dorog across country to a village called Tatabanya. From here a cart track led to the capital, and by nine o'clock I was back in the Duna Hotel.

There I went to have a drink with one of my oldest buddies, Sefton (Tom) Delmer, the ace correspondent of London's Daily Express. He and I had been in



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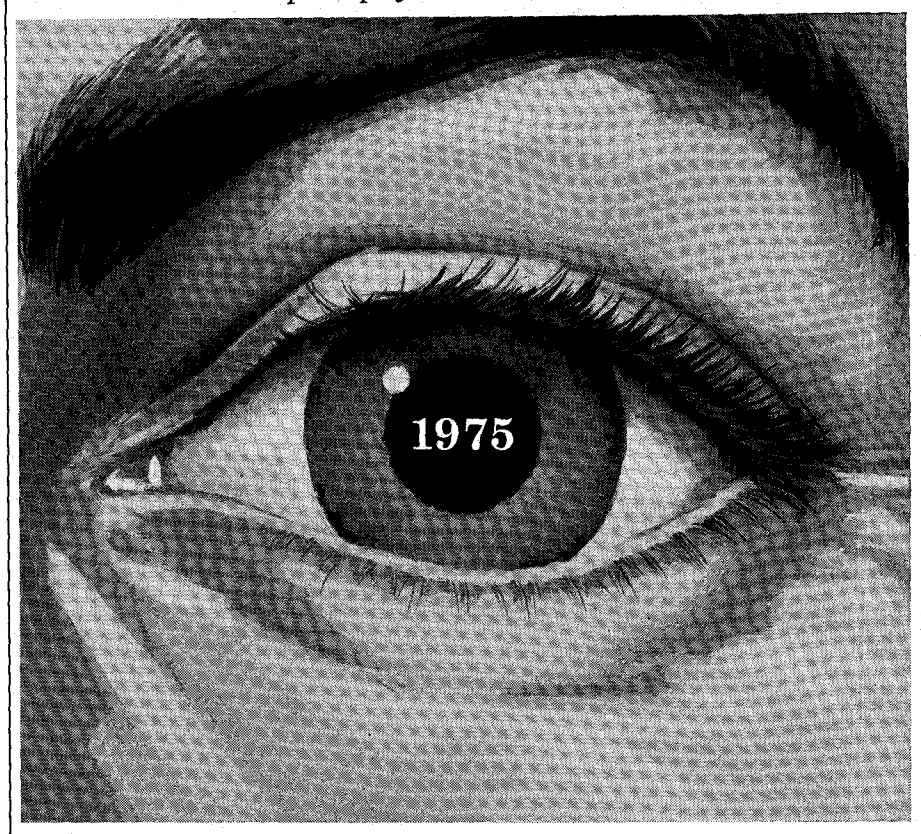

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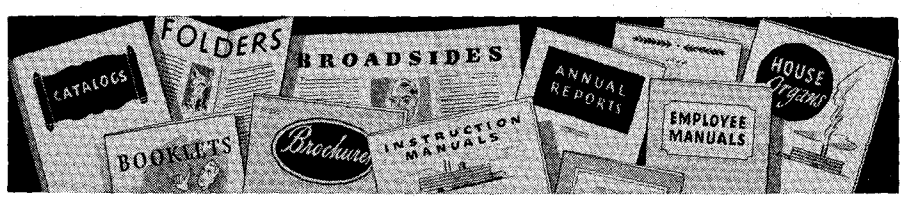

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and out of many a scrape together. He said rumors were sweeping the city that the Russian troops were finally pulling out. Denes managed to get through on the phone to some government people, and they confirmed it. It seemed vital that the three of us should take the car and cruise around to see if this was true.

It certainly wasn't. On the Margaret Bridge a column of Soviet infantry was waiting. As we turned the corner a machine gun let fly at us. I backed that car faster than any man has ever backed a car before, and turned down the main street. Flying the Union Jack and a white flag, I drove at a snail's pace to avoid getting entangled in hanging cables.

A hundred yards farther on stood a Russian with a Tommy gun. I dimmed my lights and waited for an order to halt. None came. Quite unafraid, I drove slowly past him.

I remember only one thing. As I saw his face, the little swine was grinning. Then he opened fire at point-blank range. Six bullets ripped into the side of the car. One smashed a wheel, another blew off the exhaust pipe. Then two or three bullets smashed the left-hand windows and the windscreen. Before I knew what had happened, my eyes and my left ear were filled with a gush of hot blood.

I knew I had been hit. In ten seconds the blood was soaking through my suit and my shirt was sticking to my chest. I jammed the brakes. Tom jumped out and went straight up to the little Russian and started raving at him. I managed to get out of the car—just how I shall never know. I staggered round, almost collapsing, and urged Tom to get me to a doctor. On three and a half wheels we drove to the British Legation.

They bedded me down and covered me with a dozen blankets and hot-water bottles. But it took an hour for the doctor to reach me, and I was losing an enormous quantity of blood.

His first words were, "He needs a transfusion, even before the operation."

We got an ambulance and drove to the nearest hospital. We had lights ablaze and we flew a red cross, but it made no difference. Twice on the way the Russians opened fire on us. That night I was operated on for an hour. I had been hit twice in the head. They sewed me up with about fifty stitches. Not a bone had been touched. It was a miracle.

Monday, October 29, to
Friday, November 2

For five days I lay in a hospital jammed with 500 wounded. On Monday morning heavy firing opened round the hospital. Some of the AVH had escaped into the building and we were surrounded by freedom fighters. For three days we lived behind a curtain of machine-gun fire.

On that first morning, Ilona managed to get inside. She was crying a little, and she looked lovely, even with a Tommy gun.

She leaned over and kissed me, and said, "When this is all over, you go home. I have been thinking. I want to go. Will you take me out of Hungary?"

I promised her I would.

Denes got in every day because he could easily prove that he was a freedom fighter—now, as he described himself, "a liaison officer with the British."

For three days the AVH and the fighters fought a pitched battle round the hospital. On Wednesday afternoon three of the secret police who had been hiding in the cellars managed to get up to the third floor where my room was. In the next ward were twenty shot-up boys, many of them sleeping two in a bed. Suddenly machine-gun fire rattled down the corridor. There was a burst in the next ward. I heard afterward that two AVH men were shot there.

As the guns fired, the door of our room burst open, and in came the third AVH man. The wounded doctor and I waited in terror for his pursuers. Everything was so confused that we thought he was being chased by Russians.

The AVH man didn't wait to be shot. As the machine-gun burst died down in the next ward, the man dived for a tall window. He wrenched it open as the freedom fighters swung through the door. Without a sound—not even a cry—he hurled himself from the third floor into the street below.

By Thursday the fighters had won, and the shooting had ceased. Denes came to see me with Ilona, and I asked him what the situation was like.

"At last," he replied slowly, "I am beginning to believe the Russians are leaving Budapest. They have promised Nagy to leave all Hungary soon. There is no more fighting."

"Yet I still can't believe," said Ilona, puzzled, "that the Russkies will ever take defeat like this, so easily."

She had to leave early. "I have to go and queue for bread," she smiled, and I never thought of the disaster into which she was walking or that I should never see her again.

I asked Denes to find out from Nagy what the situation really was like. Despite the cease fire, I could not rid myself of the fear that this was not the victory for which we had all fought. Something was wrong somewhere.

We had always faced the trouble that the freedom fighters had no central leader with whom Nagy could treat. Otherwise I am sure the revolution would have ended with a partial victory days before, and Hungary could then have settled with Russia more in the manner that Poland has done.

But Nagy would appeal for a cease fire. Half the fighters would obey. The Russians would then stop. And then some irresponsible section of fighters would open up without any orders. It was impossible to get any stabilized position. And, of course, every time Nagy promised the students everything they wanted, they asked for more. Brave though they were, they had no political sense at all.

The doctors said I needed eight days in hospital, then a few days' convalescence, before I could leave for Vienna. This seemed all right, provided I could get out of Hungary when I was fit.

A desperate, uneasy calm hung over the twisted ruins of the city. Early on Friday, Denes returned. I knew on the instant that he had bad news. He took off his glasses and polished them, and for the first time he used my Christian name.

"Noel," he began, "I saw Nagy's secretary last night. First, the Russians are not leaving. Reinforcements are pouring in. Already there are four great camps of Mongolian troops a few miles outside Budapest. And secondly, Nagy himself has been asked by the Russians where you are. Nobody can leave the country—and they tell me that specially includes you, because of what you have written."

It was the longest speech I ever heard Denes make, and I knew what it meant. I might spend the rest of my life behind the Iron Curtain.

"Denes," I said, "I'm going to try to get out tomorrow—and you're coming with me."

He looked at me very sadly. "You know I cannot come. If we have won—and perhaps we have—I must stay and help. If we have lost, I must stay and fight." He hesitated and added shyly, "But Ilona is coming to see you again. She wants to go. She has been brave enough. Take her with you."

But Ilona never came. Not until late that night did I find out what had happened. Around lunchtime there was a small outburst of fighting in Buda near her apartment. A group of fighters climbed on a tank and killed the crew. Another Russian tank swung round and machine-gunned them; and then, out of spite, the gunner turned his fire on a queue of women waiting to buy bread. Ilona was in the queue. Apparently she was only shot through the legs, but a Russian tank lumbered back and ran over all who were still alive.

Dear, dear Ilona! And she had looked so lovely that morning, and I thought the fighting was over, and as she kissed me good-by, I told her that I would take her to my farm in Switzerland and she should stay with my family. Poor Ilona!

That night I went, wrapped in blankets, to the Duna Hotel. I was too weak to drive, so I asked Tom Delmer to drive me to the border. We decided to leave at 6:30 the next morning.

I said farewell to Denes. Again I begged him to come. "When it's all over, I will come to England for a holiday," he promised me.

We shook hands, and he never looked back. I don't suppose I shall ever see him again.

Saturday, November 3.

It was snowing when we left. Tom Delmer wrapped me in blankets and took the wheel. The car was in bad shape—no glass, no spare wheel, very little oil and just enough gas. Yet with luck we should reach the frontier in three hours.

At the frontier thirty Soviet tanks barred our way. Not a soul was being allowed through. Only 200 yards away was the frontier post. A step beyond it—one step—was freedom, food, doctors, a clean hospital, and, above all, the peace of mind I needed after five agonizing days.

Tom tried to argue. A big brute of an officer in a long gray overcoat and with a cigarette in a holder didn't even bother to look at us as he waved us back. Tom turned the car, and I looked—weak, and with tears starting—at the frontier post, so near and yet so far, and just beyond it an Austrian flag.

But we had to turn back. In the village of Hegyeshalom, three miles from the frontier, we found an inn. The landlord made me some hot soup. We managed to telephone the frontier post and speak to some Swiss members of the Red Cross and some Catholic priests. They told Tom that a wounded neutral couldn't be stopped.

"We will proceed in a deputation to the Russian tank forces," they told him. "You drive your friend there and we will force them to let you through."

So we drove out again. As we moved forward we could see three cars set off for the Russian tanks. One tank was slewed straight across the road. There we stood, the Swiss on one side, Tom on my side, arguing in German. It was no good. Again we drove back to the village.

By now I was just about all in. There was no place to sleep in the village and the idea of returning to Budapest, where the Reds could find me, was unthinkable.

Around four o'clock we knew the moment had come to take the last fateful gamble. Tom and I would try to drive over the fields and get across the frontier illegally.

Half an hour later we set off in our old wreck of a car. We found a Hungarian guide who warned us that we must keep off the fields themselves because of land mines; we must follow cart tracks.

Right at the start we got bogged down in mud and slush. I was too weak to push. But the prospect of freedom had given me enough strength to take over the wheel. For the next four hours, I steered while Tom and the guide shoved the car out of one mudhole after another.

Thirteen miles from the frontier post where we had first tried to cross, we came across a place where there was a chance. Two Hungarian soldiers were guarding a strip of plowed earth across which were cart tracks. The Hungarians were only too delighted to help us. The car lurched across, and the next thing I knew I had knocked down a post carrying a red-and-white Austrian flag. Tom, black with mud, followed me on foot. Now he lifted me out of the driving seat into the back of the car. Then, with two flat tires, he set off for civilization.

I could not help looking back through the shattered window, and as Hungary faded away, I blew a last kiss into that gallant little country.

But the kiss wasn't for Hungary, whose glory will never fade. No, it was for Denes—alive, I hoped—and for that kid of fifteen; but most of all it was for the black-haired girl who had led my car to safety in smashed-up Buda. Somewhere Ilona lay, dead and smeared with blood. I huddled back in my filthy blankets, and for the first time in my adult life I cried bitterly.

THE END

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Everywhere, Everywhere, Christmas Tonight !

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Rendezvous in Tokyo (Continued from Page 39)

She glanced at the words and handed it to him.

"Once you were unhappy," he read, "but you are very happy now."

"That's true, you know," she said. "Absolutely true."

"Well, you wanted it to be."

"I don't have to want it. It's here," she said, "and you're happy, too, aren't you? I mean for just now?"

"Oh, yes, I'm happy."

"I was afraid you were going to say you were too happy," she said. "I love it when you're not careful; and you haven't been all day."

"If you want to know," he told her, "it's pleasant for a change."

"There's only one catch about it. It says I'm happy now, but it doesn't say how long, and I want it to be long-term. Would you like it long-term?"

She had said she had liked it when he was not too careful, and he was not careful then.

"Yes," Jack Rhyce said. "You couldn't possibly know how much I want it that way."

That was all that either of them said, and it was all that was necessary. He felt a grateful relief that he was alive, and this relief had nothing to do with any of the cruder gratitudes for survival that he had experienced more recently. As it happened, neither of them had time to embroider on what they had said because he heard a footstep behind them before she did, and he was back from the outside to the inside, turning slowly and accurately.

He did not know that Mr. Moto had followed them until then, and there was no sure way of telling how long Mr. Moto had been behind them or what he might have heard—not that what they might have said would have affected any situation.

"Oh, hello," Jack Rhyce said. "Have we been staying here too long?"

"Oh, no, but there is still a great distance to go and many things to see."

"All right," Jack said, and he put a slight edge to his words, because he wanted to make it clear that he had not approved of that gentle approach. "Go on back to the car. We'll be with you in a minute." When Mr. Moto moved away, Jack Rhyce waited deliberately until the purplish-blue suit and tan shoes were a hundred yards in front of them.

"Have you noticed one queer thing about him today?" Ruth Bogart asked.

"I've noticed several. Which one did you notice?"

"He said he was a guide, but all day long he hasn't tried to explain one single thing to us. Did you ever see a guide like that?"

"That's right, but he's an A-One driver. He has to be, with all the crazy driving on these roads."

It was one of the few moments when they were both inside that day.

"You're right about his being in the business," she said.

"He was once, anyway," he answered.

"Do you think he knows what we are?"

"Let's not worry right now. We'll know better when we see Bill tonight. Let's still try to be happy. I enjoy making the effort, as long as you do too."

They had been in no hurry, and there were long cool shadows across the road as they began to climb into the hills. They would be at the hotel at half past five or six.

There were hot springs at the hotel, and a swimming pool, he told her. The rooms were very comfortable and the food and service were very good.

"I'll like it," she said, but he knew she was thinking of something else. "Jack?"

"Yes?"

"Jack, will you promise me something?"

"Promise what?"

"Don't be so cagey," she said. "If we get out of this, let's try to live on the outside. And promise me you'll get out of the business if I don't come back."

"Listen; have you got a hunch about something, Ruth?"

"No. But I'd like to have you promise before it gets you, Jack."

"Let's talk about it later, but I'm glad you like me that much."

"Yes, I like you that much," she said.

It must have been at that moment that the peacefulness of the day ended. He looked through the plate glass at the back of Mr. Moto's head. The man's age, he was thinking again, was about fifty, but his reflexes were still excellent. Actually Jack Rhyce had not bothered to see whether the car was wired for sound, because nothing they had said was of any importance except those last speeches, but even a microphone would hardly have carried above the outside noises of the traffic on the heavily traveled road. He heard her laugh beside him.

"Don't worry," she said. "The car's all clean."

If she said so, she was correct, and it was not necessary to ask how she knew, or how she had made the opportunity to find out.

The town was on a slope of the winding road that led to Lake Hakone and farther toward the sacred Mount Fuji. The hotel to which they drove had been designed as a concession to European tastes long before the war, and time plus the imagination of its proprietors had given it an exotic Eurasian charm. The season was too late for azaleas and other exotic blooms, but the hotel gardens were still very beautiful.

Jack Rhyce was not a connoisseur, but the spirit conveyed by the hotel was agreeable. There were highly European swimming pools and tennis courts, but the public rooms, which were stiff with highly formal furniture, reminded him that even the most adaptable Japanese seemed to have trouble in selecting suitable assortments of Western chairs, tables and carpets.

Yet, in spite of a cleavage in taste that was hard to bridge, on the whole the hotel had succeeded, and the reason for its success might have been its rambling informality, growing from a profusion of halls, staircases, outside galleries and connecting ells that had happy names in English with an Oriental lilt—Plum Blossom Cottage, Cozy Cottage, the Peach Bloom.

Due to the crowded weekend, the parking spaces along the driveway were already filled with the cars of United States Naval and Air Force personnel, and bellboys clad in white ducks were very busy with the luggage. Mr. Moto was speaking authoritatively to the Japanese concierge, and Jack Rhyce heard him say that his passengers were good people who would appreciate attention.

"I will take the car," Mr. Moto said, "but I will call later for orders and to see if all is right."

"You don't have to until tomorrow," Jack Rhyce told him. "It's been a very fine day, and thanks a lot."

The sunlight had grown softer and the shadows longer. He did not need to consult his wrist watch to know it was somewhat before six, but there was still plenty of time before dark to stroll about the grounds and to locate the building called

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Chrysanthemum Rest where Bill Gibson would be staying.

"It's a mixed-up place, isn't it?" Ruth Bogart said, as they followed the boy with their bags. Being built on the side of a hill, the hotel had several levels. They were passing through an arcade lined with display cases of silks, lacquer, ivories and porcelains, and occasionally they encountered a direction arrow pointing to the Hot Baths, the Main Bar and the Dining Room.

"Yes. This would be quite a place to play cops and robbers in, wouldn't it?"

As Bill Gibson had said, a room had been reserved for them, very comfortable, as the clerk anxiously pointed out, with a bath, in a quiet section of the hotel known as Cozy Nook. Jack Rhyce did not know exactly what had been said or through whom the reservation had been made, but he found the solicitude of the clerk disturbing. Still, he had only to tell himself that nobody knew his business better than Bill Gibson.

When they followed the boy again with their luggage along farther passageways to the upper level of the hotel, he realized that, in spite of years of practice in many places, the ground plan of this building was too much for him, and he greatly disliked the sensation of not being oriented. In consequence, his first task, he told himself, would be to get entrances and exits straight. Also the friendly smiles of the desk clerks had brought home to him again the necessity for cover, since the personnel seemed to be so clearly aware that he and Ruth Bogart had arrived for an off-the-record weekend. And now, facing the prospect, Jack Rhyce encountered in himself an embarrassment that made him very formal, especially when the boy opened the door to a spacious double bedroom. He gave the boy a liberal tip and spoke enthusiastically as the boy backed out, bowing.

"This is a nice room, isn't it, dear?" he said. "I think perhaps I'd better take the bed by the doorway, don't you? And if you want to bathe or anything, I'll go out for half an hour and stroll around."

"Listen," she said, "you've traveled around considerably, haven't you? Haven't you ever been alone in a hotel bedroom with a girl before?"

"Well, yes," he said, "occasionally, now you ask me; but not exactly in this way, Ruth."

"Well, I don't see such a great difference, and don't take it so seriously, for heaven's sake, even if your father was a missionary. I'm going to take a bath, and you'd better too. Do you snore, darling?"

"No," he told her, and he lowered his voice. "You ought to know I don't; not in this business, Ruth."

She tossed her suitcase on the bed next to the wall and snapped it open.

"For heaven's sake," she said, but she lowered her voice just as carefully as he had, "the more we forget the business while we're in here, the better. Darling, aren't you going to give me a kiss or anything, after you've brought me all this way?" She raised her voice when she asked that last question and looked at him meaningly.

"Why, dear," he said; "I've been waiting for this for hours."

"Oh, darling," she said; and then she whispered, "There's someone in the hall outside. We have the privacy of goldfish in this room."

His first instinct was to tiptoe to the door and snatch it open, but she held him and shook her head.

"No, no," she whispered, "maybe it isn't anything, but we'd better act damned silly. I think this place is spooky, Jack."

She was right about the room. There was a transom above the door, and he especially disliked transoms. Two windows at the foot of the twin beds, both of them open now, looked over the carefully tended grounds at the rear of the hotel. The third window, in the bathroom, with ground glass, obviously opened on the corridor, and now that the bathroom door was open, a sound of footsteps made a rhythmic beat along the corridor's jute carpet. They were the staccato steps of an Oriental—one of the hotel boys, he was very certain. Nevertheless, he closed the bathroom door.

"Thanks," he said. "I seem to be losing my grip."

He stepped to the open window, examined the shades and curtains and then made a thorough inventory of the bedroom, which would have been unusually attractive under other circumstances. The curtains that could be drawn before the windows were of heavy cotton, green and yellow, with a bamboo *motif*. The twin beds with comfortable box-spring mattresses were in simple European taste, matching the large mirrored bureau and the taller, man's dresser. Each was covered by a yellowish green spread of raw silk, and the walls had a matching greenish tint. There was one disturbing feature. The lock on the door was an old and clumsy contraption which any well-trained operator could easily pick.

Ruth Bogart had turned on the bathtub taps and the noise of the running water made a cheerful sound.

"I suppose we'll have to look nice but informal," she said, "if we're going to that dance." She was taking out clothing from her neatly packed bag. "I'll wear my light green silk."

"Better put on a dark blue or dark green if you have it," he told her. "Remember, we are going to go outside."

"Right. I forgot. I wonder whether Gibson's got here yet."

"That's his problem. I'm going out to walk around while you take your bath."

"You don't have to, you know; and I wish you'd put on something besides that seersucker suit."

"I'll put on my blue one tonight, but haven't you noticed that everyone who does kind things for backward peoples customarily wears a seersucker suit?"

"Oh, dear," she said, and she smiled at him. "I wish we were really staying here and that there could be just two people in this room instead of four. I'm sick of split personalities."

Her confident unpacking and the running water in the bath contrived to make a new bond in their relationship. The voices of the hotel guests came gaily through the open windows from the grounds outside. People called to each other at the swimming pool, Army and Navy mothers called to their children, and single men far away from home talked to their sweethearts. Up by the swimming pool someone was singing, and then, in the distance, someone began whistling a tune that made Jack look at Ruth Bogart.

Both their faces had assumed their old watchful look, because it was the tune they had last heard before the break of day at Wake Island:

"*You cannot see in gay Paree, in London or in Cork, the queens you'll meet on any street in old New York.*"

"Well, well," he said softly, "our old favorite, isn't it?"

There was no reason, his common sense told him, to be unduly startled. The melodies from The Red Mill were always cropping up on modern records, and they were good, despite the lapse of time.

"It's no favorite of mine," she said. "I told you this place was spooky."

"Well, go ahead and take your bath. I'd better go down there and see what I can see."

She shook her head emphatically. "I'm not going to stay here alone. I'll go right down with you, and go dirty. That damn song. It makes me frightened."

They walked around the grounds for a while, arm in arm, hanging on each other's words, laughing at each other's jests. They walked up the hill to the swimming pool, which was almost deserted, now that the sun was low. They stood in the shade of a giant cryptomeria, and they wandered heedlessly past Chrysanthemum Rest—a small cottage, which, sure enough, was not much more than a hundred and fifty feet away from the ballroom ell. Bill Gibson could not have picked a better place for a private conversation, because, as he had said, the noise of the orchestra would drown out anything else. Then they stopped at the fish pond and watched children feeding bread crumbs to the giant goldfish.

"You know," she said, "I wouldn't mind being a fish myself right now. No wonder they live a hundred years."

"Don't wish that, sweet," he said loudly, so that everyone could hear. "Just compromise and be a mermaid."

"All right, if you say so, you old sea dog, you."

He gave an involuntary shudder at her remark, but still, the cover was not so bad as he thought it was going to be.

"Just don't overplay," he whispered to her amorously.

"All right, you old sea dog, you." And then she laughed.

There was reassurance in her laughter because it meant that, like him, she had noticed nothing out of the ordinary.

"Hold my hand," she said. "It looks better, and now maybe we'd better go up and get ready for dinner."

"Let's go to that place called the Main Bar. We haven't seen it, and there may be something new there."

The Main Bar was on the hotel's lower level. Its dark woodwork was like the old New York where the peach crop was always fine. Its comfortable chairs and tables were not crowded too closely together. The bar itself, with its magnificent array of glass, was almost as long and hospitable as that now-mythical bar in Shanghai which was once believed to be the longest bar in the world. A dozen happy couples, now that the dinner hour was approaching, were taking over the tables in groups of fours and twos, and several men were seated at the bar.

"It's awfully Gothic, isn't it?" she said. "Like a church."

"I'm not carried away by the resemblance," he told her, and he beckoned to a waiter. "Would you like a gin and tonic, dear?"

They had selected a table in a far corner from which the whole room was visible, and he was already giving the people a mental screening.

"Scotch and water," she answered, "and I hope we can get bathed and ready for dinner pretty soon. Everybody here looks very cool and comfortable, and though you're smarter than I am, I can't locate any types."

"Don't try too hard. Don't forget we're in love," he said.

He leaned back and sipped his drink. She was right that there was no one who showed interesting signs. If it had not been for that tune, he would have believed that the place was wholly antiseptic, and, of course, Bill Gibson must have thought so, too, or he would not have named it as a contact point.

The Perfect Squelch

It was a raw, unpleasant holiday weekend, the train was crowded and behind schedule, and the heating system failed to produce adequately. A smartly dressed young woman, seated next to a weary-eyed elderly lady, squirmed in her seat and began complaining to her silent neighbor. She made it clear that she was widely traveled, and that she thought American transportation was vastly overrated. She had never encountered worse, she emphasized, except in the most backward small countries.

"Now, I ask you," she continued to her seat mate, "have you ever had a more thoroughly uncomfortable train ride?"

The other broke her silence with an unmistakable European accent. "Yes," she said softly. "Escaping from the communists in Hungary into free Austria."

Lois F. Pasley

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"That's right," she said. "I've got to keep remembering. You look handsomer tonight than you did yesterday, but you could do with a clean shirt, and I'd like, at any rate, if you could get your seersucker suit pressed."

"Oh, don't say that. It makes me look informal, feeble and good-natured. Nobody cares what happens to a man in a seersucker suit."

"I care at the moment, if only because I don't want to be left alone in this rat race. . . . Oh, Jack! Look across the room!"

His glance followed hers to the entrance by the bar. "Well, well," he said, "now things are looking up."

At least things were moving according to plan, because Bill Gibson had entered the room, and there was no mistaking what Bill was. He was a tired, middle-aged American exporter from Tokyo, out for a good time over the weekend. He was obviously having one, and he must have had a good time at the hotel on previous occasions because he waved to a group at one table and sat down with a couple at another, putting his arm playfully around the girl's waist.

"Where's Dorothy?" they heard him say. "Why didn't you bring Dorothy?"

No one in the business was more consummate than Bill Gibson. In fact, his appearance gave Jack Rhyce a slight spasm of professional envy. Bill's loud Aloha shirt was art. He sauntered in an aimless way about the room, just as a lonely man with a few drinks should. He walked close by the table where Jack and Ruth Bogart sat, and Jack was exasperated by the obviousness of the contact. Bill was his senior in the business, but that was no reason to treat his junior like an amateur with such a clumsy check-in. For a second Jack thought he might be given some sort of signal, but nothing in Bill's expression changed as he passed the table. The truth was that Bill Gibson could not have noticed anything off color either, or he would not have moved so carelessly. His jowls had their old purplish tinge, and his eyes their deceptive glazed expression.

He passed their table and ambled to the bar, hoisted himself on one of the stools, and Jack heard him calling happily, "Another Scotch and soda, and make it a double this time, boy-san."

"Listen," Ruth Bogart said, "school's out now, isn't it? Can't we please go up and get a bath?"

"You go ahead. Maybe I ought to stick around here a few minutes."

"No," she answered. "All those corridors; I won't go up there alone."

"Now, listen, I don't think there's a cough in a carload here." And then he checked himself and his voice dropped to a whisper. "Fasten your seat belt," he whispered, "and for Pete's sake let's be natural. Boy"—he raised his voice and waved to a bar waiter—"two more, please. . . . You'll have another, won't you, dear?"

"Oh," she said, "yes, if you'd honestly like me to get tight, darling."

She was a good girl, back in the act again. She had glanced for only a fraction of a second at the doorway to the bar, but the instant had been long enough for her to see what he had seen. There was no mistaking the sandy hair, the bushy eyebrows, the clear-eyed glance, the easy walk, the lazily swinging arms and the characteristic half bend of the fingers of the man who had just entered. Once you had seen Big Ben, you could not miss him. He was wearing khaki trousers, Army issue, and he, too, wore an Aloha shirt, and even in that moment of impact Jack Rhyce made a mental note that the shirt had a fish design similar to the shirt of Mr. Harry Pender at the Asia Friendship League.

"The fish," she whispered.

"Yes," he answered. "For heaven's sake, let's be natural. . . . You look awfully sweet tonight, honey."

After all, there were plenty of fish designs on plenty of Aloha shirts, but still there was the coincidence. He saw Bill Gibson at the bar tossing off his double Scotch and soda. He must have seen, of course, and he and Jack Rhyce must both have shared the same surprise and consternation, and also the same exalted sense you always had when the game was getting hot, because anything might happen now—anything or nothing. It was unsafe to rely on intuition, and just as unsafe to discount it absolutely, but things had gone beyond the intuitive stage in Jack Rhyce's reasoning. The coincidences had gone so far that there was scarcely a reasonable doubt any longer that the man was Big Ben, and his appearance at the hotel at just this time confirmed the fact. There was only one question hanging in the air, unanswered by the voices around them: How much did Big Ben know? Did he know who Bill Gibson was? Did he know who they were? There was no immediate answer to those questions, but very soon there was bound to be one.

There was bound to be because, as Big Ben stood by the door, their glances met, and Jack saw that he had recognized them. He could feel it in the nerves of his neck before his reason confirmed the fact. The light was on Big Ben and, as far as Jack could see, there was no blankness or surprise. The face was mobile, and honest pleasure rippled over it. The corners of the wide, expressive mouth turned upward, and that was not all. Big Ben waved to them from across the room. Jack Rhyce waved back and beckoned, and lifted his glass.

"Darling," he said loudly, "just look who's coming over! Ships that pass in the night, darling!" And then he lowered his voice, "Don't forget, for heaven's sake, that we're in love."

Big Ben sauntered toward them. Jack did not like to think that the physical sensation he experienced was one of fear, and, in fact, he was fairly convinced that it was not. It might have been his mood, which Ruth Bogart had detected when she had told him once not to take it too big, but he was not unsure of himself. One of the great mottoes in the business was never to overplay, and there was nothing easier to detect than overanxiety or overinquisitiveness, but he knew that he would not overplay. He pushed back his chair and stood up, smiling.

"Well, hello, troops," Big Ben said.

"Why, hello yourself," Jack Rhyce said. "If it isn't our sweet singer from Wake. Remember, Ruth? *In old New York—in old New York* ——"

"I certainly do remember," Ruth Bogart said, and she smiled in just the right way, invitingly, but at the same time not seekingly. "It was terribly romantic out there before dawn, and you had such a lovely voice."

"Gee, thanks," Big Ben said. "It was quite a surprise to me to hear the *boy friend* ——" He underlined the words with gentle humor and smiled at them.

"Oh, now," Jack Rhyce said, "come. What an implication! We were just out for a stroll at Wake, weren't we, Ruth?"

"To hear the boy friend," Big Ben repeated with a chuckle, "answer right back from nowhere—it almost made me jump out of my swim trunks."

"We certainly owe you a drink if I did that," Jack said. "Take a chair and take the weight off your feet, and give your order to the waiter. It ought to be a double or a triple for a boy as big as you."

"Aw, come on," Big Ben said, and his hands relaxed on the table in front of him and he smiled at them both. "You're not such a peewee yourself, fella. I'll bet you played football in your time."

"This is going to be a tough act to follow."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Is that so? Well, you win, Mr. Holmes; I played right tackle for Oberlin. Where did you play?"

"Oh, shucks, I never went to a school like that. I only played for a jerk-water Southern Baptist college." His words trailed off apologetically, and then he gave his order to the waiter.

"You savvy what's called a Bloody Mary, boy-san? Vodka and tomato juice, nice and cold and big. Sorry, folks, if I'm unconventional, but, you see, this is my playtime."

Jack had never watched or listened more carefully, and he could detect no flaw. The Baptist college explained that Southern accent, and there was no uneasiness anywhere. He could assume very safely now that he and Ruth were accepted for what they appeared to be and that they were in the clear.

"Seriously," Jack Rhyce said, "this is a real pleasure, meeting you. I suppose we ought to introduce ourselves. My name's Rhyce—Jack Rhyce—and this is Ruth Bogart. We're just traveling through—out here to make a survey for one of these foundations."

"Oh, yes," Big Ben said. "Seems you mentioned the name of it back there at Wake. Seems to me, it had the name of Friendship in it."

"You really have some memory," Jack Rhyce said, "and it's mighty flattering that we made such an impression on you during our brief visit. The name's the Asia Friendship League."

"That's it," Big Ben said. "Say, it's a pleasure to meet you two nice people again, Jack Rhyce and Ruth Bogart. My name's Ben Bushman. Just old flight engineer Bushman at the present time. Our crew lays over at Tokyo about ten days out of every month, and Bushman comes up here for ease and relaxation." He chuckled happily. "Just the way Jack Rhyce and Ruth Bogart have come up to study Asia Friendship. Am I right, or am I right?"

"Well, now, I don't exactly know how to answer that one," Jack Rhyce said. He laughed self-consciously, and so did Ruth.

"But you must admit it is a friendly place here, Mr. Bushman," she said, and smiled at him dazzlingly.

"Now, now, honey," Big Ben said, "let's cut out the Bushman part. You call me Ben, and just remember I'm tolerant as hell, and I don't blame Jack here, for one minute, but any time if two isn't company and three isn't a crowd, just kind of look around for me, will you? We might sing some old songs or something. I'm nuts for old songs."

"Why, that will be splendid, Ben," Ruth Bogart said. "Jack loves old songs, too, and he has a lovely voice, if I do say so. But if he gets preachy or tiresome, I'll know where to turn, and two will still be company, won't it, Ben?"

"Oh, now, Ruth," Jack Rhyce said. He wished that her flirtatiousness did not sound so genuine, but she was right as far as the business went. "I'm not so bad as all that, am I? . . . But she's right, Ben. I do like a jam session sometimes."

"Well, maybe we can have one tonight," Big Ben said. "Just drop down here into the bar sometime later, say eleven—that is, if you haven't something better to do."

"Oh, come," Jack Rhyce said, "you mustn't kid us, Ben."

Big Ben slapped him affectionately on the shoulder and stood up. "I'm not kidding you, boy. I'm envying you. Well, see you later, I hope. And now I've got to be gittin'."

"What's your hurry? Have another drink. Don't go."

Big Ben shook his head. "Thanks, but I want to get cleaned up for this dancing party, and (*Continued on Page 91*)

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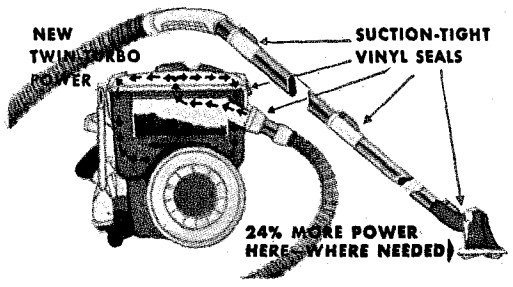

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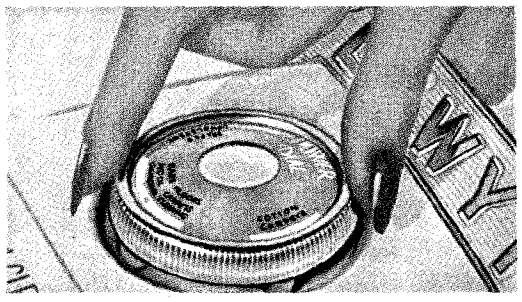

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(*Continued from Page 88*) maybe I can find a girl myself. You two make me lonely. Well, I'll see you later, troops."

Jack Rhyce heard Ruth Bogart sigh, and he drew a deep breath himself, but his abnormal consciousness of life and motion was still with him as he watched Big Ben. The man's walk, lazily loose-jointed, was at the same time perfectly co-ordinated. It was the gait of the highly proficient all-round athlete who could move from an eight-oared shell to the tennis court, the boxing ring, the baseball diamond or the football field with no need for conscious adjustment. You could not help admiring him because he was aesthetically magnificent. He sauntered past the bar without stopping, shoulders carelessly squared and arms swinging easily. If Bill Gibson had not seen him come in, Bill had surely seen him now.

"It was all so natural, wasn't it?" Ruth said, and her words echoed exactly what he had been thinking.

That conversation with Big Ben had been so frank and real, so entirely in keeping with the guises they had assumed, and so banal and dull, that he could nearly believe that it had been true. Football at Oberlin, jam sessions because both of them honestly loved to sing, and even his growing interest in Ruth Bogart had all contributed to honesty. That piece about the Southern Baptist college was especially appealing. It had all been small-time, Big Ben said, and Jack Rhyce could recall a lingering note of sadness. The Baptist college must have been true, just as there must have been some sort of social frustration there similar to what everyone faced in one's adolescent years, and to which most people had learned to adjust.

There had been something in that unknown Southern Baptist college that Big Ben could not handle yet, although later he had traveled to more sophisticated fields. Jack Rhyce could see the place in his imagination. Small institutions for higher learning were apt to have a dreary similarity in the South. The pinch of poverty would be over it, but at the same time lines of social demarcation would be etched more strongly by the poverty, making them far harsher than any differentiations existing in the North. Distinction would be more than just the other side of the tracks in such a place, and there was a quality in Big Ben's voice and gait that told its own story. "White trash" was the name for it, that unhappy phrase which was applied to people living in the clearings behind the pine-grown old fields, who had not solved for generations any of their economic problems.

As he put the theoretical story together, Jack Rhyce believed that the chief in Washington had been right, if not about the missionary, at least about the religious background. Big Ben's father might very possibly have been one of those itinerant preachers. The contagion of pulpit inflection still remained in Big Ben's voice. It was a hymn-singing voice, which Jack Rhyce could readily identify since in many ways he and Big Ben had sprung from a common background, sharing many of the same repressions and simplicities. A minister's son could spot a minister's son. The saying was not a joke. It was absolutely true.

He felt her hand on his arm, shaking him insistently. "Darling, you've got to talk to me," she said; "that is, if we're going to keep sitting in this damn place, or else, if you keep sitting like a wooden Indian, everybody will begin to think we've had a fight. What have you been thinking about, Jack?"

"You ought to know," he said, "about you-know-who, and you needn't have given him such a big glad eye."

"You-know-whom, you mean," she said. "At least you don't know everything, do you, Fearless Fosdick?"

"Maybe Fosdick knows a little about you-know-whom," he said.

"And maybe Miss Fosdick does, too," she answered, "and Miss Fosdick knows she can make him in about five minutes, if necessary. Maybe we should have registered as Mr. and Mrs. Fosdick. Do you think he was poor white trash, Jack?"

The mere fact that their minds had reached the same place independently gave his theory added substance.

"Yes," he said, "I wouldn't wonder. I didn't know you knew the South."

"There were Southern girls in boarding school," she said.

They were leaning toward each other, ostensibly absorbed in each other's words and they had waited long enough in the bar. They both had known, without saying so, that they should not leave the place directly on Big Ben's heels. Jack signaled to a waiter and paid the check.

"Well," she said, "thank goodness. Does this mean that we can bathe and change? Or have you got some other thought?"

"Anyway, we may be able to talk with your bath water running."

"And we can talk with me splashing in it," she said. "You don't have to look, but I'm going to have a bath."

They were another eager, happy couple when they left the bar and walked hand in hand, following the signs along the hotel corridor that pointed to the ell called Cozy Nook.

"You know, darling," he told her, "I was just thinking of another one of those Red Mill songs. Ben might just as well have sung it at Wake."

"Oh, sing it now, dear; softly, just for me."

He drew her closer to him. They made a very pretty abstraction, flushed with their drinks from the Main Bar, on their way to Cozy Nook.

"*Not that you are fair, dear,*
Not that you are true,
Not your golden hair, dear,
Not your eyes of blue."

He stopped and laughed.

"It doesn't fit, does it?" he said. "Your hair is too dark, dear, and your eyes are grayish green."

"Never mind. I approve of the general scheme. Go ahead and finish it."

As a matter of fact, when he finished it he approved of the general scheme himself.

"*When we ask the reason,*
Words are all too few.
So I know I love you, dear,
Because you're you."

"I wish to goodness," she said, and her voice had a catch in it, "that I could be me again, or I, or whatever damn way you want to have it."

It was the old lament again, and there was no solution to it, or certainly not then. Besides, there was not time to discuss it then because they had reached their room door and he was pulling the clumsy, outmoded key from his coat pocket.

"Why, say," he said in the bemused tone that one should use after a session with the girl of one's choice at the Main Bar, "it's unlocked. I thought I'd locked it. Didn't you think I had, honey?"

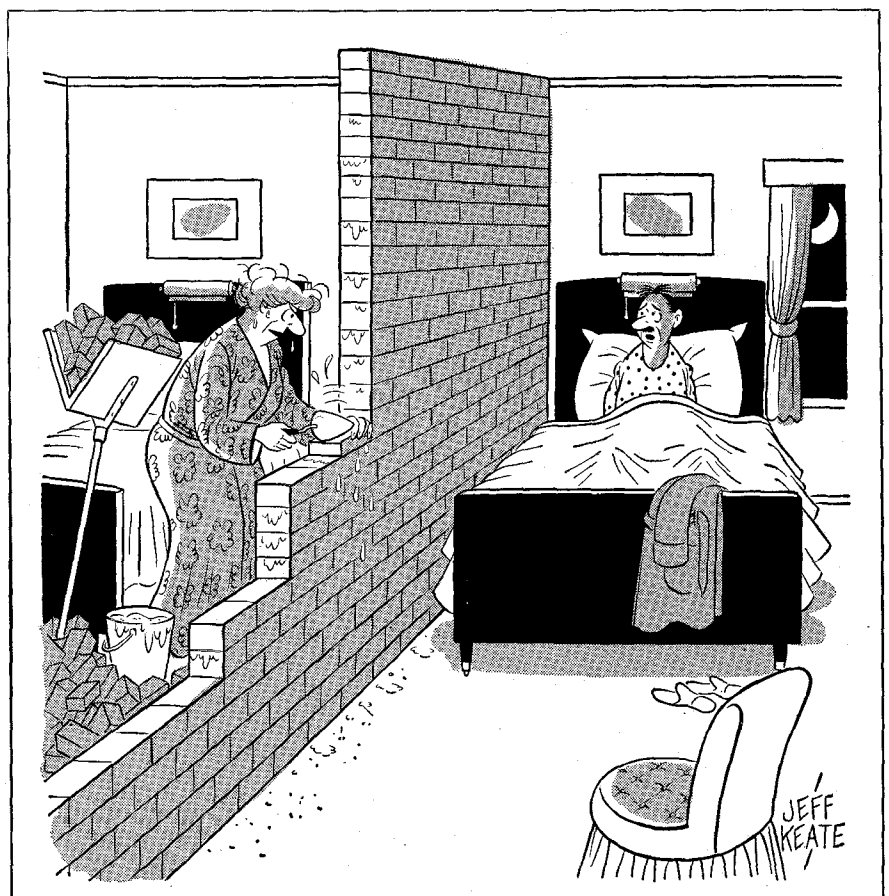
"Why, yes, darling," she answered. "I kind of thought so." And then she giggled. "But I did have other things on my mind."

"Well, it all goes to show that I'm losing my memory in my old age."

They laughed like college freshmen, and hastily opened the door, using the standard Farm precautions.

Mr. Moto was standing in the center of the room. The dust had been brushed from his shoes, and his purplish-blue suit had been freshly pressed. Jack Rhyce was not entirely surprised to see him, but he hoped that he acted surprised, and the illusion was helped when Ruth Bogart suppressed a startled scream that sounded technically genuine.

"Well, how the hell did you get in here?" Jack Rhyce asked, and he assumed the correct badgering tone of an honest American dealing with a wily Oriental.



"You're angry with me about something, aren't you, Ruth."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"So sorry," Mr. Moto said, and Jack Rhyce was interested to see that his hands shook with artificial agitation. "The door was unlocked. So sorry."

"And if the door was unlocked, so what?" Jack Rhyce said. "Does that mean you should walk inside?"

"Excuse," Mr. Moto said, and his hands fluttered placatingly, "but the door was wide open. More better, I thought, to wait for your return. Then things would not be stolen. Such old-fashioned doors in this hotel."

"That's funny," Jack Rhyce said, and his tone grew reasonable. "I thought I'd locked that door, but you never can tell, can you? Anyway, it doesn't look as if anybody had got into the suitcases, and you had your handbag down at the bar with you, didn't you, sweet?"

"Yes," Ruth Bogart said. "My gold clip would have been the only thing that really mattered anyway. I think it was very thoughtful of Mr. Moto to wait here for us."

He wished to heaven that he could place Mr. Moto, who was becoming an annoyingly loose end to the problem.

"Of course, I'm grateful to Mr. Moto, too, sweet," he said. "I was only sort of startled at first, seeing him there, that's all. . . . Excuse it, Mr. Moto. What did you want to see me for?"

Mr. Moto bobbed his head and rubbed his hands together, and once more Jack Rhyce had the impression of a character that was too Japanese to be true.

"First, may I ask you if all is right here, and proper?" Mr. Moto asked.

It did not alleviate Jack Rhyce's frustration when Ruth Bogart giggled softly at the word "proper."

"Everything is swell, thanks," he answered.

"And your wishes for tomorrow? So many things to see. Might I suggest a picnic and a ride toward the base of Mount Fuji? And Lake Hakone is so very beautiful."

If it wasn't one problem, it was another. In the light of recent events, he should have rented a car and driven it himself, so that it would have been parked outside the hotel at all hours, if they needed to get away, and now his mobility was controlled by the Japanese in front of him. Bill Gibson, he was thinking, would not approve of what he had done about the car.

"I tell you what," he said. "You be waiting outside with the car at seven o'clock tomorrow morning, and then we'll decide what we want to do."

"Seven o'clock," Mr. Moto repeated, and Jack Rhyce could not tell whether it was a repetition or a question. It was a ridiculously early hour, out of keeping with a peaceful weekend, but it might be that they would badly need the car.

"Maybe it's a little early," Jack said, "but I was thinking we might climb some of the mountain." He smiled at Ruth Bogart affectionately. "You want to see as much of everything as you can, don't you, dear—that is, if you're not too sleepy in the morning?"

"Jack," she said, "I honestly don't know whether I'll feel sleepy in the morning."

Jack Rhyce smiled at her patiently. "Of course, dear, if you don't feel like it in the morning," he said, "we can change everything. But it won't hurt to have him here early, just in case, now will it?"

"All right," she said, "as long as it's just in case."

"Well, that's settled," Jack Rhyce said, and he smiled in a man-to-man way at Mr. Moto. "Let's make it eight, and thanks, and forgive anything I said about your being in the room. I'll see the door's locked next time."

TO BE CONTINUED

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The Secret of Shining Brook

(Continued from Page 45)

that ended in a dreadful gurgle. After it died away, the woods were silent.

"What—what was that?" asked the man whose voice Archy did not recognize.

"It could 'a' been the Duke," Leary replied. "If it was the Duke, what got him?" Archy could imagine the three men standing there, striving to search the blackness with frightened eyes.

If it was the Duke—if it was one of Moffitt's crew—then something roamed the woods that was inimical to Moffitt, something ruthless, horrible. There had been no sound of a shot. Whatever had wrung that agonized scream from the Duke's throat had been a silent weapon. The most silent weapon of all would be powerful, constricting fingers. It had been human hands alone that had broken the neck of the detective, Seth Bowen! Could the owner of those hands be lurking here in this fastness?

Without further guesswork or deduction, Archy knew who it was. It could be none other than John Smith, the Fisherman. John Smith, whose profession was hijacking the fruits of some other criminal's crime.

"One of two men," Moffitt said tightly.

Leary agreed. "Either the guy in the tent," he said, "or that sneaky, blasted Butts." There was uneasy movement. "I say Butts," Leary said. "The Clark broad sang to him. How would the other know?"

There was silence; then Moffitt spoke as from desperation. "If it's Butts," he said, "there's one chance."

"I," interjected the third man, "don't like this place. Let's scram before ——"

"We got the Clark woman on our hands," Leary growled. "Ain't one enough?"

"It's more than just these emeralds," Moffitt said harshly. "It's the whole setup."

"Ya!" snarled Bones. "The slickest setup ever was! All them tankers! And you the boss! Stuff from all over the world!"

Moffitt was shaken. He had lost something, some quality of command, of decision. "Things," he said hoarsely, "have gone sour. Ever since Baldwin, they've gone sour."

"Nerts!" snarled Bones. "Where'd we be now if I hadn't fogged the old fool?"

Moffitt sneered, "And failed to make a thorough job of it. The old man's girl and the files got away. Maybe that was to the good," he said after hesitation. "She'll come in handy."

Bones Leary was savage. "A million bucks up the flue," he snarled.

They turned and, walking shoulder to shoulder, as if for mutual protection, floundered away toward the distant road. They were not competent woodsmen. Archy was certain he could make a circuit around them and reach the road well ahead of them. But he remained where he was. It was precaution. He did not think it wise to become active until he ascertained whether Moffitt and his companions were being followed—if John the Fisherman was hanging on their heels. He waited, ears straining. But no shadow came flitting; nowhere within earshot did a dry twig crack to betray the passage of a tracker.

When he was satisfied, Archy circled widely until their clumsy progress told him he was abreast of the three men. Then he cut in ahead of them and so reached the roadway minutes before they did.

Somewhere nearby they must have concealed their car. As a matter of fact, there had been little effort at concealment. It had merely been driven to the side of the road and left there. He lifted the hood and fumbled within. Grinning to himself, he tore loose a handful of wires. He was about to turn away when he thought it might be well to look into the car. There was nothing in the front seat. In the tonneau, however, on the floor, was something covered by a robe. He pulled the robe away. Underneath was a body—the body of a woman.

He risked flicking on his flashlight. Very much disheveled, ankles and wrists bound with ropes, and a cloth stuffed in her mouth, lay Nadine Clark. Dried blood clotted her hair. She moaned, so he knew she was alive.

Swiftly he lifted her and carried her into the woods and away from the road. Only then did he release ankles and wrists and remove the gag from her mouth. Then he hoisted her over his shoulder and carried her to the spot where he had left his own automobile.

The girl was an embarrassment, yet it was possible that she would prove to be a valuable asset. With one arm about her limp, unconscious body, he started his motor and drove toward Pansy Grove store.

He reached the Pansy Grove store without mishap and stopped at the hitching rail. There were lights in the living quarters, late as the hour was. Archy lifted the woman out of the car and put his foot on the first step. The store door opened and Mrs. Violet Magin's flat voice demanded to know who was there.

"I'm ap'intin' a shotgun at ye," she said.

"It's Archy Butts," he answered.

"What ye carryin'?"

"A girl. She's hurt."

Mrs. Magin snorted. "Fetch her in, drat it! This ain't no horspittle. It ain't the flibbertigibbet again, is it?"

Archy carried Nadine Clark inside and deposited her on the same bed that Lolly Grebus had occupied.

"And where," Boots Quinto said acidly, "did you collect Aspasia?"

Archy ignored her and concentrated his attention upon Mrs. Magin, who had been bending over the unconscious girl.

"How bad?" he asked anxiously.

"Not good," Mrs. Magin answered. "Clear out."

"I want her to live," Archy said earnestly. "I think her motto is going to be *sauve qui peut*."

"Every man for himself," Boots translated freely. "There was a Donnybrook in the contractors' camp. Took an hour to quell."

Archy nodded. "I'm going out to hide my car," he said, "so they won't know I'm here."

He went out, drove his car off the road a hundred yards away and returned to the store. "We can expect company," he said, when he stood again in the kitchen. "Anything more than Mrs. Magin's shotgun in the house?"

"Nary other weapon," Mr. Magin said.

Archy shrugged. "We'll have to make do," he told them. "The blue chips'll be down tonight." He drew a chair up to the table and sat down. From the pocket of his jacket he drew the package that had been dropped from the airplane. Its cover was heavy kraft paper, tied expertly with sturdy cord. This he cut and found inside a chamois bag. "The corpus delicti," he told them. "Let us see."

He untied the thong and dumped the contents of the bag on the oilcloth that covered the table. Boots Quinto uttered a little cry of amazement, for there cascaded before their eyes a heap of shimmering green—a pile of stones, set in ancient gold, or unset. Green fire!

"The Guatemala emeralds," Archy said quietly. "They complete the story, round out the evidence."

"If," said Boots in a whisper, "you can hang onto them."

He replaced the gems in their chamois bag. "Just in case," he said, "we'd better stash this loot."

"In case of what?" she asked.

"In case"—and he managed a rueful grin—"my luck fails to hold. It's been too miraculous tonight. In too many ways.... Where, Mr. Magin?"

"Gimme," said Mrs. Magin's husband. He tossed the chamois bag from hand to hand as he moved into the sprawling, helter-skelter store. He disappeared into the blackness, and they could hear him moving about in his deliberate way. Presently he returned, miraculously finding his way without stumbling over some article in the stock.

"Calc'late it's as good a place as any," he said. There was a peculiar odor clinging to him which had not been there before.

"Where?" Boots asked.

"Shoved her daown to the bottom of the sauerkraut keg," he told them. "Don't figger nobuddy'll go diggin' for jewels in that there brine."

They seated themselves around the table in the kitchen to wait—to wait, among other things, for dawn to come. To await the arrival of enemies or of friends.

"Lumpy Sawyer," Archy said, "would come in handy."

"So," said Boots Quinto, "would a regiment of marines." She lifted a coffeepot off the back of the stove. "Boiled to death," she said, "but it'll be hot."

An automobile coming from the south crossed the intersection and continued on toward the main road and the village. It did not so much as hesitate at the Pansy Grove store.

"Bones Leary must be a good repairman," Archy said. "That will be Bones and Moffitt. Two very irritated men! I'll just step out and make sure they aren't strategists, scooting past and then doubling back."

He went out by the back door, felt his way around the rear of the building toward the road. As he angled around the corner of the store he heard a slight rustle of the underbrush, as if some small, nocturnal animal had been disturbed. He sensed movement, but before he could turn to defend himself, a blow fell and he lay prone and everything was dark and still.

Archy opened his eyes to a dark and hazy world. (*Continued on Page 94*)

You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

Super-Colossal Films, Inc., offered $1,000,000 to anyone who could prove that its supermuscular star did not perform all the daring deeds which he appeared to do in its latest film. Roscoe claimed the million. He asserted that a stunt man did the seemingly risky feats, and that they weren't really dangerous at all. When Super-Colossal refused to pay up, Roscoe sued.

"We promised to pay only if substitutes for the star were used in 'daring stunts,'" the film firm contended. "Roscoe himself admits that there were no such stunts; that the feats were safe, although filmed to give an illusion of danger. So we owe nothing."

"The film company itself called them 'daring stunts' in its publicity, so it is stuck with its own words," Roscoe retorted. "Dangerous or not, it used a substitute in three stunts which looked dangerous."

If you were the judge, would you make the film company pay?

... ...

The film company did not have to pay. The court agreed with it that, as there actually were no daring stunts, there was no obligation to pay the million.

Based upon a 1955 decision of a U.S. Court of Appeals.

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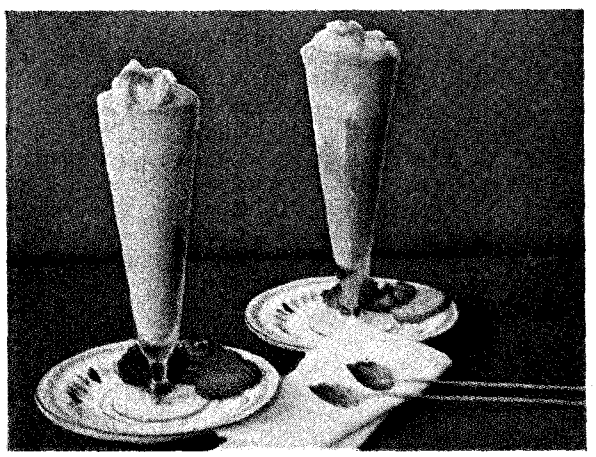
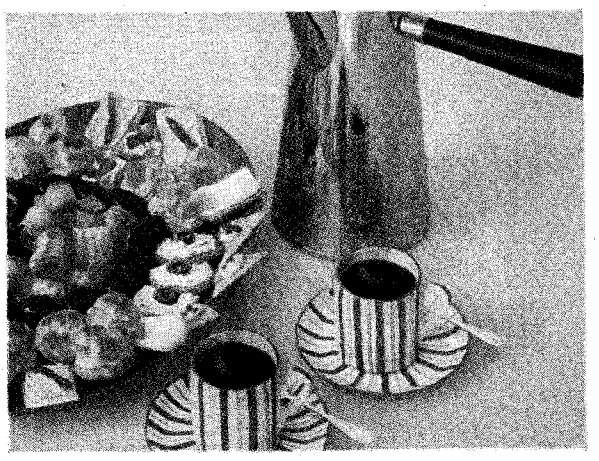
Spiced Coffee Eggnog Punch — easy-to-make glamour that will delight holiday guests! Ingredients: 2 cups double-strength coffee (use twice as much coffee with usual amount of water), 1 tablespoon broken stick cinnamon, 6 whole cloves, 6 allspice berries, 2 quarts dairy-bottled eggnog, 1 tablespoon vanilla, 1 cup whipping cream, 1 quart of vanilla or coffee ice cream. Combine coffee and spices in sauce pan. Simmer 15 minutes, strain and chill. Combine eggnog, vanilla and spiced coffee in large mixing bowl. Chill well. Whip cream and fold in. Pour over ice cream in punch bowl. Sprinkle with nutmeg. Makes 18 delicious cups.

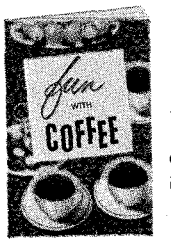
Try these "Happy Holiday" Coffees!



Viennese Velvet — push scoop of vanilla ice cream down into glass. Add another scoop. Slowly, carefully, fill with hot double-strength coffee. Top with swirl of whipped cream — add a dash of nutmeg.



Petit Café — serve French "small coffee" with canapés before holiday feasting. Use 1½ Standard Measures (3 level tablespoons) for each 6 ozs. of cold water. Serve with twist of lemon peel, no cream.



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(*Continued from Page 92*) It was some groping before he could orient himself. As he pushed himself to his knees, he seemed to be rotating in great circles, and his head was throbbing blindingly. He sat back on his haunches with eyes closed, and strove to get in touch with his surroundings.

The building beside him was the Pansy Grove store. He had sallied forth from it to make sure that Moffitt and Bones Leary had not halted, but had continued to drive to Shining Brook village. It could have been neither of them that had waylaid him. Even if they had stopped with the intention of doubling back and taking the store by surprise, there had not been time enough for them to have covered the distance. He wondered how long he had been unconscious. It could not have been long, for the night was still dark, with no sign of dawn in the east.

He stood erect, wavering dizzily, and complete awareness returned—awareness and a driving sense of urgency. What had happened while he lay unconscious? What had happened to the three women and the old man in the store—to Boots Quinto? He gritted his teeth and called upon his will. . . . Someone screamed. The cry came from inside. He heard his name, "Archy! Archy!"

His first thought was that he could not have been senseless for more than seconds—that Boots Quinto's voice calling his name was a part of a rapidly moving series of events.

"Coming!" he shouted, and found that his limbs moved in obedience to his will.

He steadied himself against the wall, reached the corner, reached the kitchen door, which stood wide. He stopped on the threshold. Mrs. Magin's husband sat on the floor. The gigantic figure of John the Fisherman dominated the scene. He gripped Boots Quinto, holding her slender body before him as a shield.

"Come in, Butts," the man said. "We'll negotiate."

His eyes were glittering. His manner was assured, as if he knew he was in command of the situation. One huge hand curled its fingers around Boots Quinto's neck.

"One little twist," he said. "You will drop your weapon, Butts," he commanded. He applied pressure and Boots cried out in pain.

Archy drew his revolver from its holster and dropped it to the floor.

"Kick it this way," directed the Fisherman.

Archy kicked it along the floorboards and stood crouching.

"You are quite helpless," John Smith said. "Even if you were pointing a gun at me, I could twist her neck before you could press the trigger. You see that?"

"I see it," Archy said.

"I have been to a great deal of trouble, Butts, and to some expense. The Guatemala emeralds, of course. I knew they would come here and how they would come. A million dollars' worth of gems, Butts. Perhaps my largest coup." His smile was grotesque, his vanity colossal. "I allowed Moffitt to do my work for me. That is my forte, Butts, permitting others to do the work while I reap the reward."

"This time," Archy said tauntingly, "you failed."

"Not yet," John Smith denied. "You had a moment of incredible luck."

"Give me credit, John, for a measure of skill."

"I underestimated you. I should have disposed of you."

"As you did Seth Bowen a few days ago, and the Duke—whoever he was—tonight."

"Bowen," the Fisherman said, "was necessary. Not a brilliant man, but he was persistent. He had to be nullified. This man tonight"—he shrugged his broad shoulders—"was an indulgence." He used a strange word then, not the word a normal man could use in explaining a murder. "I was petulant," John said. "Naturally. After all my planning, to be bilked by your luck!"

"And you pampered yourself by breaking his neck. You rather like to break necks with your hands, John."

John Smith nodded. "I have my fingers around a very pretty neck here," he said. "So we'll negotiate. We'll do a dicker."

"What," Archy asked, "is your proposition?"

"The emeralds," John said, "in trade for a pretty neck."

"John," Archy asked, "do you believe in predestination? That certain men are born to be antagonists? And that somewhere, sometime, they are fated to come together, and one will destroy the other?"

"You and I," John said. "It could be, Butts."

"You're a giant, John. You're big and twice as strong as I. But, John, I can thrash you. Man to man, I can beat you. Sooner or later—tonight or at some future time—it is written that I'll abolish you. Why don't we try it, John? See which of us is the better man."

Archy goaded the man. His one hope seemed to be to play on John's superstition, his warped vanity.

"The emeralds won't do you any good, John, even if I make a deal with you and give them to you tonight. While I'm alive they won't do you any good. I'll upset your applecart, John. Sure as day follows night, I'll upset your applecart."

Archy was praying that Boots was alert, not paralyzed by fear. Her eyes met his across the room. They were sane, watchful.

"You haven't got what it takes, John," Archy jeered, "to fight a man like me."

The Fisherman's gargoyle face became more hideous; his big eyes glittered with rage. For an instant his fingers released Boots Quinto's throat as, instinctively, they clutched into a fist.

"Drop!" Archy shouted, and took a step toward John Smith. The girl had been ready. She collapsed to the floor—to her knees—and then flung herself away from the man who had held her life in his grasp.

Archy, summoning every physical resource, flung himself at the Fisherman before the man could recover from surprise. With all the strength of arm and back he struck John Smith, first with right fist and then with his left. Both blows, with Archy's hundred and eighty pounds behind them, crashed against that prognathous jaw.

For an ordinary man that would have been the end, but the Fisherman was no normal man. His knees buckled, but he did not fall. He dropped his chin to his chest, and with a bull-like roar he lunged, long arms clutching, to close with his antagonist. Archy avoided him. The kitchen table overturned. Archy got in another blow to the jaw. But in that constricted space, agility could not long prevail. Those blind rushes were bound at last to corner the smaller man, to let the Fisherman grapple with him—and that would be the end.

John Smith seemed impervious to blows. He absorbed them. He shook his lowered head and gave back not a step. It was no time for niceties of sportsmanship. Archy leaped sidewise and kicked at the Fisherman's kneecap. He missed and barely ducked under the gargoyle's clutching arms. He stumbled over a fallen chair, fell and rolled, and was on his feet again. But this time there was no room to maneuver; he was in the angle of the walls, and the Fisherman's arms clasped around him in a bear hug.

Archy brought up his knee, which only elicited a snarl. Those great arms were about him, crushing his ribs. It seemed as if his spine were cracking. His mouth opened as he fought for breath, and then, just as agony was overcoming him, as unconsciousness was dropping like a black curtain, there came a tremendous crash, a detonation. The constricting arms relaxed. Archy staggered back, clutching at the wall for support as he stood gasping, blind, making strangling sounds as air again reached his tortured lungs.

When he opened his eyes again and was able to focus them, he looked for his antagonist, wondering what had delivered him from those killing muscles. John Smith was prone, and there was a pool of blood. Archy could not understand it until his eyes moved away from the Fisherman's body and roved about the room. Then, in the kitchen door, he saw the scrawny figure of Mrs. Violet Magin, her ancient twelve-gauge shotgun in her wiry hands.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"It wasn't no time to hesitate," she said unemotionally.

"He was breaking my back," Archy croaked.

Boots Quinto, clinging to a chair for support, cheeks ashen as she stared down at the Fisherman, asked in a whisper, "Is—is he dead?"

Archy compelled himself to kneel and, as best he could, examine the body. The charge of shot had torn into the man's shoulder and back, inflicting a ghastly wound, but he was still alive—alive but unconscious.

"Not dead," Archy said. He cut away coat and shirt, exposing the wound, and set about stanching the loss of blood.

"This dreadful night!" Boots exclaimed.

A dreadful night indeed, Archy thought. *A crowded, tragic, dreadful night.* And the end was not yet. Leon Moffitt and Bones Leary were still at large, still a threat. They would be desperate now, capable of desperate action. Moffitt would realize that the walls were falling in upon him—that nothing but some incredibly rash or ruthless line of conduct could now save him from disgrace, ruin, perhaps even the noose or electric chair. The loss of the Guatemala emeralds would stagger him, supplying as it did proof of his chicanery, conclusive evidence of his criminal misuse of his position as commander of Gandolin's fleet of oil tankers. On top of that was the vanishing of Nadine Clark from his car—Nadine Clark, who would be a destructive witness against him!

Archimedes Bolivar Butts, as he knelt there administering what first aid he could to John Smith, was on the horns of a dilemma. Here he was in lonely Pansy Grove store, without means of communicating with the outside world. Here he was with a desperately wounded man on his hands; with a girl in the adjoining bedroom whose condition might require medical care if she was to be saved to give her testimony. And for help he had only Boots Quinto, Mrs. Violet Magin's husband and the scrawny, indomitable old woman herself.

"One of us," he said, "has got to get through to Sergeant Van Patten."

"He'll be over yonder where that riot was," said Mrs. Magin. "Keepin' things pacified."

"You," Boots said. "Your job. To finish up tonight. We are not your responsibility."

"On the contrary," Archy said. "Specific orders from Mr. Hawks to chaperon you."

"I'm needed here to help with the casualties," she said. "You're wasting time."

"Do what she says, young spriggins," Mrs. Magin ordered. "We kin hold this fort."

Archy reluctantly went out to his car. Moffitt and Bones Leary had driven down this road on their way either to the headquarters camp or to the village. They could have no reason to come back to Pansy Grove store, but if they did so, it must be along this road, on which they would have to pass him if they came promptly. Nobody passed him, and he reached the main thoroughfare without encountering a human being. At the intersection he turned to the left and accelerated his speed to the camp. There were lights in the clubhouse and in field superintendent Riggs' trailer office and in the cookhouse. There, seated at the U-shaped table, restoring themselves with coffee, were half a dozen members of the staff in a battered state. Lumpy Sawyer displayed an amazing black eye, and Riggs' face was in need of repairs. Sergeant Van Patten was there, spruce, unmarked. They turned to stare at Archy as he opened the door.

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"You," said Riggs, "look as if you'd had a rough night."

"Plenty rough," Archy answered. . . . "Sergeant, your murderer—of Seth Bowen, and of another man tonight—is at Pansy Grove store full of shot. He needs an ambulance. Admitted the killings before witnesses. . . . Did Moffitt and his gunman come here, Riggs?"

"Yes. Throwing their weight around," Riggs answered. "Demanding a plane from Edmonton to Calgary."

"Get it?" Archy asked.

"I told Moffitt," Riggs said, "that I would convey his request when the Calgary office opened in the morning."

"And then?"

"They took off," Riggs said.

"Leaving the luxury trailer behind?"

"It's still here," Riggs said.

"Sergeant Van Patten," Archy said, "things have happened. I'll tell you quickly. Then you take charge. First in order, Moffitt and Bones Leary kidnaped Nadine Clark."

"Why?"

"Because," Archy said, "she was going to talk. She contrived to leave information of a location—confirming what I had already learned from a map of Moffitt's. I went to that spot. An airplane came over and dropped a packet. I managed to secure it. Moffitt and Leary and a man called the Duke were there to receive it. And John Smith was there to hijack it. He killed the Duke—for no reason but to gratify himself. I reached the road ahead of them and found Nadine Clark in their car, trussed up and unconscious. I sabotaged the car and carried Miss Clark to mine. I turned her over to Mrs. Magin at the Pansy Grove store."

"But the packet from the airplane?" asked Van Patten.

"About a quart of emeralds," Archy said. "The Guatemala emeralds. Smuggled in aboard a tanker. I took them to the store and Mr. Magin hid them. I went out to observe and was tunked on the head. When I came to, the Fisherman was in the kitchen, with his fingers around Boots Quinto's throat, threatening to break her neck if we didn't give up the emeralds. There was a fight and he was breaking my back when Mrs. Magin let him have a charge of shot. He's in bad shape. Take over, sergeant."

"Right," the sergeant said. "From now on, the Mounted Police will handle it. Understand, Butts?"

Archy smiled. "Up to now," he said, "I haven't exactly been a nuisance."

The sergeant became official and efficient. He dispatched a trooper to Pansy Grove; he communicated with Entwistle; he set in motion the splendid machinery of the Mounted Police. Then he himself set out in pursuit of the two fugitives, determined to overtake them before they reached Edmonton.

Archy signaled to Lumpy Sawyer. They went out to Archy's car, which Archy backed out of the parking space, and headed for Shining Brook village.

"Hey," Lumpy protested, "sergeant told you to keep out of it."

"Moffitt, even in a panic, isn't a fool," Archy said.

"So what?" Lumpy demanded.

"So," said Archy, "we will nevertheless stick in our thumb."

They drove through the village of Shining Brook, stirring sleepily with the coming of the dawn. Driving at moderate speed, so as not to overtake the sergeant, they reached the thoroughfare which, if they turned to the right, would take them into Edmonton. If taken to the westward it followed the line of the railroad through Granada and Carrot Creek and Medicine Lodge to Obed, where it veered in a southwesterly direction past Jasper Lake and then, unexpectedly, cut in a great curve to the southeast and Lake Louise and Banff.

"On speculation," Archy said, as he turned westward instead of toward Edmonton. There was a garage, a filling station, open in Chip Lake, and Archy pulled in to the pump. The attendant came out and Archy told him to fill the tank.

"Any cars go through since midnight?"

"Didn't open up till half an hour ago," said the man. "One car passed since I got here."

Archy described Moffitt's car. "Two men in it," he said. "Is that the one?"

"That's the one. Went through maybe twenty minutes ago."

"Speculation paid off," Archy said. "One up on the sergeant."

"Could be," Lumpy objected, "but how do we handle it? No authority. We can't make a pinch."

"Maybe," Archy answered, "we'll get an inspiration."

He was driving now at sixty, seventy miles an hour. The road was clear. He hardly slackened as they passed through villages. It was broad daylight now. Moffitt was but twenty minutes ahead at Chip Lake. Between Carrot Creek and Edson, where there was a forestry radio station, was a stretch of lonely, straight road, and Archy pressed the gas pedal against the floor boards.

Ahead of them a car came into view. They overtook it rapidly. "It's them!" said Lumpy excitedly.

Apparently Moffitt, confident in his strategy, was not alarmed by their approach. He did not put on speed, but continued to drive at a steady pace. Archy's

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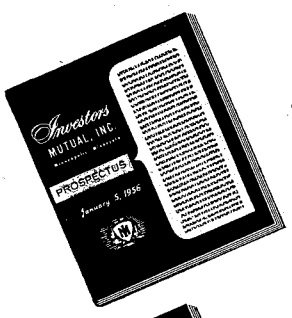

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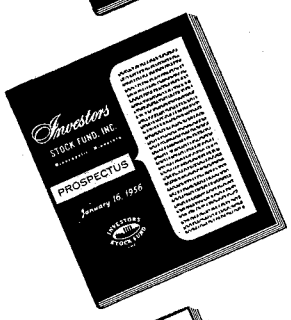

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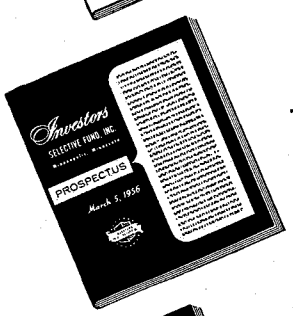

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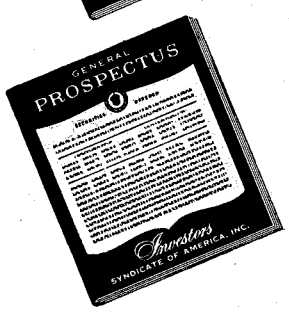

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front wheels lapped Moffitt's rear wheels. Then the two cars were abreast. Archy drew his pistol from its holster, and, steering with one hand, leaned across Lumpy and fired two shots into Moffitt's front tire. There was only a glimpse of the man's white, startled face as he frantically jammed on the brakes. The car slewed, skidded, ran over the edge of the road and overturned in the ditch.

Archy brought his car to a squealing stop and leaped to the ground. Moffitt and Leary, half stunned, were trying to scramble out of the uppermost door.

"End of the ride!" Archy snapped. . . . "Don't go for the gun, Bones! . . . Lumpy, help the gentlemen out. . . . Hands clasped on top of the heads. . . . Borrow Mr. Leary's shooting iron, Lumpy."

Moffitt stood, ghastly white, eyes burning; Bones Leary cursed Archy venomously.

"Lumpy," Archy directed, "drive into town and telephone Entwistle that Moffitt and Leary are f.o.b. Edson. Detained illegally, but nevertheless detained."

Lumpy climbed into the car and drove toward the town.

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Archy stood at ease. "Would either of you gentlemen," he asked, "care to tell me which one of you killed J. A. Baldwin?"

Archy Butts was sitting on the top step of the front stoop of the Pansy Grove store. Sergeant Van Patten had just finished taking the statement of Nadine Clark, who had sung very prettily indeed, as she made sure that her own skirts were not bedaubed. She gave the sergeant complete and circumstantial particulars of the plan to deliver the Guatemala emeralds to Shining Brook Field. She named the men implicated—names of employees of Gandolin Oil in New York, of seamen aboard tankers. She disclosed how Moffitt had used his position as vice-president in charge of Gandolin's navy to transport to the United States, to smuggle in, not only stolen goods but narcotics.

Archy, who was allowed to be present at the interrogation, questioned her about the murder of J. A. Baldwin. She was less eager to talk about this, but Archy, by skill and persistence, drew from her the facts that Moffitt had become aware that Baldwin was prying into his affairs and that the president of Gandolin had become suspicious that Moffitt was using his position in some criminal way. He had become convinced that his tankers and members of their crews were being used by Moffitt and his confederates to smuggle.

She would not admit playing a part in these activities, but her knowledge of them was exact and extensive.

When the sergeant and his men drove away, Archy went out of doors, and presently Boots came out and sat down beside him. He frowned at her.

"You," he said, "are still an unsolved problem. It would be dandy if you would start with that first day in the New York hotel and disclose."

"Ask questions," she said, a glint of mischief in her eyes.

"What, then," he asked, "was your relationship with J. A. Baldwin?"

"Not," she said, "in spite of allegations to the contrary, his mistress. A very special kind of a confidential secretary. At a very good salary. Because I am a very smart girl."

"Lots of verys," he said. "How and why did you become a fugitive from justice—taking advantage of my youth and innocence and gullibility?"

"Mr. Baldwin," she told him, "had become suspicious that there was something rotten. Something to do with the fleet of tankers. He had hired investigators. Evidence was piling up which pointed to Leon Moffitt as the head man, the planner. Two or three nights a week I used to work with Mr. Baldwin at his house, sometimes until very late."

"Giving rise," Archy said gravely, "to conjectures."

Boots nodded. "On that night," she went on, "I let myself in with my key and went to his study. He was sprawled over his desk, dead. In the wastebasket was a photograph of me, torn in four pieces. On the desk near his hand was a check, drawn to my order, but unsigned, for ten thousand dollars. On the floor was a pearl-handled pistol. Mine."

Archy's face was grim. "And then what?" he asked.

"Mr. Hawks was Mr. Baldwin's best friend. He knew about the investigations, had helped with them. I was terrified. I telephoned Mr. Hawks. I gave him all the details. I asked what to do."

"I can guess," Archy said. "The old buzzard."

"He told me to touch nothing. To leave the evidence against me and, his word was, 'skedaddle.' But I didn't skedaddle until I opened the concealed wall safe where we kept the reports. The file was there. I took it out—all the accumulated evidence—and went, as he had told me to do, to Mr. Hawks' residence. I stayed there that night."

"And then," Archy said savagely, "he sicked you onto me."

"And," Boots said, smiling a bit sardonically, "you were just too sweetly co-operative."

"The ideal fall guy," he said bitterly.

"But definitely," she answered.

"And I'm to believe this rigmarole?" he demanded.

"A very convincing story, if you ask me." Now she was laughing at him. Her lovely eyes were dancing.

"I'm convinced," he said, scowling. And then, masterfully, "Stand up!"

With mock submissiveness she got to her feet and stood looking up into his face. He laid hands on her shoulders and shook her, but gently. "I am a fall guy," he told her.

"I—I hoped you would be," she answered. "I'm a fall guy too," she said, and raised her lips in invitation. It was an invitation he did not decline.

Interruption came from the door. It was Mrs. Violet Magin speaking to her husband. "Darlin', ye dumb ol' fool," she said to him, "come in the house 'n' quit gogglin' at them young folks."

"Mrs. Magin," said her husband nostalgically, "I deem it perty cute. I kin almost remember haow 'twas with you'n' me forty year ago."

"Hush your silly noise," Mrs. Magin snorted, and dragged her husband back into the store.

An hour later Archimedes Bolivar Butts and Boots Quinto were in Riggs' office at headquarters camp. Boots was there because she declined to allow Archy out of her sight. Riggs looked at them as they entered and was very perceptive.

"Congratulations and best wishes and all like that," he said heartily. And then, "Telephones ringing their heads off for you. Sergeant Van Patten to tell you that Bones Leary broke under questioning. Confessed it was he who shot J. A. Baldwin—and Moffitt was in the room with him. Kind of a joint effort."

Archy sighed and relaxed. "That," he said to Boots, "ties a ribbon around it."

"A neat, efficient ribbon," she said proudly.

And then the telephone rang insistently. Riggs lifted the receiver and spoke. He turned to Archy. "For you," he said.

Archy took the instrument. "Butts speaking," he said.

"William Makepeace Hawks here," said a crabbed voice. "You're finished there." It was a statement, not a question. There was no word of congratulation upon a job well done; no slight indication of satisfaction. "Git the first plane to New York," the irascible voice went on. "I'll have your transportation waitin'."

"Transportation?" asked Archy. "Where to?"

"Chile," snapped Mr. Hawks.

"Will you," said Archy, "take a long jump into the ocean?"

There was an instant's silence. "What's wrong with Chile?" asked Mr. Hawks.

"I'm taking time off," Archy said, "for a honeymoon."

"With Boots?" asked Hawks shortly.

"With Boots," Archy answered.

"What," demanded President Hawks, "is the matter with Chile for a honeymoon? There's a plane out of Calgary at three in the morning. Take it. Fetch her with you. You can have a rootin', tootin', hell-for-leather honeymoon in Chile. The country's made for it."

The wire went dead. Mr. Hawks had slammed the receiver. THE END

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My Dad, Walt Disney (Continued from Page 37)

we don't remember his. He sends flowers to Mother on every legitimate occasion, such as Easter or St. Valentine's Day, and some not so legitimate, such as St. Patrick's Day and Labor Day. We have masses of flowers in our own yard, but boxes of blooms keep arriving for Mother, signed, "From Walt, Diane and Sharon." Ever since my marriage I have been getting flowers from Dad on my wedding anniversary.

The other day, my sister, Sharon, remarked to me, "Except for the flowers, did you ever notice that Dad likes to hand out gifts of permanent value?" It's true. If it's jewelry, for instance, it will be something you'll always keep, like a pair of antique earrings.

When relaxation and play mixed in with his hard work unjangled Dad's nerves and he returned to work at the Disney studio, he was all tuned up to meet his newest challenge—color. Sound had been added to the Disney cartoons at the earliest possible moment, but color was a problem. Some color films had been shown in movie theaters, but the quality was poor. Audiences complained that they were blurry too. The main trouble was that the color process was based on a combination of only two shades. Then Technicolor brought out its three-color process.

"That was what we'd been waiting for," Dad says. "When I saw those three colors all on one film, I felt like cheering. It was expensive, but I wanted to try it right away. I had a black-and-white job called Flowers and Trees in the works. I'd already photographed half of it, but I was so sure that color would be the salvation of the cartoon medium that I decided to do the picture all over again in color.

"I was already spending more money on pictures than your Uncle Roy could see coming in, and the idea of spending even more for color stuck in his craw. Roy has always lived with figures, and people who do that are apt to add up the cost of something that's already been produced instead of adding up how much new things can earn."

For a time, Dad and Uncle Roy couldn't see eye to eye at all. Dad thought that color would give his films an immediate lift. The way Uncle Roy saw it, they were halfway through a cartoon series which they had already sold as a package of twelve, and once you'd made a deal like that you deliver all twelve at the price agreed upon. Adding color in the middle of the series would bring them no more money to pay for its extra cost. All Uncle Roy could see was that increased price. All Dad could see was the revenue he thought color would bring in the future. He argued that color would give the series such an impact that they might get additional bookings and longer play dates. If he could have three colors in a cartoon, he felt it was stupid to make it in black and white. So Dad and Uncle Roy argued and argued.

Uncle Roy went around telling people, "Try to talk Walt out of this thing." His feeling about it was strong, but Dad finally talked him into making a deal with Technicolor. Dad was positive that if he went ahead, all the other cartoon makers would follow. To protect himself—and to strengthen the arguments he was giving Uncle Roy—he persuaded Technicolor to give him a two-year exclusive franchise for the use of their three-color process in the cartoon field. Then he began to reshoot Flowers and Trees in color.

Flowers and Trees was ideal for color because it was a nature story in which trees danced to music. The time was spring. Birds were twittering and fluttering in the trees, and flowers were thrusting up from the ground toward the grace and beauty of swaying greenery.

When Dad got his first test scenes back from Technicolor, he showed them to his friend, Rob Wagner, who edited a movie magazine called Script. Rob brought over Sid Grauman, owner and manager of the famous Grauman's Chinese Theater, and he had a look too. The scenes ran less than a minute, but that was all Mr. Grauman needed.

"When will you have the picture finished?" he asked. "I want it for my theater. I'm putting on Eugene O'Neill's Strange Interlude. I'll run it with that."

So Dad hurried. He moved the work through his studio faster than his original schedule called for, and delivered a print in time to open in 1932 with Strange Interlude at the Chinese.

Flowers and Trees, the first Silly Symphony in Technicolor, brought an avalanche of orders and bookings. It is not too much to say that it started a whole new trend in cartoons, although once again it took the distributors a little while to catch on. The Mouse was still in black and white—he stayed that way until 1935—but in the beginning Dad's distributors, United Artists, had no confidence in the Silly Symphonies. They didn't want to make a deal to distribute them at all. But Dad acted real mulish about it—he can be that way when he believes in something—so, in the end, United Artists compromised. They said that they would distribute the Silly Symphonies if Dad would let them ride on the Mouse's coattails by introducing each of them with the title: Mickey Mouse Presents A SILLY SYMPHONY. But after that first series, they saw that the Mouse tie-in wasn't necessary. They were proud to settle for the plain, unadorned label, A Silly Symphony.

Flowers and Trees won a Motion Picture Academy Award—in fact, it was the first cartoon that ever won an Academy Award. (The first Oscar Dad received was given to him for creating Mickey Mouse as a character, but not for a specific Mickey Mouse film.)

The Silly Symphonies led to other Disney films in color, and eventually to another landmark in Dad's life, The Three Little Pigs. In the meantime he experimented further with the Symphonies, and each one accomplished something different in technique. The Symphonies allowed Dad to make use of the special talents some of his men had—talents he couldn't use in making the Mouse. He'd hired some wonderful artists who couldn't adapt themselves to the Mouse. Some of them didn't draw characters well, but they could draw other things beautifully—leaves shimmering with dew, or branches frosted with icicles, for example.

"I learned that if we were going to get anywhere, we'd have to start training our own people," Dad says. "A lot of people in my business were getting by on what I call a bag of tricks, so I decided to step out of their class by setting up my own training school. We had enough revenue coming in so we could plan ahead, and I laid out a schedule of what I wanted to accomplish over the years. I wanted to improve our backgrounds and improve our animation, and I wanted to set up an 'effects' department, so we could learn how to make a raindrop look more like a raindrop or how we could make storm clouds move like storm clouds—things like that."

Dad had some artists who were tops in everything except character animation or personality delineation. He made them specialists in other fields, and most of those specialists are with him today. The studio work was more evenly divided after the Flowers and Trees. The organization was growing up, and for the first time Dad had enough time and money to put a high polish on his work. It was no longer necessary to improvise in haste. When some of the old-time artists resisted innovations, Dad set up a school for animators. He felt the time had come for a serious, scientific study of movement in cartooning. In particular, he wanted simplification of line.

In the early days, when Dad couldn't afford to organize his own school, he had made a deal with the Chouinard Art Institute, of Los Angeles. Mrs. Chouinard accepted some of his animators into her night classes, and Dad paid their tuition. He even drove some of them to school, went back and worked at the studio, and picked them up after class.

Now that his studio was more prosperous, Dad felt that he could give his men more specialized training. So he invited some of the Chouinard teachers to come out to the studio, survey his particular problems and find out what his men should be taught. To head up his new training course, Dad picked a teacher named Don Graham.

Graham sat with Dad in what he calls his "sweat box," the projection room where he sits with each artist while the artist's tests are being shown. The room had no air conditioning in those days and the artists literally sweated—hence its name. Dad started his on-the-job-training school in the early 1930's. Some trainees were boys who'd graduated from college or art school and met the depression head on. Jobs were scarce and the Disney course was a lifesaver to many of them.

Among other things, Dad set up a radically new course to teach animators to think beyond the one-picture-at-a-time method. Dad called his technique "action analysis." Until then, action had been drawn from a static figure in life class. There'd be a model standing in a stopped-motion pose, and the students would draw him; then he'd take the next

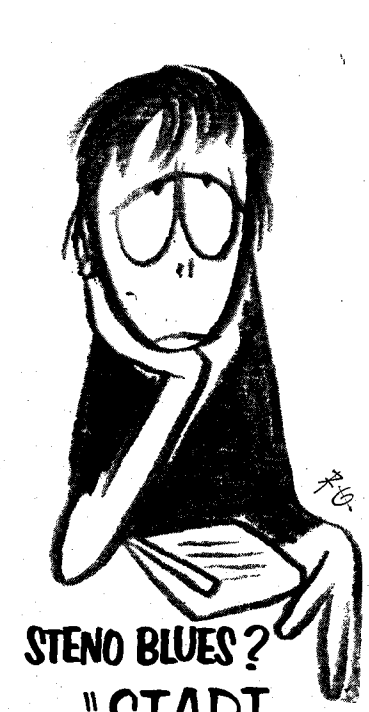
... ...

The Prior Buyer

By TOM TALMAN

Farsightedly throughout the year
I buy those gifts I think will cheer
My friends at Christmas-time;
And thus do I avoid the rush
Of Christmas shopping and the crush
Of ladies in their prime,
Preserve my sanity and health
And portions of my meager wealth
By buying well and soon.
Then, smug because I missed the throng,
I give the presents, now all wrong,
Which seemed so right in June.

... ...



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stopped-motion stance, and the students would draw that. The method gave no feeling of flowing, continuous action. So Dad had the model move around in a natural way. Then he'd have the model retire, while the students sketched what they had seen. The result was not a literal drawing of movement. Instead, it was a drawing of the illusion of motion.

In this way Dad was able to get what he called "running action." In the past his animators had been so absorbed in the stopped-action drawing they were working on that they couldn't visualize the drawing that would follow. That made for stiff animation. When Dad's animators got the trick of blurring fast-moving figures—in effect, elongating them—his action films took on smoothness and plausibility. The principle he taught was that good action didn't depend upon how many drawings were in action sequence, but on how those drawings were made. Until he'd hammered home that lesson, half of Dad's time was spent in the sweat box going over every scene with every animator.

At the same time Dad was urging his effects men to carry out elaborate experiments. They took slow-motion pictures of breaking glass, bubbles, water drops falling in a tub, and analyzed them. Then they'd reproduce the effect in animated drawings. They blew smoke into a fan so they could study the way it swirled. They dropped a rubber ball to see how it landed in slow motion, and how it rebounded.

Then there was the problem of making lip and face movements look convincing when cartoon characters opened their mouths and spoke. The illusion is taken for granted today, but at that time nobody made cartoon mouths "speak" in a believable way. After much thought, Dad decided that what he was after was phrasing of dialogue. "When we first started," he says, "our animators tried to imitate the way real people talk by having cartoon characters pronounce every syllable with a separate lip movement. There were four lip motions in 'How—do—you—do?'"

Dad had quite a time selling the artists his phrasing idea. "Look," he'd say, "when real people talk, they talk in phrases. We don't want to have cartoon characters twitter their lips for every syllable."

He was doing a little cartoon about Santa Claus just then. Santa was checking every little boy's good-conduct record, and he asked one of his gnomes, "How's Johnny Jones doing?" The gnome looked Johnny Jones up in a ledger and said, "Johnny seems to be O.K.; he eats his spinach every day." As he said it, he mouthed each syllable.

Dad told the animator he could do better. "Forget the mouth," he said. "Skip the mouth." That artist took Dad too literally. In the remake, when the gnome said, "Johnny seems to be O.K.; he eats his spinach every day," his mouth didn't move at all.

When an animator had an individual drawing in front of him, he couldn't resist "noodling" it—that's artists' talk for elaborating on the work and spending too much time on it, which made for stiff drawing.

To overcome that stiffness, Dad set up an intensive course in animal locomotion. He brought in Rico LeBrun, who was one of the best instructors in animal anatomy he could find. He even brought live animals such as deer and raccoons right into the classroom. He had a small zoo there, but he wasn't satisfied. Animals in a cage don't respond naturally, he learned, so he equipped a couple of free-lance cameramen with 16-mm. film and sent them out into the woods. They shot natural animal action and brought it to the classroom. After that, it was easy to draw the quick scamper of a squirrel or the way deer wave their tails, prick up their ears and bound away from danger. It was these test films for classroom use that eventually set Dad to thinking that someday he might produce nature films.

As the art improved, Dad turned his attention to story lines and gags. In the early days of cartoon-film making, he threw in gags he didn't like much. "It was a fight to survive," he told me. "I had to complete a short subject every two weeks, so there was no time to sit around groping for twenty-dollar jokes. An idea would come up and, bang, we'd put it in. As fast as we thought of gags, we animated them. When we got more time, I set up a special group who worked only on story situations and gags, and we became fussier about them."

Can You Name This Star?

This worshipful young lady, born at Cannes on the French Riviera, became in turn a pianist, great opera singer, movie and television star. In her American debut in 1931, she reached one tone higher than the original key in singing the Mad Scene from Lucia di Lammermoor. She married in 1938, became a United States citizen in 1940, and traveled an estimated 100,000 miles, including to the Persian Gulf, in entertaining United States servicemen during World War II. A town and two railroad locomotives have been named after her. Her movies include That Girl from Paris and Carnegie Hall. Can you name her?

M. P. Haas

ANSWER:
Lily Pons

One member of this special group was a lovable old newspaper cartoonist, Webb Smith. Sometimes he'd bring his own gags to Dad, laughing as he described them. Sometimes Dad would think of a basic situation and throw it to Webb Smith. "Our dog, Pluto, is always sniffing along the ground," he said one day. "He never looks where he's going. What would happen if Pluto was sniffing along and ran into some flypaper?" Then he left Mr. Smith and walked away.

Two days later Mr. Smith had a whole wall covered with sketches of things which could happen to Pluto. Out of this came the classic known to the industry as The Flypaper Sequence. Pluto got his nose stuck to flypaper, and tried to blow it off. When that failed, he stepped on the flypaper to tear it from his nose, and it stuck to his paws. He tried to run away from it, but it was still there. He tried to pull it off his front paws with his hind paws. Then he had it on all four feet. In the end, he was flypaper from nose to tail.

The Flypaper Sequence is a perfect example of a "sight gag," and in Dad's opinion sight gags are better than sound gags. The exception, of course, is the raucous voice of that Gashouse Gang duck, Donald. Dad and the Duck came together by accident. Dad was always listening to the radio for odd voices, and one night he heard a man imitating bird and animal calls on an amateur radio show. He quickly phoned the station and was told that the bird man worked for the Adohr Dairy.

The man Dad was after was named Clarence Nash. He was hired to go around to the public schools in an Adohr uniform, driving a team of small ponies hitched to a miniature milk wagon. Nash would visit the classrooms and give lectures on bird life. He demonstrated bird calls, and at the end of his talk he imitated a little girl duck reciting Mary Had a Little Lamb.

Dad got in touch with Mr. Nash and told him he was interested in his duck voice. And what else could he do? Mr. Nash could also do horses whinnying. He seemed to be a very able citizen, so Dad hired him. But in spite of his talents, he was at the Disney studio for a year before Dad found out how to use him. Dad was always asking, "What can we do with that duck voice?" The trouble was, everyone kept thinking of Mr. Nash as a girl duck. When somebody thought of him as a boy duck, Dad used his voice in The Wise Little Hen. The hen wanted somebody to help her plant corn, and Dad invented an un-co-operative duck.

The Duck had no name in his first picture, and his full personality had not yet emerged. He appeared next in a picture in which Mickey Mouse presented an amateur show. When Mickey introduced the Duck to do a recitation, the cartoon audience booed the Duck off the stage. This made him apoplectic with rage, and he squawked like a busted foghorn. Dad worked the Duck into the Mouse series, and he gradually evolved into a terrible-tempered pal of Mickey. Finally, he broke away and began to star in his own pictures.

The dog, Goofy, was born in much the same way. He started out as an incidental character in one of Dad's films. His voice is done by Pinto Colveg, who works on studio stories and also does sound effects. Colveg has a yuk-yuk laugh, and once his voice emerged from Goofy as a character in a cartoon crowd, Goofy stole the show. Colveg still works for Dad at times. In addition, he is Bozo the Clown for Capitol Records.

The time consumed in recording the Duck's voice for a short film wouldn't fill a morning, but the artists and animators drawing the action are tied up for weeks. Dad says that the importance of teaming up talents isn't well understood. "Of all the things I've done," he says, "the most vital is co-ordinating the talents of those who work for us and pointing them at a certain goal."

His organization is made up of people who are specialists. You can't match them anywhere in the world, but working with them is like pulling a big orchestra together. For an example, take The Three Little Pigs, made in 1932 and released in 1933.

The Pigs was a short subject, but a very important one from Dad's viewpoint. It brought him recognition as an innovator with a lot up his sleeve besides his celebrated Mouse. When Dad previewed The Pigs in selected California theaters, Uncle Roy was in New York. Audiences at the Western previews fell in love with each individual pig, and that tickled Dad, because the studio had worked hard to give each pig a distinct personality. Dad sent word to Uncle Roy: "We've previewed The Three Little Pigs and I think we've got something."

When the print got to New York, the distribution group trouped into a projection room to see a run-through. They gave The Pigs a cold reception, which Dad says is not surprising. A group of men who have to sell a movie can't be called a typical audience. If it doesn't sell, they want to be in a position to say, "I was afraid it would be a turkey."

When the screening was over, the head of distribution turned to Uncle Roy. "That's a cheater," he said.

"How do you mean it's a cheater?" Uncle Roy asked.

"Walt's cutting down on characters," the distribution head said. "When he made Noah's Ark he put in a lot more animals. This has only three pigs and a wolf."

When The Pigs was shown nationally, early in 1933, it was a sensation. People left the theaters humming the featured song, Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf? That song had been written in the Disney studio, because the music publishers had asked Dad to pay impossible prices for the use of already published tunes. He grew weary of dickering. Finally, the studio musicians offered to try writing originals. They'd never written a pop tune in their lives, but they came up with Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf? and it was a hit.

Almost everybody who worked on the story had a hand in writing the lyrics, including Dad. One important contribution was made by Ted Sears, who is still with Dad. He wrote a few simple couplets strung together. In fact, that's all those lyrics were: a few simple couplets ("I build my house of straw, and I build my house of sticks") and a chorus which began: "Who's afraid of the big bad wolf?"

No one knew what to put at the end, so Pinto Colveg came up with the answer. Colveg played such instruments as an ocarina and a tin fife, and he just tootled a few notes to answer the question, "Who's afraid?" There wasn't any answer in words.

Frank Churchill, the Disney musician who worked on the tune, had never composed anything until he came with Dad. In silent-motion-picture days Frank had been one third of a little trio hired to play on movie sets to put actresses in a mood for emoting. Frank played a little portable organ.

The Big Bad Wolf song swept into national popularity before the Disney studio could get it published in sheet music. Dance bands sent arrangers to the movie theaters to (*Continued on Page 100*)

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(*Continued from Page 98*) copy the music from the sound track. They made their own arrangements. Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf? was being played all over the country before Irving Berlin's company made a deal to publish the song.

A competitor of Dad's—a man named Van Beuren—took a green-eyed view of such goings-on. Some of the men on his staff came to work for Dad later, and told Dad how Mr. Van Beuren had held skull sessions with them. According to them, he would screen a Disney film for all hands to study; then he'd say, "What is it that Disney's got that we don't have?" When Dad released his film, The Old Mill, it had a lot of birds in it—birds in their nests, birds flying, birds tucking their heads under their wings. Mr. Van Beuren said, "Now I've got it; it's birds. I want you to get busy and turn out things with birds in them."

His men tried all the bird gags they could dream up, but somehow they fell flat. So Mr. Van Beuren started a mouse series like Mickey. He even included a character resembling Minnie Mouse. I don't know what Mr. Van Beuren called his mouse, but Dad says that it was an infringement on Mickey.

Mr. Van Beuren defended his position by asserting that precedent was on his side; he had once used mice in an earlier cartoon series. His claim intimidated some of Dad's regular corps of attorneys, as well as the special patent attorney he employed. But Dad made his point. "All right," he said, "Van Beuren has used mice before. But his earlier mice were different from the Mickey-type one he's using now. Mickey is a distinct and original personality. He's something I've created, and we're being infringed."

Dad sued and won. He allowed Van Beuren to distribute the mouse shorts he'd already made, but he was restrained from making any more.

The way Dad heard it, instead of retiring from the battlefield, Mr. Van Beuren attempted to buy up the key men in Dad's organization. First he called in one of his former employees, a man who was then working for Dad. "Now look," he said; "I gave you your first chance in this business. Now I want you to tell me something: Who is Disney's key man? Who is really doing the things that are being done over there?"

"It's Walt," his ex-employee said.

"You don't understand," Mr. Van Beuren said. "I know there's somebody in there who's really running that place. Who is he?"

"I'm telling you honestly, Mr. Van Beuren," his ex-employee said. "It's Walt."

After seeing The Three Little Pigs, Dad heard that Mr. Van Beuren even tried to lure away the whole crew who'd made the film, including Churchill, who'd worked on The Big Bad Wolf tune. What Mr. Van Beuren didn't know was that The Pigs was the work of only one part of Dad's organization. Those parts were interchangeable, since all of the men had been taught in the same training school. The only man Van Beuren succeeded in getting was The Pigs' director. He was given *carte blanche* to reorganize Van Beuren's shop. But there was a catch to that. The ex-Disney director was no longer surrounded by the talent he'd been working with at Dad's studio.

Someone has tried to raid Dad's organization after every one of his major successes. One of his competitors once remarked, "Let Disney win the awards and train the artists. I'll hire them away from him and make the money." That competitor's credo was one that Dad abhorred: "If a thing is successful, do it again."

Before The Three Little Pigs appeared, film distributors and exhibitors had demanded "more mice" because of Mickey's popularity. When they demanded, "more pigs," Dad made a crack which I think sums up his outlook. He said, "I don't think I can top pigs with pigs." But the demand was great, so he made three more short subjects featuring The Little Pigs. One was called The Three Little Pigs and Red Riding Hood. In it, the piglets helped rescue the little girl from the wolf. The second was called The Big Bad Wolf, and a third one was called The Practical Little Pig. But the only piglet film anyone recalls nowadays is the original classic, The Three Little Pigs.

A lot of things were happening to Dad about that time. Not long after the arrival of The Three Little Pigs, I arrived too. The Parents' Magazine was having a meeting at the Disney studio to present an award to Dad. I don't remember what it was for—bringing happiness to children, I guess. In the middle of the meeting, Dad got up and left. It looked as if he just skipped out, until somebody handed a note to the presiding dignitary, Dr. von Kleinsmid, president of U.S.C.

Dr. von Kleinsmid stood up and said, "I'm afraid I'll have to accept the award for Mr. Disney myself, because his wife is going to present him with another kind of award. He is on his way to become a parent and thus become a fully qualified reader of the magazine which honors him today."

Mother says that he made it to the maternity ward in time.

That Three Little Pigs cartoon launched the sale of millions of toy pigs. The same thing had happened when the Mouse hit; there had been a stampede of manufacturers who wanted to make Mickey by-products. Dad and Uncle Roy handled this business themselves, until a year before the release of The Pigs. Then a man named Kay Kamen suggested that he handle the merchandising of all Disney-inspired products. He was signed on a fifty-fifty basis, and Dad says that he was a master salesman. He built up a tremendous business that helped the promotional and advertising activity of the studio itself.

Kamen sold various manufacturers on the potential value of Disney by-products. Once their interest was aroused they came up with ideas of their own. Mr. Kamen helped many a concern out of a hole by showing them how they could use a Disney tie-in.

Take, for example, the Ingersoll Watch Company. Putting the Mouse on watch faces gave them mass sales just when they were needed. The Mouse also helped the Lionel-toy-train people to weather the depression. Expensive toys weren't moving in the stores. Lionel made a little wind-up Mickey Mouse which ran around a track, and it sold like crazy.

Dad says he can't keep up with the infinite variety of Disney by-products. Their history goes back a long way, to the first Mouse films. "Right after the Mouse hit," Dad says, "I was in New York. A fellow kept hanging around the hotel waving three hundred dollars at me, and saying he wanted to put the Mouse on the cheap paper tablets children use in school. Roy and I needed money, so I signed and took the three hundred dollars. That suggested other ways to exploit characters like the Mouse, so I started work on a comic strip. That first Mouse strip was snapped up by King Features Syndicate. It has expanded now to seven Disney strips, and the Disneys are still with King Features."

All this exploitation—movies, comic strips, toys, watches and what not—brought Mickey Mouse world-wide fame. In fact, he became—and I quote—"a symbol of international good will." That's what it said on the scroll given to Dad in 1935. The scroll came with a medal given him by the League of Nations.

The presentation was made in Paris. Dad and Uncle Roy were warned beforehand that they'd have to wear morning clothes on the great day—a cutaway and striped trousers, no less.

Dad protested. "I'm an American," he said. "I have a nice sports coat and pants. Won't they do?"

The answer was no; the presentation would be made at a formal garden party, and cutaways were the required dress. Reluctantly, Dad and Uncle Roy had clothes tailored in London for the occasion.

The great day came. Dad and Uncle Roy made their appearance at the appointed hour, all duked up like a couple of millionaire pallbearers. And the scene that greeted them is one they've never forgotten.

"Every man in the place was wearing a sack suit," Dad says. "They had ditched their cutaways to make the two Yanks from Hollywood feel at home."

Dad's reluctance to fall in with the demands of social protocol at that garden party is something that he's been consistent about—then and now.

The Disneys never attend *premières* or previews. We don't even go to the Academy Awards as a family, although Dad goes. I was amazed when the other children I met in school thought that I went to Hollywood gatherings regularly, and that I must know scores of stars. I've met only a handful of stars, and when I did, I was just as bug-eyed as any teen-ager.

It should be obvious that Mother and Dad are not part of the typical Hollywood crowd. When they do go out to a party, it's usually with a group of non-picture friends. Among their picture friends are Dinah Shore and George Montgomery and Irene Dunne and her husband, Doctor Griffin. In the field of radio and television they're fond of the Art Linkletters and Kay Kyser and his wife, and Edgar Bergen and his attractive wife.

They know a lot of other people in picture business and are friendly with them, but Mother doesn't enjoy conventional Hollywood shindigs. She went along with Dad one night for an Academy Award dinner. They put her at a table with some people she scarcely knew, while they pushed Daddy down front to another table under the eye of a TV camera. Both Mother and Dad were unhappy. They like to stick together—unless they happen to be quarreling. They get along well, but every so often they act like all married couples. It's usually when Dad thinks Mother's trying to milk him of his spare cash to buy some more antiques.

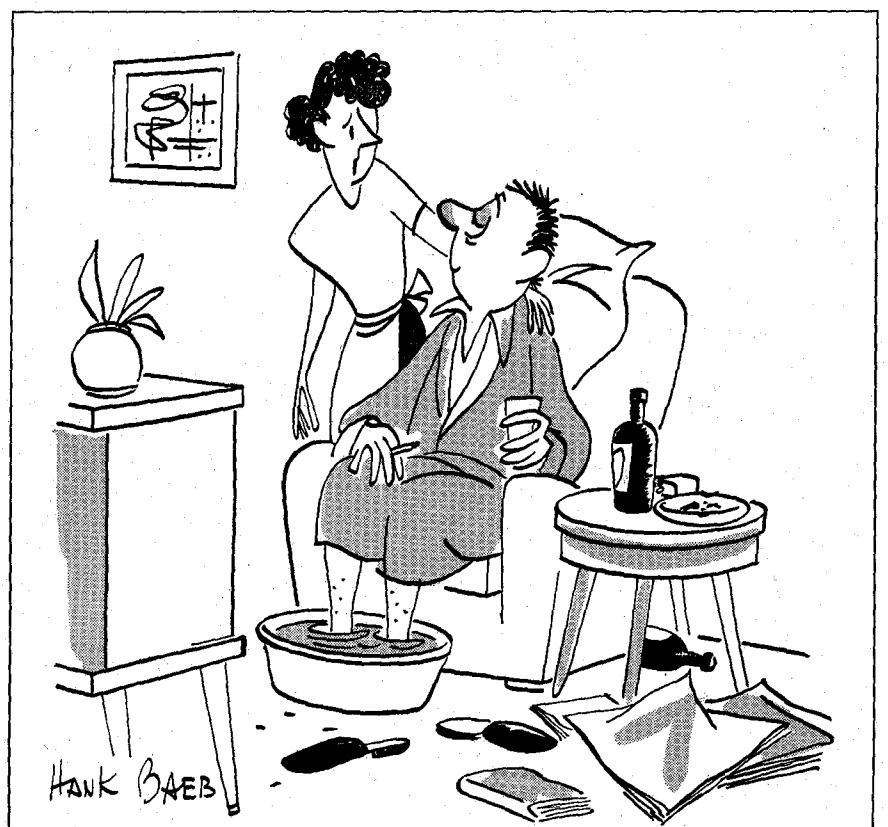
Mother and Dad are even homebodies when it comes to going to movies. Apart from the small-scale railroad track which surrounds our house, its only unusual feature is a projection room, which Dad has altered so that he can use various wide-screen devices. He and Mother sometimes have screenings at home, but they are not red-hot movie fans. If a show doesn't appeal to them, they flag down the projectionist or simply go to sleep. (They sit in reclining chairs—the kind that tilt back.)

There are times, therefore, when to view a picture with them is trying. If Mother doesn't go to sleep, she chatters about this and that. Sometimes I try to shush Mother, but when I do, Dad says, "Now, Diane, don't be rude to your mother!"—even if he has to wake up and stop snoring to say it.

After the scroll—which I mentioned earlier—had been given to Dad by the League of Nations, Dad and Uncle Roy changed clothes and dropped into a French movie house that was advertising Mickey Mouse. They expected to see one of their cartoon shorts and a full-length feature. Instead, the theater was showing five or six Disney pictures, one right after the other.

It was then that Dad made up his mind to produce full-length movies. He tried to think of a subject, but thinking got him nowhere. He had to relax and trust to inspiration. Somewhere below the conscious level of his mind, Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs were waiting to be discovered.

Editors' Note—The sixth in this series of eight articles will appear next week.



"I'm getting worried, dear! Five weeks is an awfully long time for a cold to hang on."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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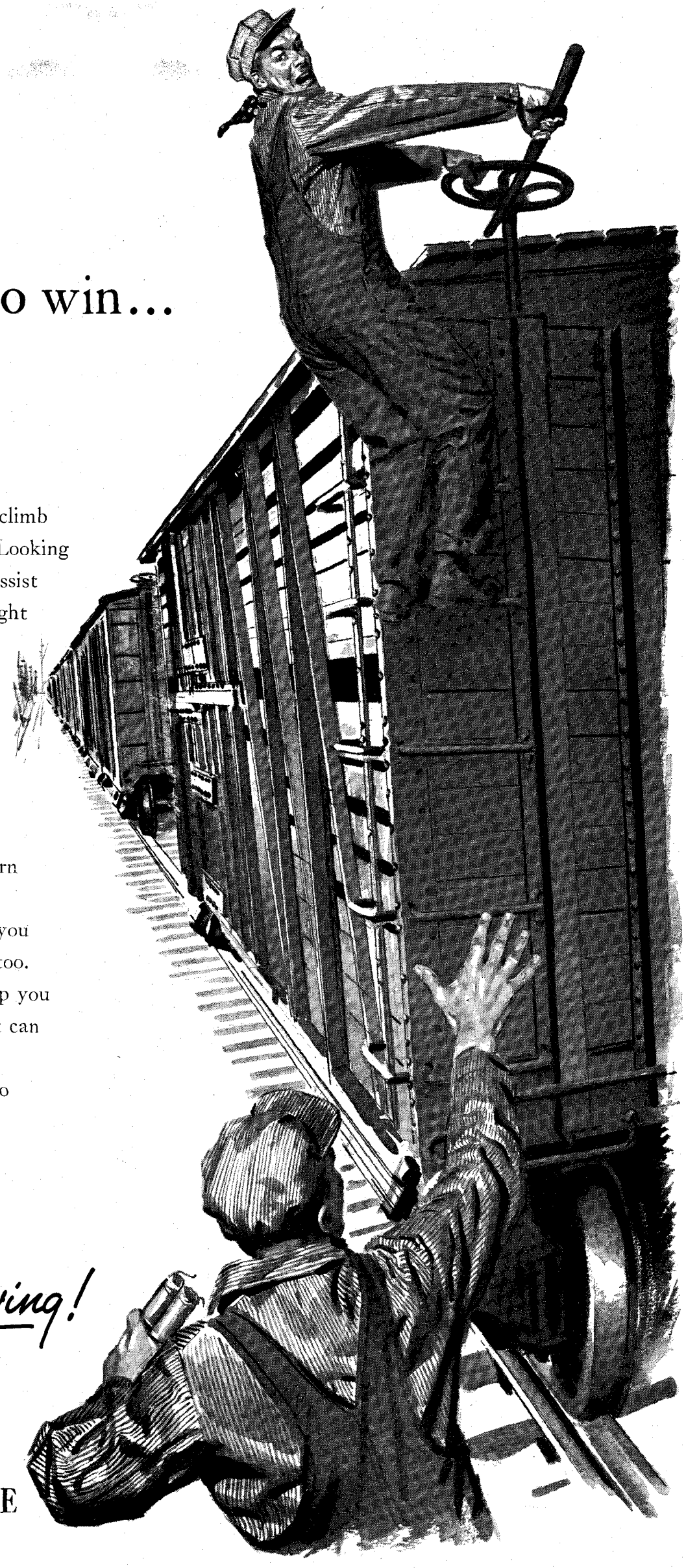

Bill Stevens was born with railroading in his blood . . . loved it enough to make it a career, although the climb from brakeman to top executive was strictly uphill. Looking back at it he credits his life insurance with a big assist in his rise to success. Starting very early Stevens bought all the insurance he could to protect his family. He reasoned this would free his mind from worry, and enable him to give the job his full attention. The idea worked, and Stevens achieved such success that he won lasting fame as head of one of the nation's great railroads.

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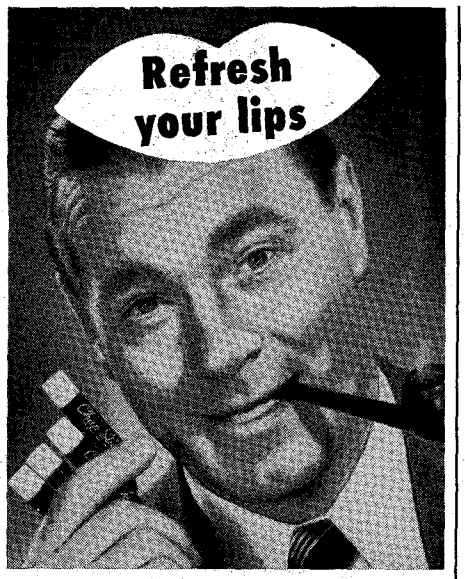

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New War on Hit-and-Run Killers

(Continued from Page 21)

year before O'Donnell took over the Hit and Run Unit, only 3799 of 11,509 cases were cleared up; by contrast, during O'Donnell's first complete year there were 9401 clear-ups among the 11,054 cases reported.

There's a good chance this record will be bettered in 1956, but O'Donnell will be observing the finish from an ex officio vantage point upstairs. In mid-1956 O'Donnell was promoted to the job of organizing a traffic department Special Services Unit, which he now heads. Although he still spends some time with the Hit and Run Unit, the operational reins are now held firmly by Lt. Edwin Berger, a short, rather swarthy, hard-hitting career cop whose background in traffic is even more extensive than O'Donnell's.

Under the leadership of O'Donnell and Berger, Chicago's thirty-one-man Hit and Run Unit, working smoothly and effectively with fourteen teams of investigators, has become what is probably the most complete detail of its kind among police forces over the nation. I spent several weeks watching the Chicago unit in action. I came away with the conviction that hit-and-run drivers have a rather slim chance of avoiding apprehension, so advanced and thorough are the techniques now available to track them down. I traveled with the Hit and Run Unit while they interrogated suspects, and I listened to all the pat excuses from every walk of life and prefabricated alibis which, after a while, began to fall into a very definite pattern.

Why do people leave the scene of an accident? Five reasons cropped up over and over again as I listened to Chicago police quiz suspects.

The most prevalent reason is drinking. An overwhelming majority of all hit-and-run drivers have either been drinking or are drunk when the accident takes place. Their thinking is fuzzed, and their first instinct is to get out. So they run.

Second is the presence of the hit-and-run car at a place where it isn't supposed to be, with a passenger who shouldn't be in it. A surprising number of hit-and-runners are married men who have women in the cars who would be hard to account for at home.

Third is the fear of financial loss. The driver has no insurance and is appalled at the thought of paying for the damage.

Fourth is sheer panic, which makes the culprit run blindly, without coherent thought. Once he's committed, it's difficult to go back.

Fifth, the driver can't stand investigation for one of any number of reasons, the most frequent being that he's driving with a suspended license.

These hardly seem compelling reasons for leaving a fellow human being bleeding on the street or even running away from a damaged vehicle. Yet, in the immediacy of an accident situation, one or more of them send otherwise responsible citizens fleeing wildly from the scene of an accident.

In no area of crime investigation is police work more difficult than in apprehending the hit-and-run driver. Even though investigators get to the scene as quickly as possible, they often hit a decidedly cold trail. Frequently there are no witnesses—or at least none who will talk. Often, the investigators have nothing to go on except a damaged vehicle or a crumpled body. But even starting from such a seeming impasse, some remarkable police work has resulted.

On a Chicago residential street in the dusk of an early-autumn evening last year, a car careened around a corner, sideswiped a parked car, shot up over the curbing and struck two women pedestrians who were standing on the sidewalk. The driver didn't even slow down; he turned back into the street, hitting two other cars in the process, and roared off. The only witnesses were the hit-and-run victims. One of them died; the other had a vague, frightened recollection that the car had been a fairly new model with a cream top and maroon body. That's all there was—one hurried impression, some paint flecks from the clothing of the victims, and a tiny piece of metal apparently torn from the murder car as it plowed its course of destruction.

Unfortunately for the driver, a dedicated cop of almost incredible tenacity named Don Verkler was assigned to the case and devoted hours of his own time to tracking down the killer. He sent the paint samples to the crime laboratory, then took the fragment of metal and began calling on car manufacturers. The metal was finally identified as a piece of chrome trim from a certain make of car which corresponded with the findings from the paint samples. Armed with this information and the cream-and-maroon identification, Verkler began shopping at car agencies in a sizable area around the scene of the accident. He checked out individually all sales in the make and color he was seeking—by quietly examining each car for signs of an accident.

When this investigation failed, he widened his scope of operations. At last, in a small agency far removed from the accident scene, he struck a spark of hope. A car fitting the description he wanted had been sold to a man in Indiana. As part of his routine check, Verkler asked the local police to take a look at the car. They did, and called back that the car was shut in a garage, but they could see visible signs of damage through the windows.

Verkler hustled to Indiana that night, slipped into the garage and found that the piece of chrome he had been carrying with him for weeks fitted exactly an empty space on the suspect car. Confronted with this evidence, the startled owner of the car confessed, and Verkler brought him back across a state line into Chicago in a raging snowstorm, with Verkler driving the badly damaged car, and the hit-and-runner directing him through an open window on the passenger side. When the car broke down several miles from police headquarters, Verkler talked a passing motorist into pushing them the rest of the way, finally arriving triumphantly with both the death car and the driver.

In a considerable percentage of hit-and-run cases—over 1000 a year in Chicago—the car is abandoned either at the scene of the accident or on a nearby street. The offending driver then goes to a police station and reports his car stolen. When the hit-and-run car is traced to him, he claims no knowledge of the accident and blames it on the thief who stole his car.

Quite often there's a complicated story behind these abandoned cars. One was recently left wrapped around a badly damaged city utility pole. The driver fled. Police officers traced the car and invited the owner in for questioning. His wife—carrying a small child—showed up with him. Steadfastly the man insisted the car had been stolen, although all the evidence pointed to the contrary.

When one of his interrogators stepped into the hall for a smoke, the car owner followed and whispered hoarsely, "Look, I was driving that car and I'll come in later and sign anything you want. But how about letting us go for now? I was drunk, and if my wife finds out, it's going to break us up for good."

The police agreed, the man paid a fine later, and a home was saved—at least for the time being.

Whenever a car is reported stolen after it has been involved in a hit-and-run accident, police immediately suspect the validity of the theft. If examination of the car shows no jumper or tinfoil wedged under the ignition and no signs of forcible

"You are in New York."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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"My zipper stuck!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

entry, police can be reasonably sure the car was abandoned and not stolen.

According to Lieutenant O'Donnell, "Probably less than ten per cent of the thefts reported in hit-and-run accident cases are actually stolen cars. The rest are hit-and-runners laying the groundwork for an alibi."

Another familiar excuse of the hit-and-run driver is "I didn't know I hit anything." Every car involved in an accident, no matter how slight, will show some kind of damage. By examining a hit-and-run vehicle, police can quickly tell whether the driver could possibly have been unaware that the accident took place. Particularly in personal-injury cases can the police reconstruct the accident almost exactly from the dents on the car.

The most discouraging part of all this is the disposition of the hit-and-run cases after the drivers are caught. It's difficult for policemen to see weeks of investigative work culminate in a slap on the wrist or a trifling fine in court. Yet it happens every day.

"If you want to murder somebody and get off easy," says Lieutenant O'Donnell with some bitterness, "just hit 'em with a car."

A case in point is a teen-ager named Robert Hoffman. On August 7, 1955, Hoffman was riding aimlessly about Chicago with a friend, Joe Lonigro, in Lonigro's father's car. Hoffman was then on five years' probation for a robbery conviction. About ten P.M. he asked to drive, and Lonigro assented.

Hoffman roared away from the curbing, drove several blocks, picking up speed, on a residential street. Suddenly a bicycle darted from an alley in front of him. Skid marks showed that his speed was such that he couldn't bring his car under control in time. He hit the bicycle amidships, and the two eleven-year-old girls who were riding on it were thrown in the air to land in two trembling, convulsive heaps. A salesman watching from an upstairs apartment window where he lived, and a chauffeur out for a walk both testified as to what happened next. The car came to a stop beyond the accident scene; the driver got out, walked back, looked at the mayhem he had wrought, and then ran back to the car and drove away.

The chauffeur got a partial license number and the salesman reported a complete one when the Hit-and-Run investigators got to the scene. In the meantime, the two little girls had been taken to a hospital, where Sandra Budlovsky died a few days later. Her companion survived.

The salesman's report of the license number was traced immediately and proved to be incorrect. The car had no marks of an accident and the owner could account for himself. So, on the theory—as frequently happens—that several of the numbers had been transposed, Hit and Run teams began poring over books which list every license number in the state of Illinois. Each possible combination of numbers on which the two witnesses agreed was tried. In the meantime, paint samples from the victims' clothing, analyzed in the crime laboratory, agreed with the make, model and color description given by the witnesses. With this identification and the transposed-number possibilities to guide them, investigators narrowed the field to several automobiles and began checking them out one by one.

Within several hours of the accident, police were knocking on the door of the Lonigro apartment, after having examined the car outside and noted obvious evidence of an accident. Joseph Lonigro was there and admitted his car had struck the girls. He also identified Hoffman as the driver. According to Lonigro, Hoffman had stopped to run back and look at the bodies, had driven a block farther, then had jumped out of the car and fled. Officers arrested Hoffman at his home. He denied everything.

The case came to court on November 9, 1955. The sentence: Hoffman was put on good behavior for six months. He was to return to court on the following May ninth to report his progress. It was unnecessary for him to keep this date. By that time he was serving a ten-year term in the State Prison at Joliet. He was convicted on October 1, 1956, of manslaughter for the fatal stabbing of another teen-ager in a gang brawl on Chicago's South Side.

Yet, on the whole, the police officers accept this sort of thing philosophically.

"Our job," says Lieutenant Berger, "is to catch them and supply the evidence to convict them. What happens after that is out of our hands."

The list of outstanding police investigations that end unsatisfactorily in court is practically endless. Last year a pedestrian was hit in broad daylight on a busy Chicago street and knocked with shattering force to the pavement. The driver sped off. The pedestrian died a few days later as police were digging through a maze of conflicting accounts of the accident and confusing segments of the license number.

Through paint flecks, damage at the scene and portions of the license plate, police traced the car to an out-of-state resident. He had long since moved away and left no forwarding address, no relatives, no apparent trace. But the police never stopped looking for the car, and six months later it was spotted on a Chicago street. Fender dents coincided with the circumstances of the fatal accident, and a police detail was left at the car to wait for the owner to show up. When he did and was arrested, he was so startled that he readily admitted being the death driver. Yet a grand jury voted "no bill" when an indictment was sought for reckless homicide, and this killer wound up with a ninety-day suspended sentence for leaving the scene of a personal-injury accident.

But these setbacks don't appear to dampen the zeal of the investigators, who have developed a number of tried-and-true techniques for apprehending hit-and-runners. If there is no physical evidence at the scene through which the car can be traced and no witnesses to supply a description or license number, several courses are followed by investigating officers.

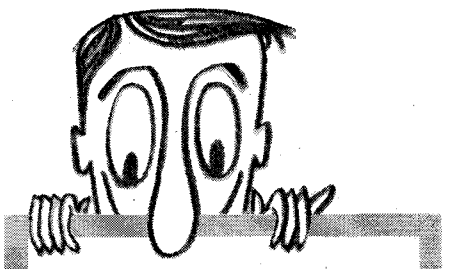
They take a close look at people hanging around the scene of the accident; often the hit-and-run driver will return, after ditching his car, to see what happened to his victim. They canvass garages and parking lots as soon as possible after the accident, to check on suspicious cars with unexplained damage. They revisit the scene of the accident at the same time of day it occurred to watch cars passing the spot; sometimes an accident takes place on a route followed daily or weekly by the criminal driver, and police can spot the offending car in this manner. And finally, they comb the neighborhood, seeking both witnesses and suspicious vehicles. Frequently this will turn up reluctant witnesses who can offer some sort of clue.

In case after case, however, witnesses refuse to appear in court or simply won't admit having seen anything. In justice to witnesses, it should be pointed out that it takes a high sense of public service to co-operate. Unless the complainant is willing to help financially, the witness is paid nothing for his trouble—not even his expenses in getting to the trial. He probably loses time off from work, and may have to return to court several times, as defense attorneys get endless continuances and otherwise delay disposition of the case until it may finally wind up stamped DWP—"dismissed for want of prosecution." This is the sad finale of hundreds of fine pieces of police work.

More reprehensible than reluctant witnesses are the complainants who fail to press hit-and-run charges in court.

"These people," says O'Donnell, "howl at the police to 'get that man.' When we find him and restitution is made, they lose all interest in the case and practically never show up in court to prosecute. But if he didn't have insurance or didn't pay off, they'd want us to hang him as a public menace."

Both O'Donnell and Berger have found that the best method of getting around these circumstances is to build a strong



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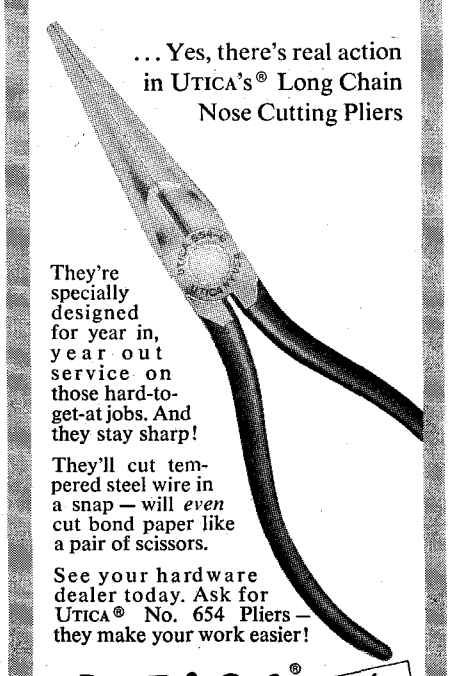

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case of circumstantial evidence around a culprit, confront him with it, and then extract a signed confession. Thus the testimony of accident witnesses becomes less important in court, but still is essential to investigation of the case.

Regarding witnesses, Hit-and-Run investigators have some rather surprising observations to offer. The most dependable witnesses are children; they "have an excellent facility for remembering numbers and an accurate description of the car. They also know the makes and models of cars better than most adults."

Least dependable are women, who have a tendency to get excited and fail to observe accurately. They are also "terrible judges of distance."

What should you remember if you witness a hit-and-run accident? Chicago police officers and the Northwestern University Traffic Institute officials agree that the most important thing is to use the few seconds available to observe the fleeing car rather than rushing headlong to the victim.

In those few seconds you should first try to spot the license number. If you can't get the full number, note the beginning digits; the closer the numbers are to the front, the more valuable they are in tracking the car. Write down the numbers immediately. If you have no pencil, scratch them on the sidewalk with a stone or write them in the dust.

If you can't see the license, take a close look at the car itself—with particular attention to any odd or unusual identifying details such as a broken window, dented trunk or bumper stickers. Parts that you might see knocked from the car in the crash are also valuable to investigating officers. Next in importance is a description of the occupants of the car. Try to note their number, sex, race, approximate ages and any identifying characteristics. And, finally, it is helpful to the investigators to know which direction the killer car was traveling as it left the scene.

Traffic Institute officials are concerned about efforts to shove traffic killers into the background in the quest for more glamorous criminals. James Slavin, the institute's assistant director of training and an ex-cop, commented, "In some police departments, if the traffic detail ever brought in a hit-and-run suspect for a polygraph test, they'd throw him out That's strictly for the ax murderers."

But with or without the lie detector hit-and-run drivers are going to have an increasingly bad time in Chicago, where Lieutenant Berger and his men take their business seriously. They look with growing concern on the large number of hit-and-run accidents, and the moral issues they feel are involved.

"People should take a new look at their feelings about traffic accidents—especially hit-and-runs," Berger says earnestly. "It really boils down to a moral problem, and it's a sad commentary on our morals that so many people nowadays leave the scenes of accidents and many more decline to help investigating officers by serving as witnesses. Selfishly, there are often good reasons. But morally, it's absolutely reprehensible. And the sooner we all realize it the better off every citizen is going to be."

THE END

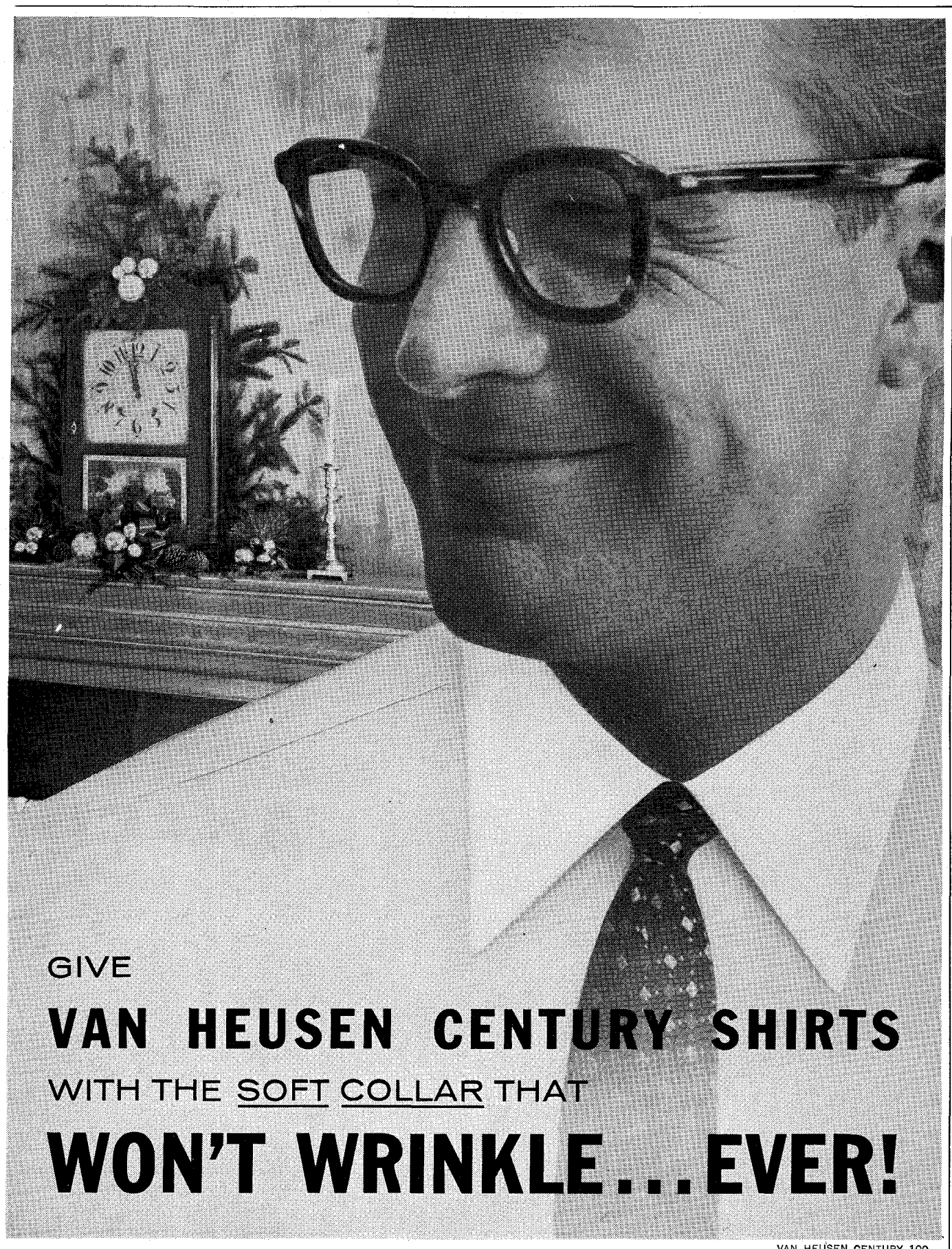
This is to Walk

By Helen Frazee-Bower

I walk, for walking is not
steps alone
In delicate precision, each
on each,
But walking is all motion I
have known:
Bright curve of waves along
the sun-swept beach,
Slight stir of silver poplar
leaves; the long,
Slow undulations of the
ripened grain,
Wind-tossed; and in the
quiet dusk, the song
That falls in slender
cadences of rain.

This is to walk: Not just to
lift the feet,
But oh, to lift the heart
wherever breaks
The tide of motion, to take
up the beat,
The pulse, the rhythm;
though the body aches
With grim frustration, all
the senses thrill.
This is to walk—while lying
still, so still.

(Mrs. Frazee-Bower was struck by an automobile in November, 1955, and has since been paralyzed from her shoulders down. Most recent word is that she is making some progress and is now able to sit for long periods in her wheelchair.)



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The Truant Officer Learns to Smile

(Continued from Page 30)

The boy looks worried, but he finally jumps the king and the game goes on.

This is a truant officer? Well, yes and no. Properly speaking, he's the lineal descendant of the truant officer of yore. In Evanston, as in many other urban United States communities, the attitude toward truants has been changing. Principals and teachers no longer regard them as willful miscreants, but as unhappy children whose emotional problems make school so painful an experience that they try, however foolishly, to escape.

Instead of using cops-and-robbers methods, such schools use social workers who employ techniques adapted from psychiatry to discover what the problems are, help the children to solve them, and thereby make them willing to return to school.

The young man is John Alderson, thirty years old, blue-eyed, healthy looking, and possessed of a folksy Midwestern accent. He is one of eleven case workers employed by the public schools in Evanston. They are called visiting counselors. The boy, whom we shall arbitrarily call Billy, is crop-headed, jug-eared and scared. Billy had first started playing hooky about a month earlier, when he missed school several days within a two-week period. On one of these occasions he was brought home by a janitor who found him playing in an apartment-house cellar. Two other times he simply wandered in the streets, and when the school nurse phoned home about him, he told his mother that "two big mean boys" had ordered him to stay away from school.

Formerly the school might have sent an officer to Billy's parents or had the boy hauled into court after his next absence. Instead, the principal phoned Billy's mother and persuaded her to have the boy talk things over with the counselor.

Before the boy came to see him, Alderson had begun to collect information about him. From the fourth-grade teacher he learned that Billy, though only a little below average in intelligence, was far below average in achievement. The other children teased him, and Billy, unable to muster defenses against them, suffered passively. He seldom did his classwork and could not seem to concentrate on anything for more than a few minutes.

One morning Billy appeared for his first appointment at the door of Alderson's office.

"Hi, Billy," said the counselor. "I'm Mr. Alderson. Come on in and look around."

The boy ambled in and scuffled around the room, staring at the toys and kicking absent-mindedly at the legs of the chair.

"What do I do here?" he asked. "I didn't bring my books or anything."

"That's all right," said Alderson. "This isn't a schoolwork period. It's just a talking period. I'm interested in finding out what children like and dislike, and what makes them happy or unhappy."

Billy whirled about. "I'm unhappy most of the time," he blurted out. Then he flushed and turned away, and for quite a while he didn't want to talk. That's when the checker game started.

The meaning of his feeling about Alderson's king appeared in the second session, when Alderson learned that the boy was mortally afraid of his father. Billy had recently lost a new schoolbag and been whaled for it. Billy feared and hated his father, yet wanted desperately to please him and to be loved by him. Alderson was a grown man, like his dad, and jumping Alderson's king was like doing something awful to dad.

In later sessions, Billy modeled with clay, played with tin soldiers and finger-painted, unaware that he was talking freely to Alderson and answering his unobtrusive, softly put questions. Sometimes, though, Billy would stop and ask Alderson what he thought about something. Then Alderson might do a little direct steering or be reassuring or comforting. The effects were visible within a few weeks, as Billy began to show signs of improvement. Perhaps having a place to air his gripes was helping him. Perhaps having a grown man be kind and friendly toward him was helping him even more. And perhaps best of all was finding that Alderson considered him a nice and likable youngster.

Indeed, giving affection to an unliked and unlikable child has perhaps more good effect than anything else. It isn't easy, though.

A neighbor once asked Alderson, who, grease-smeared and sweaty, was happily tinkering with his car, "You mean you have to like them? But what about when you get a real mean brat in the office?"

Alderson laid down his tools, looking a bit self-conscious. "It's the professional approach," he explained carefully. "Partly I make myself look for the likable side of the child. And partly I search through my own personality for the things that are making me react badly to him. Maybe this sounds strange, but if I think things through, I can conquer my inability to like him."

The neighbor edged away uneasily. "Yeah," he said. "Yeah, I see."

After the initial conferences with Billy, Alderson saw the boy's parents and pieced together what was essentially a rather simple story. Billy's father, a big, beefy, hearty salesman, had been both a good student and a fine athlete in school. He always tried to be best in everything he did, and the gangling Billy, neither good at sports nor particularly bright, was an embarrassment to him. The father goaded the boy and whipped him, out of a feeling of having been cheated by him. And Billy, whose school performance was one reason for his father's anger, got worse and worse, until finally he tried to avoid the whole thing by just not going.

In two long interviews, Alderson got the father to see that he had been punishing the boy out of his own desire to remain superior. After admitting it with some agitation and bluster, the salesman agreed to ease up on the child and to try to accept him for what he was.

Six months after Billy began seeing Alderson for half an hour each week, he was getting along with the other children, defending himself fairly well and paying much more attention in class. He had even caught up on his reading, and his IQ showed an apparent rise of nine points. His father was holding himself in check and seemed to be learning to get along with Billy better at home. After considering all these things, Alderson closed the case at the end of the school year, and let Billy go it on his own, a child saved from a probable downward course of truancy, academic failure and either delinquency or mental disorder.

Truancy, in short, is thought of now in Evanston as an indication of emotional pain, needing adjustment by professional treatment. Sometimes playing hooky is an attempt to escape from a place where one is a failure. Sometimes it is a means of getting back at one's parents. Sometimes it is part of a need to act tough or break the rules. Whatever the cause, it is only a symptom, and a late-blooming one.

Others can be spotted earlier in the classroom. Some children do poorly in their work, despite normal intelligence. Others are lost in reverie; others throw temper tantrums or pick fights; still others cannot play or work without getting into trouble with their classmates. These and similar symptoms indicate the many childhood emotional disorders that, according to the Mid-Century White House Conference on Children and Youth, affect 8 to 12 per cent of children seriously enough to make them needful of counseling services—the services of the new-style truant officer.

"Has anyone turned in a small box marked 'danger'?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

You would not, for instance, classify Gino as a truant. Gino, a dark-haired, handsome child of seven, came to class every day. But he was as absent as any runaway. He stared out the window and daydreamed hour after hour, until his teacher felt she could see the first awful foreshadowings of schizophrenia. Gino was chronically unable to get things done on time in class, and when the teacher tried to make him complete his work, he was apt to burst into tears or be doubled over with stomach cramps.

Gino took an immediate liking to John Alderson. He could talk with the counselor or play with clay, and Alderson never told him to hurry up or get finished. Nor did Alderson ever get angry with him when he experimentally spilled the checkers on the floor. At home he refused to tell about his meetings with Alderson.

"I just don't know what goes on there," the boy's mother said to her husband querulously. "I think Mr. Alderson lets him play and asks him questions. Gino won't tell me anything. But he loves going and wouldn't miss a visit for anything."

What was going on? Play, talk—and a lot more. Take one key item from Alderson's notebooks as an example: "January 23. Eleventh session. Today, while he was modeling a dinner table, I got Gino to recognize and verbalize the fact that his crying fits and stomach cramps in school are a direct transfer of his problems at home and his feelings of inadequacy at not being allowed to dress or feed himself at his own rate of speed."

Alderson called on the mother. He found her a voluble, excitable little woman, whose home, like her clothes, was immaculate and fresh. When he complimented her on her home, she told him that any kind of sloppiness made her almost ill. Indeed, she went on, the trouble between her and Gino seemed to be mostly over dressing and eating. His slowness and clumsiness so irritated her that she had been spoon-feeding him until a few months ago, and was still bathing and dressing him completely. "I can't tolerate his poking along," she said. "It takes forever. He's such a baby for his age. I don't know what to do with him."

Much later in the discussion, as she spoke about these things, it seemed to occur to her that all this was window-dressing—that she really liked keeping Gino a baby by controlling everything he did. Perhaps, she said, the thing to do was to permit him to try on his own, no matter what a mess he made of things.

"It was like the thought came from nowhere," she told her husband later. "But now that I think about it, I believe Mr. Alderson drew me out and made me think of it. Funny thing. All the while, he just seemed to be sitting there, a quiet young fellow, listening and nodding and asking me a few questions, not saying much. I didn't think he was doing anything. Now, I'm not sure. I guess maybe he knew what he was doing."

Alderson had not only drawn her out, as she realized, but had slipped in some specific prescriptions. He advised her to let Gino dress himself and to ignore the time problem completely. "I'll explain to the school," he said, "that he'll be late because we're trying something with him." He also advised her to let the boy feed himself and not to interfere by so much as a syllable.

The first day she paced the living room, watching the clock as Gino fooled away the time in his own room. When he finally got to the breakfast table, the sight of his toying with his food and daydreaming so aggravated her that she had to leave the

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room, to avoid snatching the spoon away from him.

The effect on Gino was astonishing. After being late to school three mornings, he began to dress himself in time, and he started to eat better and to arrive at school on time. In his talks with Alderson he was learning to take pride in his own achievements and growth. Several months later his teacher reported to Alderson that he was no longer an educational problem.

A boy who felt he wasn't any good, and a boy who wasn't allowed to grow up—these are typical "clients" of the counselor. So, too, were a big girl of twelve who bullied her classmates into a state of frenzy; an eight-year-old girl who became rigid with terror during outside play or exercise sessions; and a ten-year-old boy with a genius-level IQ who was obsessed by thoughts of guns, knives and macabre scenes of torture. These are a few of the 190 children who have talked and played with the amiable, gentle young man in the past four and a half years. Most of them have come away healthier and happier.

Such a man is clearly a far cry from the truant officer of tradition. Yet counselors like John Alderson are a direct outgrowth of truancy work. After the Civil War the various states, one by one, passed compulsory-education laws and child-labor laws; to enforce them, schools hired truant officers who hunted for missing children, and spoke sternly to fractious or ignorant parents who preferred their children to be more gainfully occupied than they were in school. By the 1920's, compulsory education was well accepted and the truant officers' job was chiefly one of finding and catching kids who were staying out on their own initiative.

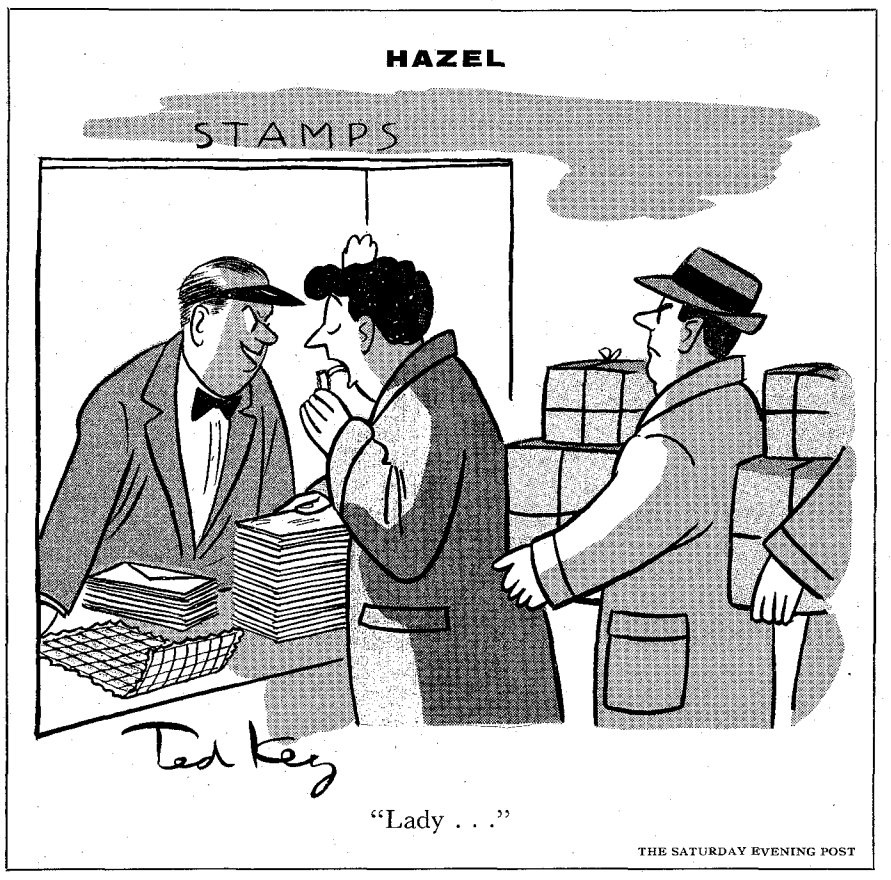
At that same time, some educators first became aware that skills other than those of the gumshoe might be needed to handle such children. The Commonwealth Fund paid the cost of putting thirty "visiting teachers"—another alias of the school social worker—into thirty different communities for a major five-year test. The experiment produced a bumper crop of hopeful reports. Educators were impressed. The movement began to grow. Better than one fourth of all cities over 10,000 in population, scattered from coast to coast, have by now adopted the new concept.

At least, they say they have. In actuality, the movement is so new that the picture is spotty. In many cities the social workers work side by side with old-style truant officers. In some others they are the truant officers, stuck with the job of padding about town, hunting for absentees—and then trying to treat them in case work afterward. In one state, some counselors do not even have a high-school diploma; in others, they all have a master's degree in social work.

In Evanston, although state law called for the appointment of truant officers, the school administrators had found it simpler in the past to use the police department. Two cops in civilian garb who patrolled the department stores were always on the lookout for children during school hours, and when a call came in from the school about some absentee, the cops on the movie beats were also alerted. Kids nabbed by them were brought to headquarters and turned over to officers of the juvenile division, who interrogated them and then delivered them to the school or to their parents.

In 1948 the change began. Dr. Oscar Chute, superintendent of the grade schools, took advantage of a 1945 amendment to an old Illinois law concerning truant, incorrigible and delinquent children. The new amendment made state funds available to any school which provided preventive treatment to children who were in danger of becoming truant, incorrigible or delinquent. As an experiment, Doctor Chute hired a professionally trained social worker. Within a year, the demand for her time had grown so much that he had to add two more. He now has eight counselors serving the grade schools. Three others serve the Evanston high schools. All in all, some 600 children were handled by the counselors last year.

In the beginning, many parents were hesitant about the new counselors. Some expected them to do home tutoring of backward children, and were annoyed on learning that they would not. Others thought they were psychiatrists, who would probe for "Freudian" secrets. Psychiatrists deal with unconscious conflicts, but social workers limit themselves to those at the conscious and "preconscious" levels.



"Lady . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Some, however, accepted them readily. One nervous mother said to Alderson, trying to reassure herself at her first interview, "This doesn't bother me a bit—I've been watching these things on TV and I feel right at home." And a smart-aleck kid of eleven told Alderson, at his first session, "I'll tell you what's wrong with me. It's very simple. I have an inferiority complex."

Teachers, too, were unsure about this interloper in their midst. When Alderson first arrived, not one teacher referred a problem child to him for a month. During that month he ambled around the halls, meeting and chatting with the teachers, eating lunch with them, asking them about new teaching techniques and revealing a little about himself.

They found him totally unlike Doctor Freud. Alderson looks like nothing so much as the happy young father in the typical life-insurance ad. His face is square, smooth and boyish; he wears a broad smile much of the time; his hair, combed neatly sideways, usually has a small tuft defiantly upright at the crown; and his nose bears the traces of football scrimmage. How could one feel nervous about a thirty-year-old fellow who, as Alderson does, adjusts the valves and spark plugs on his own car? Or who lifts weights, teaches swimming in summer and goes camping with his wife? Or who has a baby son, a suburban house in a large development, and reads best-selling novels?

What makes him a good counselor is his professional training at the University of Illinois, plus the fact that beneath his muscular physique and suburbanite tastes there is a sensitive and sympathetic soul.

A friend once asked him what it takes to make a good social worker. Alderson rubbed his chin. "Golly," he said. "Well, let me see how to put it." He smiled uncomfortably. "I guess," he said finally, "one thing is that you have to have had a surplus of affection in your own background—more than you need, so that you can give affectionate understanding to your clients." He scratched his ear. "I suppose that sounds kind of odd," he added, "but I think it's true, all the same."

His grandfather had been, and his father still is, a doctor in Central Illinois. Though medicine itself did not appeal to young Alderson, the doctoring spirit did. After studying psychology in college, he spent two years of postgraduate training in social work. Alderson spent one summer working in a mental hospital, and after what he saw there, preventive mental-health work seemed more important than ever. Of the many areas in which social work is now practiced, he felt, the schools offer the best chance to practice preventive techniques. He came to Evanston in 1952, fresh from his field-work training, and has been there ever since.

Seen from the outside, Alderson's professional life seems to consist of nothing but interminable talk—his own and other people's. It begins at 8:30 A.M., when he arrives at one of the two grade schools between which he shuttles. At once he begins talking with teachers, both those who have pupils in counseling and those who have children they think need it. At nine A.M. or soon after, the first child arrives at his office. Six to eight of them come in each day, and return to class afterward. Between these sessions, he talks on the phone with parents or with a family doctor, a minister, a juvenile officer at the police department, a social worker at the Evanston Hospital, the schools' consulting psychiatrist or the Family Service of Evanston. He even talks on the phone while eating a lunch of sandwiches which he carries in a paper bag. In the afternoon he talks to more teachers and parents or calls on parents at their homes.

Only on the surface is this all like ordinary conversation. By far the larger part of it involves the artful handling of distraught children and parents, sensitively feeling for information, guiding their thinking into the open, absorbing the brunt of outbursts, tears, fears and hatreds, and listening intently for the truth hiding within a dense forest of words. By late afternoon, his tongue is leathery, his mind is battered numb and he feels "all used up." Alderson slumps wearily over a cup of tea, before beginning his final chores of the day.

He feels there are rich rewards in his work, though it pays only about as well as school teaching. But it brings the satisfaction of being a healer of the mind and spirit, and the gratifying belief that many of his cases might, except for his help, become anything from psychotics to criminals. On a day when a child who was a really tough case can have his interviews discontinued, Alderson is apt to go home in a holiday mood, and whirl his wife off to dinner and a movie by way of celebration.

That kind of feeling comes fairly often. Alderson has about thirty-five cases on hand at a time, and three quarters of them show distinct improvement within the school year. Of the remaining quarter, he finds some too deeply harmed or warped for social-work techniques, and he tries to get the parents to take the child to a psychiatric clinic. In others, he suspects basic intellectual shortcomings, and asks the school system's psychologist to test the child to see if he belongs in a special training program. A few others just don't react well to case work or to Alderson as a person; these give him his gloomier hours.

Throughout all of the Evanston schools the ratio is the same—about 75 per cent of the troubled children make an adequate adjustment through counseling. "It's become invaluable to us," says Mrs. Grace Frey, principal of the College Hill School. "We have children who just can't be taught or who hold others back. The teacher can't do everything. It takes a social worker to clear up the emotional difficulties."

Superintendent Chute, speaking for all grade schools in Evanston, says, "Since we introduced counseling, we have been able to cut suspensions in half. Truancy has become a rarity."

Perhaps an even better judge of the results is assistant police chief Fred B. Wynn, who has been an Evanston cop for thirty-two years and spent part of them in the juvenile division.

"The way I understand it," he says, "the counselors get at the trouble before it hardens up. You can do ninety per cent more with a child of eight than one of sixteen. Before counseling came here, these children didn't come to our attention until the pattern was well formed. We like the counseling service just fine."

The cost of the new-style truant officers is reasonable enough. One counselor can easily handle as many disturbed children as there are in a school population of 1000 or so. Five dollars per child per year—about 2 per cent of the annual cost of each child's education—will install preventive mental-health service in a school. The cost might even vanish in a few years, as the need for old-style truant officers, special classes and community psychiatric facilities is decreased. And, of course, the amount of human misery avoided cannot be expressed in terms of dollars. It is incalculable. THE END

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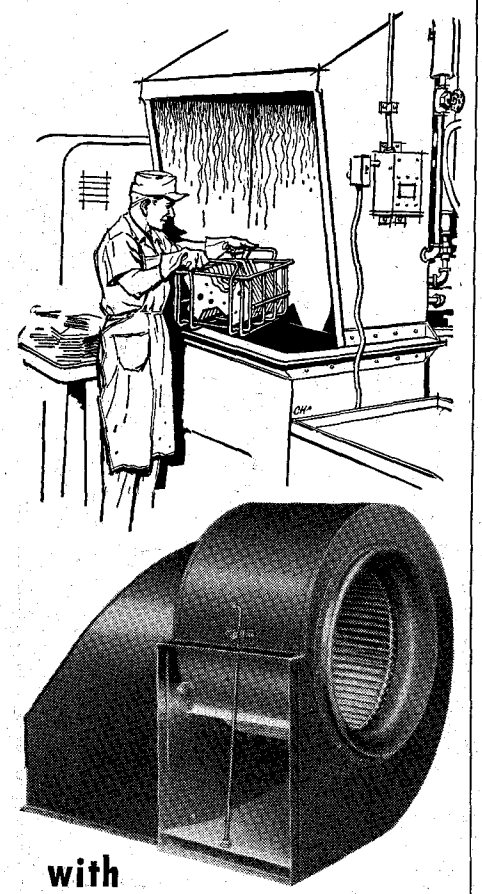

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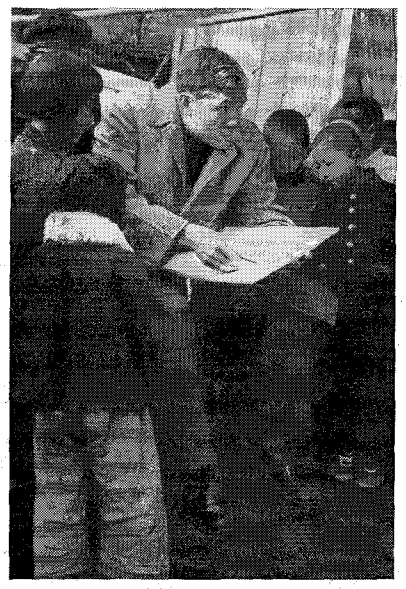
Keeping Posted

Yankee Illustrator in Mr. Moto's Land

During a dinner with artist friends in Tokyo, Smith poses with geisha girls.

The following is not a contrived plot; it just happened Post-luckily.

Last summer illustrator Bill Smith, who has paintings in a number of museums, including the Metropolitan of New York, was among a few artists invited to fly to Japan and later contribute some paintings of the Far East to the new Air Force Academy. Smith was a natural for this task; the young man is a scholar of Far East culture, especially the languages and the art; he has been out there many times, including a State Department lecture tour, during which a one-man show of his paintings in art-loving



Smith and a few art critics.

Tokyo drew an average of 10,000 people a day. But for reasons of time and economics Smith sadly decided he'd better stay here at his easel. This settled, he presently got a phone call from Associate Art Editor Kilker asking, "Want to illustrate our new Mr. Moto serial?" Hastily Smith revived the Air Force bid, went to Japan, captured anew the atmosphere of a far land where our airmen serve, sketched all the scenes where the Marquand adventure unfolds—and everybody is happy.

Smith renewed his enjoyment of old Japan's quaintness and charm. He speaks, for instance, of one sunshiny morning when he arose from his floor-bed in a Hiroshima inn and saw seven Japanese ladies enter the garden outside his window. As he watched them, they gathered all the pebbles out of a little artificial brook that gurgled past his window, carefully washed them until they shone, and put them back in the brook. In the whole garden there was not a blade of grass; every one had been plucked out, for this was a moss and fern garden.

In Kyoto and Kamakura and other cultural centers, Japanese painters, old friends of Smith's, often asked him to dine with them, and there was entertainment by some of Japan's most famous geisha girls and *maiko san*—the latter being star apprentices or what an American might call top minor-league geishas. Smith's favorite Japanese food is foo gu, a type of blowfish that is poisonous unless cooked right, which is why only licensed cooks are allowed to tackle it. At Smith's country home in Bucks County, Pennsylvania, he cooks many Japanese dishes, but not foo gu.

Near the Hachiman shrine Smith sketched, for his page 38 picture, the ominous old man who tells fortunes with birds; and in Tokyo he revisited, for last week's illustration, the famous old bookshops, a former haunt of his. Shopping in familiar art stores he picked up a rat-whisker brush, which makes a special kind of stroke and is expensive because not many people collect rat whiskers; he acquired also an antelope-tail brush, with hollow hair, that works something like a fountain pen. And in the swirling automobile traffic of the modern Japanese cities Smith finally learned why pedestrians often stand still in the middle of the maelstrom, instead of running for their lives. Japanese culture dictates that autos dodge people instead of vice versa. America please copy.

Let This be a Lesson to Schoolboys

Morton Hunt, who analyzes new-fashioned truant officers on page 30, avers that he was a nice boy when in school and never played hooky, except once. While he was in junior high school, some of his colleagues used to skip school pretty often and fool around a nearby drugstore. He yearned to do this, but didn't dast, until one morning he had an upsurge of what seemed to him regular-fellowism and ducked into the apothecary shop instead of the education shop.

He can't recall what he did or even if he enjoyed it; he remembers only that presently the heavens softly opened up and an awful lot of snow came down awfully fast. Whereupon young Morton's mother—"she was a worrier if there ever was one"—drove down to school with his overshoes and was severely shocked to discover from his home-room teacher that he wasn't attending school that day. When the scholar came home from school without his overshoes, he got a good shocking too. The adult Morton testifies, "I've been a good boy ever since."

Newcomer of the Week

Newcomer-to-the-Post Cecile Gilmore, page 31, observes, "I like gardening, snorkeling and cooking." She gardens, in season, on the terrace of a penthouse in Manhattan's Washington Square, where she dwells with her husband, Robert MacMillan, an editor of The New Yorker; and she says, "After a hard day at the typewriter, I find it tranquilizing to go out and catch caterpillars." Out of season she snorkels during Caribbean vacations; being no good at swimming, she finds it tranquilizing to don her mask, sink, breathe comfortably through the pipe that sticks out of the water, and enjoy the passing fish. In or out of season, she cooks anywhere.

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"I Was a Bride of the Arctic"

Klondy Nelson began her honeymoon in a shack in Alaska; she brought up her children with Eskimos. Read the young-married adventures of this daughter of the gold rush.

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